THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY

AND AFTER

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THE HOUSE OF LORDS:

Its Great National Importance

It is proposed that the members composing the Second Chamber should consist of—

1. One hundred and fifty persons to be chosen from the holders of hereditary peerages, including Scottish and Irish peerages, as at present existing, and including peeresses in their own right and bishops holding diocesan sees, provided that every such person shall have held at some time high public office or shall have been elected a member of Parliament, such person to be elected by all the peers in the manner in which Scottish and Irish peers have hitherto been elected.

2. One hundred persons to be nominated by the Crown, acting through its Ministers from time to time.

3. Forty persons to be nominated by the Dominions and the Empire of India and Dependencies, to serve for life or for such terms of years as may be deemed desirable, to represent the Dominions, the Empire of India, and the overseas Dependencies.

4. *Ex-officio.*—The Lord Chancellor for the time being, all ex-Lord Chancellors, the Law Lords who sit under the appellate Jurisdiction Acts of 1876 and 1887, the present Archbishops of Canterbury and York for their lives.

5. Members of the Royal House created peers who are the sons or grandsons of a Sovereign.

It is further proposed that all peers who have not been elected to the Second Chamber may be eligible for election to the House of Commons.

Neither at the time of the passing of the Parliament Act, nor since, was it within the contemplation of anybody that the House of Lords should remain in the condition imposed by that Act. We have all heard of the 'debt of honour' that has not yet been paid; we have all heard of the 'death, disaster and damnation' that was to be our lot if an effective Second Chamber were not set up, but nothing whatever has been done to provide this essential element in the Constitution. All politicians, except the extremists who desire the total destruction of our present system, admit the necessity. The reason for this dangerous delay is very clear; no two politicians of any party, no two members of the House of Lords or of the House of Commons, can agree as to the nature and extent of the necessary reform. The situation is full of danger. If in the coming election, or series of elections, a small Socialist majority can be obtained, the fiscal credit of this country, which now stands so high, and on which our future depends, can be completely destroyed. The possibility of such a catastrophe is certainly not realised by the ordinary voter. Not merely is such an occurrence probable, but it is almost a certainty in case the Socialist Party are returned by a majority of even one or two. The party is pledged to a financial *coup*, which they are only restrained from effecting by the fact that they have no independent majority and hold office at the mercy of the divided forces of Liberals and Conservatives. Any attempt to bring about their long-promised innovation would at once unite the two opposing parties and result in their ejection from office.

The ordinary voter is not aware of the danger; he thinks that the House of Lords has still controlling power. He has never grasped the fact that no measure of finance, however ruinous, can be stopped or even entertained by the House of Lords. Nobody now dare claim for that House the power over finance it theoretically possessed equally with the House of Commons in the days before it walked into the trap that had been set for it by Mr. Lloyd George. If it does not acquire some power over finance, it might as well not exist at all, or rather it had better not exist at all, because ordinary folk rely on it for protection when

its power to protect has gone. The utmost that can now be properly claimed for it is a power of holding up a financial measure until the wishes of the people are obtained by a general election or a referendum. If the people, after the matter has been submitted to them, decide to allow some ruinous financial measure to become law, they cannot be saved—their blood will be on their own heads. All people have the right to work out their own damnation, but they should get a chance of full instruction and deliberation before taking a fatal step.

The prestige of the House of Lords is beyond doubt a great asset and should not be lightly abandoned in any scheme of reconstruction. It is the oldest and most venerable of our institutions; it has descended through many centuries, and has, on the whole, played a noble and useful part in our great history. It is directly descended from the Grand Council of the nation; it reaches back beyond the Norman Conquest into the dim and shadowy regions of the past. The House of Commons appeared much later, and only came into existence in the thirteenth century.

We are not to forget that even in recent years, by rejecting the Convention of London, the House of Lords saved us from certain defeat in the war. It has always been regarded as our main bulwark against revolutionary change, and it has always retained the respect of our people, in whom a salutary natural conservatism is inherent.

In these days of professional and paid politicians men are disposed to look with favour on a class that is more or less above pecuniary considerations. The great tradition of public service that attaches to inherited rank is still in full force, as in the case of the Monarchy, and the training is of inestimable value. The young peer is brought up to believe that there rests on him a heavy obligation to perform public duty. The teaching is not in every case attended with success; there are notorious failures, but on the whole every one of them is made to understand that he will not retain the respect of his own class or of the people at large if he does not attempt to play up to the *rôle* demanded of him. People were immensely impressed by the splendid devotion exhibited by the sons of the peers during the war. The peerage, beyond doubt, still retains a strong hold on the respect of the nation, notwithstanding the assaults made upon it by the Manchester School during the Victorian period, and the furious denunciations of democratic orators in recent years.

As a class the peers have suffered terribly from death duties and exceptional taxation. The great houses are being gradually closed, the great estates are being rapidly sold, the great collections are being dispersed; the envy and hatred that used to be displayed against their owners is diminishing, and is now directed

more against the classes who have acquired their wealth by commercial pursuits.

In the country places the popularity of the peerage is beyond question, and even in the towns in their neighbourhood they are always invoked to take the leading part in patriotic or charitable enterprises. The ladies of such families in this country are, for the most part, devoted to useful work. They take an active and energetic share in all beneficent public concerns. In the Great War these ladies played their part in a manner that was quite up to the splendid level of their fathers and their brothers. They nursed in hospitals, collected money, made munitions, drove cars, and attended to the wants of the fighting men in every way. Such a record is not to be lightly turned down.

The House of Lords, with its surroundings, still stands high in the public estimation, even in this democratic age. But it is vulnerable in two places—the hereditary element and its undue partizanship. The latter charge, of partizanship, is far the more formidable, as it cannot very well be denied. This is pointed out by Lord Hugh Cecil in his book on Conservatism, a highly philosophic and instructive work that should be in every house. The hereditary character of the House of Lords is less exposed to indictment. After all, how well it works in the case of the Monarchy. It is not absent in the case of our great business firms and companies. It has its theoretic disadvantages, but in practice it works well.

The popular sentiment about the House of Lords is very genuine, and affects the minds of great numbers outside the ranks of the Conservative Party. In any scheme of reconstruction the peerage, with its prestige and history, could not wisely be left out.

Turning to another element in the reconstructed Upper Chamber, an opportunity should be afforded of giving some representation to the Dominions and the Dependencies beyond the seas. We possess a vast Empire such as no other people ever enjoyed, but its value is neither realised nor appreciated. No other nation possesses such a field on which its surplus population may live and thrive.

The terrible problem of the unemployed is the nightmare of all statesmen. The fact stares us in the face that there is not enough work in these islands for their population. If every unemployed person could now obtain work, a thing almost inconceivable, in a very few years the rising generation would be with us, claiming the right to work and live, and, unless statesmanship can devise some practical means of transplanting large portions of our population to other parts of our Empire, nothing but disaster awaits us. The young men and women of the upper and middle classes are quite ready to go as pioneers anywhere; the lure of adventure is part of their tradition. But the labouring classes are persistently

deluded into the belief that under Socialist schemes they can all live prosperously in these islands. The truth is the Empire is dangerously under-populated. Canada, destined to be one of the richest countries in the world, has a population of less than 9,000,000. Australia, a great continent that could support perhaps 250,000,000 people, is inhabited by 5,000,000 of our race. Then there are New Zealand, Africa, including much land now habitable that was formerly unfit for white settlers, and other vast domains over which our flag flies. Are we prepared to throw away this great inheritance?

Before we can enter upon practical schemes for the utilising of our wealth we must see to it that wise arrangements can be made with our Dominions and their statesmen. We can do nothing without their full consent and hearty co-operation. We must try to bind them to us by strong cords that will stand whatever strain may come. It is a serious question whether a Democracy can really retain a great Empire for any considerable time. If things are allowed to go on as in the immediate past, it is possible, indeed probable, that we shall lose the Empire. If this occurs, it will certainly not be the fault of our Dominions. They have clung to us in spite of discouragement; they have fought for us and shed their best blood in our quarrel. But how are we treating them to-day? The Premiers of the Empire are summoned from beyond the seas. They answer the call at great inconvenience and expense. They come in the hope that, after their invaluable services to the Mother Country, any reasonable demand they make will be gladly conceded. After months of careful deliberation they agree to certain resolutions which are approved of by the Government in power. There is nothing extreme about these resolutions. They abolish the duties on certain things produced within the Empire; they increase the duties on certain products of foreign origin; they impose some new duties in order to favour Empire-grown products. These changes would not affect the cost of living to any appreciable extent; their effect in encouraging Empire production would be very great indeed. Parliament would have confirmed these resolutions had it not been for the December election, and the fall of the Unionist Government.

This grave and important matter has now become the sport of British party politics. The careful plans of the Empire Premiers are rejected and the great Dominions feel themselves repelled and affronted.[1] It would, surely, have been to our advantage to risk,

[1] *Vide* the authoritative articles in the *Nineteenth Century and After* by the Rt. Hon. W. F. Massey, Prime Minister of New Zealand (November 1923), the Rt. Hon. Stanley M. Bruce, Prime Minister of Australia (February 1924), and the Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Cook, High Commissioner for Australia (May 1924).

or even to suffer, a slight loss rather than to sacrifice the good-will of our best customers and friends. We have driven every one of our Dominions into a dangerous meditation as to whether their ties to the Mother Country are worth preserving. All this has happened at a time when these same Dominions, at enormous expense and endless labour, have shown in the great British Empire Exhibition what they are capable of and what amazing progress they have made.

We must try to make amends and atone for our stupidity in the past, and the most effective way in which we can do this is to instal their representatives at the very heart of our governmental system. Representation in the House of Commons is impossible, but representation in the reformed House of Lords is quite possible. To have some of their own citizens sitting in that historic Chamber, with the power of bringing before the Empire their views on important Imperial questions, would be a most valuable advantage. I doubt very much if any Government would have had the hardihood to abandon the gate of the Pacific if the indignant voices of the Dominion representatives had been heard in the House of Lords.

It may be said that the members nominated could not be induced to come. So far as can be ascertained, the small quota required to represent each Dominion could easily be procured, and would be proud to take part in the Empire's high policy. The debates in their Parliaments demonstrate the likelihood of their sending men quite capable of holding their own amongst our best speakers. These representatives should be nominated by their respective Governments.

In order to secure their acceptance of the duty it must be made worth their while, and therefore, if a life office is not deemed desirable, a substantial period of years should be arranged.

If it is objected that members from the Dominions should not interfere in our domestic affairs, it can be provided that there are to be two kinds of sittings of the House—one for Imperial matters and the other for domestic, such as Bills from the House of Commons, the Lord Chancellor for the time being having the power to decide into which category the particular question is to go.

There is another matter that requires most serious consideration—under modern conditions, some of the wisest and best of our citizens may be wholly excluded from serving the country in the House of Commons. Such a thing as a safe seat is now unknown; the most experienced Minister may go from constituency to constituency and be rejected. That may seem quite right in the eyes of the thorough-going democrat, but in the end it means the loss of the services of valuable and trained politicians —a very grave matter.

Again, there are classes of men who from temperament or want of physical vigour could never be induced to stand the strain and annoyance of a popular election, and yet possess qualities that would be of the greatest value in the service of the State. Surely in reconstructing the Second Chamber it should be possible to provide room for such men. The task is one of the utmost difficulty, but it is not impossible. Many men of the highest ability have done their best to produce proposals for the reform of the Parliament Act, and have failed.

I do not intend to discuss these schemes, because they were all put before the Bryce Commission and most fully and fairly examined, only in the end to be rejected. Since the Bryce Commission, a proposal has been put forward by Lord Hugh Cecil in three letters to the *Morning Post*. Everything suggested by so able and sincere a constitutionalist deserves most careful consideration. The gist of his scheme is that the two Houses should be left as they stand, and that a third House of Parliament should be created, which would be an elected chamber representing the Commons, and therefore able to deal with finance.

Although the scheme has much that is good in it, it made no way, such an innovation as another elected chamber proving an insurmountable obstacle to its serious consideration.

The Second Chamber Conference was appointed on August 25, 1917, by the Prime Minister, to sit under the presidency of Viscount Bryce, perhaps the most eminent authority of our time on the Constitutions of this and other countries. The members associated with him were thirty-one of the most able public men of the day, selected from the Liberal and Conservative parties. This distinguished body sat for more than six months. Its examination of everything necessary for enabling it to arrive at a useful conclusion was most thorough. The members, on the testimony of their chairman, avoided recrimination over past controversies, and devoted themselves to their arduous task in a spirit of fairness.

The Report of the Conference appears in the form of a letter addressed by Lord Bryce to the Prime Minister in April 1918, accompanied by recommendations. In dealing with the functions of a Second Chamber, the elements that ought to find a place in it, and the position which the Second Chamber ought to hold in our constitutional system, it is a masterly document, worthy of the great man who, for the most part, composed it. But when we come to the suggestions for the composition of the Second Chamber we are tossed about in a veritable sea of complexity.

The principle of preserving continuity between the ancient House of Lords and the new Second Chamber was accepted by all the members of the Conference, and it was decided that a certain

number of the peers selected should be taken from the existing peerage.

This section, at first consisting of eighty members from the peers and bishops, but gradually diminishing so as to be not less than thirty, was to be chosen by a Joint Standing Committee of both Houses. The other section was to consist of 246 members elected by panels of members of the House of Commons, distributed in certain geographical groups in large territorial areas.

The Conference in this matter were not unanimous—there was substantial dissent. The Report contains elaborate arrangements in respect of tenure, times and modes of election, legislative functions, adjustment of differences between the two Houses. There are three kinds of Joint Committees—one for the election of a portion of the Second Chamber, one for deciding questions with regard to financial Bills, and a third for conferring about the differences of opinion with regard to questions of general legislation.

It is all worked out by the careful hand of Lord Bryce, but it is useless to go into particulars. The complex structure fell to pieces of its own weight. To embody its recommendations would test the skill of the parliamentary draughtsmen to the utmost. If ever introduced, the criticism poured upon it would disintegrate it from beginning to end. Not one of the distinguished members of the Conference who now survive could venture to bring it forward.

What is the lesson to be deduced from the utter failure of this elaborate and conscientious effort? It is this, that any plan for the reform of the Second Chamber must be on broad lines, simple and capable of being understood by the people. The reconstructed body should be equipped with such powers as are entrusted to the Second Chambers of civilised nations.

But the House of Commons must always be dominant. The reconstructed Second Chamber should not be a mere echo of the popular Assembly, which it certainly would be if elected by them directly or indirectly, but it must never have equal authority or be a rival. It cannot enjoy equal rights in dealing with finance, nor should it have the power of unmaking Ministries. It must never be encouraged to enter on unnecessary controversies with the House of Commons, or to attempt unduly to clog the machinery of government.

What type of men are required for the reconstructed Chamber? They ought to be different from those of the popular Assembly and possess qualities supplementary to those which give its character to the House of Commons. They should be men of great personal eminence and of wide experience in affairs pertaining to our national life—men of science and learning, men who have served

in the Civil Service, in Diplomacy, in the Navy and Army, eminent men in the professions and in business, men with a special knowledge of important departments, such as the conditions and demands of labour, agriculture, finance and local government. They should not be extreme partisans, but of a cast of mind representing the more permanent attitude of the people, and capable of judging political questions calmly and without bias. They must be resolute enough to resist sudden and violent fluctuations of opinion.

The chief object of the Second Chamber should be to ascertain the deliberate will of the nation and to give effect to that will when adequately expressed. But some power over finance it must have; it should be capable of holding up measures imperilling our financial stability and other measures of a fundamental character till the will of the people is fully ascertained—but no longer.

It should discuss great questions in a quiet atmosphere. It should act as a moderating power in public affairs and try to influence the people by the character of its debates.

It is plain that the persons required, and the qualities required, for such an efficient Second Chamber could never be obtained by any kind of popular election. Every scheme for the reform of a constitution is open to endless criticism, but we should remember that Second Chambers in other countries could be attacked on grounds as serious as any that can be brought against this scheme. Yet every one of these Chambers has proved its utility in contributing to good government and tranquillity.

Perfection, or anything like perfection, is not to be expected—we can only endeavour to work out the best scheme that will operate justly and fairly for the good of the people.

Before starting any criticism, let the critic realise that the danger is at our very door, and the situation does not admit of finical objections. The sands are fast running out. The election may come at a time of widespread distress or excitement, and a House of Commons may be elected with the unlimited powers conferred by the Parliament Act. By a bare majority it can impose the most cruel taxation, amounting to confiscation: it may put taxes on particular classes; it may destroy our means of national defence; it may, after two years' delay, nationalise all means of production, and destroy the Monarchy. We are the most helpless of all nations, having neither written Constitution, effective Second Chamber, nor any other protection whatever.

No censure can be too strong for the older parties whose apathy has brought us into this—the direst—peril. To them the subject is a bore and admits of no solution. None of them thought that they would ever see a Socialist Government in office in this country.

By their dissension over matters comparatively unimportant they have kept, and will keep, a Socialist Government in office for some time. Feeble folk console themselves by saying that the Socialist Government, under the control of the two older parties, has learned so much that nothing dangerous is to be apprehended. But if once the Socialists obtain an independent majority, the sheep's fleece will fall off and the real wolf will appear. The time is past for fastidious criticism.

If a substantial agreement on this matter between the Liberal and Conservative parties at an early period is not arrived at, our politicians may one day live to deplore the fact that, through narrow-minded party considerations, they have allowed the greatest of all empires to fall into disintegration and ruin.

Conservatives should realise that it is imperative that ancient institutions should be remodelled in accordance with modern views and feelings, and Liberals should reflect that a broad-minded conservative spirit is what enables nations to hold together in prosperity for long periods of time.

JOHN ROSS.

CHRISTIANITY AND BOLSHEVISM

Not long ago an American, an earnest Christian, when dining with me, gave it as his opinion that Mr. Macdonald's shop-window treaty with the Soviet Government would and ought to prove his political grave. This sentiment was confirmed yesterday by a still more distinguished American, who informed me that the United States would have nothing to do with Bolshevism at any price, firstly, on religious grounds, spelling a New England sternness, and secondly, because it would mean its own disintegration through the entire upsetting of law. There was no question of the Munroe doctrine in this determined isolation, but a conviction that the Stars and Stripes would be soiled by such a connection, apart from the danger of peaceful penetration by means of a Satanic propaganda. It is a satire that the country of the dollar and the cradle of that unfortunate word ' self-determination ' should have to read us such a lesson. One of these friends was disgusted at the *volteface* which has taken place this side whereby a Government includes men who during the war, if they had been logical, would have handed the British Empire over to Germany without a qualm, probably quoting the Sermon on the Mount. The sad fact underlying such a travesty is that birds of a feather flock together and that for some obscure reason the Extreme Left appears unable to appreciate what has occurred in Russia, traceable not so much to a gentle and crudely religious people, if rightly led, as to a brutal clique of savage minds, mainly of Semitic origin, who are exploiting an illiterate peasantry, after having murdered the intelligentsia and revenged themselves on the privileged few who had gone far to produce this monstrous reaction. When the slaughter of priests and the impending death of an archbishop of the Greek Church were under consideration, a strong protest was made from Rome, Canterbury and our Free Churches without exception. I am the more astonished that a great chorus of indignation has not been stirred by the Prime Minister of Great Britain shaking hands, even provisionally, with those who foully did to death our late ally, the cousin of our Sovereign, and who, if not personally participants, have at least not offered the vestige of an apology. Even this outrage pales before their blatant defiance of God and openly

expressed intention of reducing the world to a condition of atheism, anarchy, disorder and revolution. Here it is only just to recall the previous moribund condition of their own Church, that arch-villain Rasputin and the horrors of Siberia under a *régime* which no sane person can excuse.

I have lately received a rosy account of Lenin as the friend of humanity, with a delightful personality and a special love for children in private life. This may or may not be true, but he stands, and ever will stand, for the majority of us as a fallen arch-angel, whose disordered brain aimed at the destruction of the soul of Russia as a start-off, the recrucifixion of the suffering Christ and the coronation of Nicolai Lenin, under cover of a distinct simplicity and undeniable charm. Such was that charm in his oratory, which exalted hate into a virtue, that a prince who had been in the Tsar's suite, had been three times put up to be shot and had escaped from prison disguised as a Bolshevist, told me how, when listening to him three paces off in a crowd, he was so influenced that he found himself laughing at his own class and ended by feeling capable of shooting any aristocrat he might happen to meet. It is the spirit of this satyr in human guise, as he later became, fostered by the dregs of the favoured people, which is at the back of this destructive congeries misrepresenting true Russia, who are gradually seducing our laity from the highest to the lowest and many of our younger and reasonably discontented clergy by preaching self-expression at any cost, avoidance of discipline, disloyalty to pledges given and every other abomination conceivable. It naturally attracts, and at the outset apparently pays, as every other appeal to the lower instincts which are innate in all, but I am surprised and saddened beyond words that this island, whose sure foundation is the Book and the Cross, if it is not to perish, should be the slave of a drug more pernicious than cocaine, while the *nouveaux riches* and others of that ilk silence any fine gesture made in the name of God and the King.

Though aware of the tendency to excuse ourselves at the expense of others, the present change in the ethical atmosphere appears traceable to the sinister development of the Russian Revolution, in which many of us at first rejoiced as a possible liberation from a state of affairs that elicited the execration of all lovers of freedom. The 'up-to-date' attitude of vulgar independence, personal embitterment, the mischief of the dole, precursor of a lazy nation, the reluctance of girls to enter service, the vision of a hobnailed Parliament, the enormous increase of Communistic schools, with the contempt of Jesus actually taught to our little ones, the reduction of the peerage to a subject for laughter, a new greed for gold, the commingling of a hitherto dignified type with any and every who possess the golden key, and,

worst of all, the appalling decline in reverence to parents and the loathing of obedience, are, in my humble opinion, a repercussion from Leningrad, now jocularly known under the familiar term 'Bolshie.' We know well that such phenomena may be historically and politically explained, but my present quarrel is that the leader of a minority in the House of Commons who suggests part metaphysician, part aristocrat, part champion of the masses, should pledge the honour of our country by aiding and abetting such disaster. That this modern King Canute will find himself unable to stay the waves for which he is obliquely responsible there is no question, and that the real wing of the Labour Party will turn him down I am also persuaded, while whatever measures the latter may adopt will at least be genuine, and we shall know how to deal with it instead of the miserable play-acting which at present obtains. We have never had, and never will have, the smallest fear of the *bonâ fide* British working man, once his eyes are opened to the will-o'-the-wisp agitators who vainly attempt to lure him into the morass, purely for their own aggrandisement. Those who for love of Christ have spent many years in the slums, and have enjoyed it as the happiest life under the sun, have a right to be indignant with these misleaders of the ignorant who offer the prize of an utterly false paradise at the expense of the taxpayer. For such, knowing them well personally, they have the heartiest contempt, and, without the shadow of a doubt, far more pity for the poor, proven, not by shallow talk, but by dwelling among them, sharing their sorrows and inspiring them to play the man, avoid the drink, walk in their own boots and eventually make good.

There is one aspect of the question which is too much neglected, namely, that we always get the treatment we deserve, nor can I ever recall a rough word from the lowest of the community, having for years learned the lesson of no respect of persons through having respect for all. The reason I detest Bolshevism and all its works is that it battens on anger and greed, while Jesus spells the opposite of both. I implore my fellow-countrymen to remember that a real gentle-man (a word which should always be hyphenated to avoid confusion) is unassailable and is the strongest answer to the Bolshevist-minded under the greatest provocation. If I had had to do with Lenin, the man, during his terrible sufferings, I hope I should have proved the gentlest nurse and patiently attempted to trace the cause of his distorted nature from a great potentiality into a world-wide curse. But in public it would have been a duel to the death, without a shade of compromise. Say what you will, this argument is infallible in every household where the class above mentioned find it as difficult to lose their servants as others to get them. Therefore it behoves all to ask if they are privately acting as breakwaters against this tide of mania to rule

which threatens to sweep over every civilised country. One of the finest phrases at the commencement of the war, which sent thousands cheerfully to lay down their lives, was that it spelt an attack on Bethlehem. Until the same tocsin is sounded as regards Bolshevism in all its aspects I seriously question whether a similar enthusiasm will produce a similar victory. It will certainly not be effected by what is called a brighter London, prizefighting, the lowering of the stage, the publication of ghastly horrors by the Press, an insane luxury in dress and every sort of self-indulgence, which is playing into the hands of the enemy and creating a splendid soil for their sowing.

I write thus because we have become tired of cultured descriptions of the obvious which suggest no remedies, whereas it is as certain as the rising of the sun that unless all Christians of every colour, dropping their foolish bickerings and petty differences, unite in a single passion, namely, the imitation of their common Head, the spirit of Bolshevism is bound to undermine the most ancient and revered institutions. It may sound a paradox, but it is deadly true; you will only disarm Bolshevism by personal love, and a wise motto for a man to take is '*Omnia vincit amor*,' Leninism included. Our own methods, though they may be spurned as professional, prolonged and the reverse of exciting, would be a restoration of the Sunday-school teacher, the delicately minded and intelligent district visitor, the humane but strict employer of labour, the ideal and resident landlord, the foregoing of all pomp and display, the curtailment of gambling, an heroic battle against drink and vice—in fine, the living out of the Christ, with a minimum of ostentation and a maximum of sacrifice. Such a crusade will alone produce a revival and band men and women to fight with all their might against this pernicious attack on the modesty and manliness which constitute the genuine glory of the Empire.

To conclude, Bolshevism is a germ of the most virulent kind, and it requires no pointing out that the untapped resources of Russia, which are illimitable, afford no small temptation to the financier and furnish a plausible election cry as a chance of increasing trade and diminishing non-employment. Each party in its turn has unfortunately dallied with the same fallacy, but up till now, so far as I have studied the question, the subjective has been brushed aside as of no account, and statesmen have not dared to raise the standard of Calvary compared to the material and illusory prospects afforded. When a disease is in the air science suggests the building of health into a state of *bien-être* as its sole defence, and this accounts for my passionate plea on moral issues, while each knows instinctively without being told the conditions of his own immunity. We have no desire to preach, being the enemy of

ranting as only another thrill, but we would gravely state that such is the insidiousness of this damnable spirit of lawlessness and self-assertion that the order of the day should be 'St. George and the Dragon' rather than the pirate flag of a roaring trade with the Soviet Government and phantom millions of dirty money in defiance both of our conscience and of our noblest traditions.

HUGH B. CHAPMAN,
Chaplain of the Savoy.

DISTANCES OF THE STARS

ASTRONOMY teaches us about the earth, the solar system and the stellar universe. The fixity of relative position and common motion of the fixed stars is interpreted to mean that the earth is a great globe which rotates about an axis fixed in direction, and that the stars are at a vast distance compared with the size of the earth. The movement of the sun and planets among the stars is interpreted as the revolution of the earth and planets in large orbits round the sun, and the stars are found to be at vast distances even in comparison with that of the sun. Observations of the stars are required in making precise determinations of the size and shape of the earth, but for this purpose they are treated as so many fixed reference points whose positions have been carefully plotted. They have served the same purpose as reference points in verifying that the intricate movements of the moon and planets are deducible from the law of gravitation. The determination of their distances was for centuries one of the goals of astronomers. When the argument of Galileo's telescope reinforced the geometrical considerations of Copernicus so powerfully that belief in the heliocentric system was assured, the possibility of measuring the distances of some of the nearer stars was increased enormously. In fact, one of the greatest arguments against the Copernican system was founded on the fact that no indication had been observed of any change in the relative positions of the stars.

The nature of the changes to be anticipated can be made clear by a very simple example. Suppose there are two posts in line with the observer, one much nearer than the other. If the observer takes a step to the right, the nearer post will appear to the left of the more distant one; if he steps to the left, it will appear to have moved to the right. Suppose now there are two stars in line with the sun. As the earth moves round the sun, the nearer star should appear to move round the more distant one. This change of position is called by astronomers *parallax*—a small change in angular position caused by the change of position of the observer. The parallax of a star is defined as the small angle between the lines joining the star to the earth and to the sun at the time when

this angle is largest, that is, when the line joining the earth and the sun is practically perpendicular to the lines joining the star to these two bodies. This angle is measured in seconds of arc—and to an angle of 1″ corresponds a distance 200,000 times the distance of the sun from the earth; to an angle of 0″·1, a distance 2,000,000 times this distance; to an angle of 0″·01, a distance of 20,000,000 times this distance.

An angle of 0″·01 is extremely small, being the angle subtended at the earth's centre by two points one foot apart on the earth's surface.

The greater the distances of the stars, the smaller are these angular changes, and for a very long time they were smaller than could be detected by the instruments astronomers possessed. Efforts were constantly being made, but always with negative results. Bradley's attempt about 1650 led to the discovery of the aberration of light and the nutation of the earth's axis. Herschel's attempt more than a century later disclosed the existence of double stars revolving about one another. By the beginning of the nineteenth century astronomers were convinced that none of the stars were nearer than 100,000 times the distance of the sun. They believed that they were essentially like the sun, which at such a distance would not show a disc in the largest telescope and would appear no brighter than a star.

In the years 1830–1840, somewhat dramatically, the distances of three different stars were measured by three different astronomers. Henderson at the Cape found α Centauri to be 200,000 times as distant as the sun. Struve at Dorpat found Vega to be 800,000 times, and Bessel at Konigsberg found 61 Cygni to be 600,000 times as distant as the sun. Bessel's measure of 61 Cygni was specially trustworthy; the optician Fraunhofer had constructed for him an instrument called a heliometer, specially suitable for the measurements requisite in these investigations. For the next half-century all trustworthy measures of stellar distance were made with this kind of instrument. As the result of a great deal of careful and patient observing the distances of some seventy stars had been determined by the end of the century. An appendix to a book of Newcomb's published in 1905 contains a list of the stars whose distances were considered by the author to have been satisfactorily determined. The total number is seventy-two. Forty of the stars are at various distances, between 300,000 and 2,000,000 times the distance of the sun from us. The remainder are at greater distances which cannot be precisely determined.

When a star's distance is known, it is easy to find its brightness as compared with the sun, on the simple principle that if it were twice as near four times as much light would be received by us. In this way it was found that the stars differed greatly in their

absolute luminosity, some giving out 100 times as much light as the sun and others not more than one hundredth part.

Astronomy had at the same time been progressing in other directions. Many double stars had been observed from the times of Herschel and Struve, and had been found to describe orbits round one another, as the earth does round the sun, the difference being that in these cases the two stars are both of them bodies like the sun. When the distances of the stars from the earth are known the scale of these orbits are readily calculated, and, in addition, the time taken for one component of a double star to complete a revolution round its companion gives a ready means of comparing the mass of the double star with that of the sun. In this way the masses of two or three stars were found to be a little greater than the sun.

There was no question of the value of the results obtained from these sixty years' observations with heliometers. They supplied the one element required to complete our previous knowledge. Thus the measure of the distance of Sirius enables us to say that the two stars of which it consists are 2·5 and 1·2 times as massive as the sun; that the brighter component is thirty times as luminous as the sun and the fainter component only one hundredth, and that their mean distance apart is 2,000,000,000 miles. At the beginning of this century the extension of our knowledge of the distances of stars was one of the most pressing needs of astronomers. But work with the heliometer was very laborious, and only by slow degrees were new results obtained. Besides this, those which were expected to be the nearest stars had been measured first, and more distant ones would present greater difficulties. This extension was brought about by the application of photography. In theory, three photographs only are required of any star which is thought to be comparatively near, and which is surrounded by neighbouring stars which are assumed to be much more distant. These photographs are taken at intervals of about six months, the third falling at the same time of the year as the first. By comparison of the third photograph with the first the annual change of angular position of the star relative to its neighbour is determined. This is due to what is called proper motion, and is caused by the direct motion of the star in a straight line as seen from the earth. When this is allowed for, a comparison of the second photograph with the first and third shows the change of position, caused by the fact that the earth when the photographs were taken was at points on opposite sides of the sun, ninety million miles away from it. In practice a number of photographs are taken in each of these three positions, because the quantities to be measured are excessively small, and it is necessary to minimise as far as possible the inevitable errors of observation.

One of the earliest attempts to determine the distances of stars by means of photography was made by Professor Pritchard at Oxford, beginning in the year 1886. He had only moderate success, as the various sources of error to which the photographs and measures were liable were not fully realised, and his telescope was only of 11 feet 3 inches focal length. A much better series of observations were begun at Cambridge by Mr. Hinks and Mr. H. N. Russell in the year 1903. The experience gained in the determination of the distance of the sun by means of photographs of the small planet Eros showed that many precautions needed to be taken in order to obtain the necessary precision. Mr. H. N. Russell, after returning to America, published a volume giving the results of these observations. The distances of some fifty stars were found with considerable accuracy, and it was shown how much could be learned about the stars themselves when distance was known as well as brightness, colour and other data, with which astronomers were already familiar.

About the same time Mr. Schlesinger in America obtained, through Professor Hale, the opportunity of experimenting with the large Yerkes refractor. This telescope possessed the great advantage of being much longer than any which had been previously employed on the determination of stellar distances, having a focal length of 62 feet. Mr. Schlesinger was at the Yerkes Observatory from May 1903 to March 1905, and carefully considered precautions and details necessary to obtain the most accurate results. He was successful in showing that a very high precision was attainable by photographic methods with comparatively little labour when a long telescope was skilfully handled.

By the end of 1910, several observatories in America and Greenwich in England were employing large telescopes on the determination of the distances of stars, in the belief that nothing would contribute to the progress of astronomy more than a great extension of our knowledge of stellar distances.

A committee, with Mr. Schlesinger as chairman, was formed of the directors of observatories taking part in this class of work for its general co-ordination. The work has been pursued so vigorously that a catalogue compiled by Mr. Schlesinger in 1924 gives the distances of 1870 stars. The accuracy of these results is guaranteed by the agreement of different observatories, for about a third of the stars have been observed at two or more places.

We may consider briefly some of the ways in which these measures of distance have increased our knowledge of the stars. In the first place we have identified a large proportion of our near neighbours among the stars, say of those within a million times the sun's distance. They are about thirty, and we may feel sure that the number undiscovered is less than ten. These forty stars

in a sphere of ninety million million miles radius may be compared with forty tennis balls inside a globe as large as the earth. Relatively to their sizes stars are very distant from one another, much more so than the molecules of a gas.

When the distance is known, it is easy to compare the total light given out or the absolute luminosities of the different stars. The magnitude of a star is a measure of its apparent luminosity, and enables us to calculate what the luminosity would be if the star were at some standard distance from us, say a million times the sun's distance. It is then found that the luminosities of stars differ enormously. A few stars give out 10,000 times as much light as the sun, and others less than one hundredth part. A volume of space which contains 1000 stars as luminous as the sun will contain one star a thousand times as luminous, twenty 100 times, 200 ten times, and 2500 one tenth as luminous.

With the naked eye it is easily seen that the stars are not all of the same colour. Some, like Aldebaran and Betelgeuse, are red; others, like Arcturus and the sun, yellow; and others, like Sirius and Rigel, are blue. The colours are an indication of the temperature of the stars near their surfaces, red indicating a temperature of approximately 3000° C., yellow of 5000° C., and blue still higher. This classification according to colour agrees with the more precise one furnished by spectrum analysis. Study of the coloured bands or spectra produced, when the light of the stars, collected and concentrated by a telescope, is passed through a prism, shows that the spectra of stars can be arranged in one continuous series. It might be thought that they would show numerous differences owing to differences in chemical constitution. Actually, the study of the dark lines crossing the bright bands and due to the atmosphere surrounding the stars, as well as the measurement of the relative intensities of the continuous light in the red, yellow, and blue portions of the spectrum, shows that the differences are mainly due to temperature, and afford means of determining this temperature.

By the combination of the measures of the distances with the physical characteristics of the stars obtained by the spectroscope a mine of astronomical wealth is opened. The blue stars are all found to be very luminous, say a thousand times to ten times as luminous as the sun. Further, when they are classified more exactly, according to colour, those of the same class are approximately of the same luminosity. The procedure can now be reversed, and the distance of other blue stars beyond the range of trigonometrical methods can be inferred from their apparent brightness. With the yellow stars a greater diversity of luminosity is found, and the red stars appear to divide into two classes, one much more luminous and the other much less luminous than the sun.

Although the spectroscopic classification of the stars is mainly an arrangement according to temperature, there are some minor differences to which attention was directed in 1912 by Adams and Kohlschutter, two astronomers of Mount Wilson Observatory, in California. They found, by taking stars whose luminosities could be calculated by their known distances, that these small differences in the spectra of the stars furnished a criterion of the luminosities. This criterion is to a certain extent empirical, though it is not surprising that there should be some differences between the spectra of large and small stars of the same temperature, as the surface conditions of pressure and force of gravity must be different. Observation has clearly established the value of the various criteria they have discovered, and these thus become available to determine the absolute luminosities of other stars whose distances are unknown. By comparison with the apparent luminosities as seen from the earth the distances of some 2000 stars have been found.

Observations of double stars, combined with determinations of distance, have furnished general data about the masses of stars. By observation extending over many years the angular sizes of the elliptic orbits which double stars describe about one another have been determined for a number of stars, as well as the periods of a complete revolution, say five, ten, forty, or seventy years. When the distance of a star is known the linear dimensions of the orbit are readily calculated in terms of the distance of the earth from the sun. A simple formula, known as Kepler's third law, gives the sum of the masses of the two components of the double star compared with that of the sun.

No great diversity is found among the masses of stars. Sirius and its companion have a total mass of 3·7, η Cassiopeiæ and its companion 1·8, α Centauri and its companion, 2·0, and so on. There are some greater and some smaller, but no range such as is found in the luminosities. The most massive star known is seventy times and the least massive one sixth of the mass of the sun. The most luminous stars are the most massive, but their great luminosity is due mainly to their large size, and they have a very small mean density, in some cases not more than that of the air at atmospheric pressure.

Determination of the distance completes our knowledge of the movements of individual stars, as the angular motions on the face of the sky are usually known, and the velocities to and from us are determined by the spectroscope. Among the general results the tendency of stars of large mass to have small velocities is fairly well established.

The facts which have been elicited in this way have been used as the bases of far-reaching theories of stellar evolution and the life history of stars. Some of these are very instructive, but they

are usually not free from difficulties. But it may be said without fear of contradiction that recent accurate observations of the distances of a large number of stars are furnishing a secure foundation for a description of the Stellar universe as it now is. By measuring the distances of the comparatively near stars the sizes, luminosities, colours, etc. have been closely correlated. Then the apparent magnitude of a star is in many cases a clue to its distance. In this way reasonable estimates can be made of the distances of such objects as the Milky Way, the Magellanic Clouds, clusters and spiral nebulæ, although they extend to 100,000 times the distance of the nearest stars.

F. W. Dyson.

LOVE IN SHAKESPEARE

It is a long dramatic journey from *The Taming of the Shrew* to *The Tempest;* but as with Shakespeare's craftsmanship, his versification, the elements of his style generally, and his transcripts and images from Nature, so under this head of his dealings with love, his creative independence is a growth, however gradual or fitful; and we may watch a progressive originality and refinement in his studies of women and sexual love till they reach their culmination in the ideal masterpiece of Ferdinand and Miranda.

On several occasions I have pointed to this chronological view of Shakespeare's treatment of love as the only trustworthy basis of any general estimate of the subject,[1] and in the present article I purpose dealing with it more systematically and more thoroughly. Not a little, however, of what I wrote in a former essay, 'Nature in Shakespeare,' might be repeated here almost unchanged, as will be evident from these two brief quotations:

> As the style of Shakespeare is a gradual change from restraint to freedom, so also the conventional treatment of the natural world in his dramas gradually gives place to creative and first-hand work.

Here we have merely to substitute for the words 'the natural world' the word 'love.' Or again:

> It would seem that towards the close of his authorship he found a fresh delight in Nature, and wrote of it not only with a new truth and beauty, but also with a new tenderness—
>
> 'As gentle
> As zephyrs blowing below the violet.'

Here let me add that the man who could write in this way about flowers might be expected to write about women with an equal tenderness:

> The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander
> Out-sweeten'd not thy breath.

And thus, as it seems to me, we may pass easily and naturally

[1] 'Nothing good can be said about the heroines of Shakespeare unless it has reference to the whole process of their evolution. We have to follow the poet through some twenty years during which he advanced his studies of women to higher and yet higher standards of perfection' (Arden *Twelfth Night*, 3rd edition, p. 195).

from the one to the other, and examine for a moment the poet's treatment of Miranda—' herself a fairer flower '— [2]

> So glad of this as they I cannot be,
> Who are surprised with all.

Here is the new tenderness, not unmixed with regret. Dramatically they are the words of Prospero as concerning Ferdinand and Miranda, but Shakespeare never allowed the spirit to be stifled by an inert form, the maker to be nullified by the thing made, or the poet to be extinguished by his mere drama ; he remains a presence to be felt and known ; and the careful student of Shakespeare's twenty years of authorship will have learned to recognise at intervals the voice of the creator in his magnificent creations, and will give to the passage an ampler and more beautiful meaning.

It is the thought, first of all, of George Meredith :

> She is athirst, and drinking up her wonder ;
> Earth to her is young as the slip of the new moon.

It is the thought—I care not how hackneyed—of every man who has not come into this world in vain :

> There's nothing half so sweet in life
> As Love's young dream.

It is, further, the thought of Byron :

> My days are in the yellow leaf ;
> The flowers and fruits of love are gone.

And yet again it is the thought of Byron :

> But tho' I cannot be beloved,
> Still let me love.

And, lastly, it is the new tenderness of all the love scenes of the later romances, and most of all of the poet's last and supreme effort, to which we will now return.

' At the first sight They have changed eyes.' Let us first note—and note carefully—that everything appertaining to the love of Ferdinand and Miranda must be of an ideal perfectness ; it will emerge therefore out of the ideal doctrine of love at first sight.[3] At this point indeed it will be instructive to examine, as far as may be, all the ideal elements that go to make up this marvellous painting of love ;

> A man's reach is beyond his grasp,
> Or what's a heaven for ?

These words of Robert Browning are especially true of the artist : as a creator of the ideal, his conception will often be in advance of any absolutely perfect execution, but his general scheme will

[2] *Paradise Lost*, iv., 270.

[3] See *Handbook to Shakespeare*, by Morton Luce, pp. 384, 385.

remain plausible in spite of a few inconsistencies. The fact is that when we enter the artist's ideal world we must accept the ideal conditions which alone make that world possible. Take the case of Miranda. Here we have the story of a woman who has been kept absolutely unspotted from the world; she has never seen a man, nor indeed one of her own sex, and so forth; yet, on the other hand, her father has given her a most liberal education. To this we add the experiences of her island life, and the strange scenes of the wreck of which she has lately been a witness; and these facts, together with not a few of her own unguarded expressions, might have a disturbing effect but for this important law of the ideal; it is a law indeed that shakes off all such trifling inconsistencies 'as dewdrops from the lion's mane.'

After this preliminary consideration I should like to point to the extraordinary number and variety of innovations which the poet has contrived to include among the ideal elements in his masterpiece. One of these I have indicated already, for, as depicted on Shakespeare's canvas, this love at first sight is a new creation.

Not altogether distinct from this is the most impressive and most daring of all these experiments in the ideal, which may therefore be the next to occupy our attention; it is not (as is partly true of Shakespeare's experiment of Helena) the dramatic and somewhat revolting *tour de force*—'Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase'—for Miranda does her share of the wooing in obedience to the laws that operate in her ideal world. Hers is the tameness of a wild creature that has never learned the fear of man; it is the prompting of a plain and holy innocence that knows nothing of the conventional pruderies which are a necessary safeguard in our ordinary life. Ideal love demands a more mutual surrender; its lovers may be likened to two dewdrops on the petals of a flower that quiver for a moment in the morning breeze before they meet and are made one. I sometimes think of another pair of lovers who, as it seems to me, ought to have 'trembled to each other' something after the manner of Ferdinand and Miranda; but when Milton worded the love-making of Adam and Eve in his Paradise, he was a little too subservient to the Biblical formula, "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee"; and however beautifully he may have refined upon his text, he neglected, as I venture to believe, a golden opportunity which the greater genius of Shakespeare turned to splendid account.

But not unworthy of Milton is the next ideal excellence of the earlier poet, for there must be no untimely tampering with the virgin knot, no animal haste of passion; this love of Ferdinand and Miranda must kneel unsmirched before an Altar. Further, the lover must do penance for his love, lest too light winning make

the prize light. There is even added the safeguard of a solemn curse and an agonised vow; there must be no dallying in this ideal love; the rose may display its beauty and breathe out its fragrance, but it must not be gathered one moment before the appointed hour. On all this the poet lays a most unusual stress.

But not only this, for Shakespeare insists with an emphasis equally unusual that his ideal lovers must bring to their love an ideal past—a past of unsullied purity. On the part of Miranda, as we have seen, the dramatist has guaranteed a plain and holy innocence (not unlike that of Wordsworth's Lucy) by the adoption of a special device; this ideal purity, both of life and thought, was denied to Juliet, if only through the coarse garrulity of her nurse. Romeo, moreover, was allowed to imperil the highest dramatic possibilities of the tragedy by a gratuitous declaration of his past trifling with love. But what of Ferdinand? Here I may quote from a former essay [4]:

> Not only does Shakespeare rigidly cleanse the speech of Ferdinand and Miranda from the conventional impurities that are present in the love passages of most of the other plays, but he also makes Ferdinand protest eloquently to Miranda that his past was pure. There is no hint, or rather no declaration, of virgin manhood until Shakespeare makes his supreme effort in *The Tempest*.

Whether or not posterity has profited gratefully and to the utmost by this particular innovation I cannot say; but in the next of his advances beyond all ordinary precedent Shakespeare himself seems to come near to our own times, for he is careful to give Miranda an ideal education. Ferdinand, at any rate, would not have to complain, as Milton did not many years later, of a lack of matchable conversation in the woman he married. As far as I can remember, Miranda is the only avowedly educated woman in all the plays; Portia had an ideal wit, but she was still the 'unlesson'd girl' of those times, that is to say a girl, *and therefore* uneducated.

To be noted here, though not peculiar to *The Tempest*, is the decline of friendship as a dramatic motive. At times in the earlier plays, chiefly as a literary convention, it is something more than a rival to love. We may roughly date its decline or disappearance with *As You Like It* and *Hamlet*. For our present purpose it is interesting to remember that, owing partly to the habit of antithesis, which was stronger in his early period, and sometimes hampered him as much as it helped, Shakespeare often drew his leading characters in couples; and thus among the women of the early comedies—the best of them—we have Helena and Hermia, Portia and Jessica, Beatrice and Hero, Rosalind and Celia, Olivia and Viola. Years later, with a finer instinct, he paints his

[4] *Shakespeare: The Man and his Work*, Essay VI.

women singly; Marina, Imogen, Perdita, Miranda, brook no rival on their ideal thrones.

And next, the lovers are young. To my fancy the ideal of love comes early, at any rate on the side of the woman, far earlier than we meet with it in the conceptions of most artists. Not so with Shakespeare: Juliet must still be in her teens, or she will be impossible; and along with Juliet the mere girlhood of Miranda may fairly be included in this summary of Shakespeare's new or partly new achievements of the ideal when creating his masterpiece of love.

Then, of course, there is the ideal of beauty. 'This personage,' says Aristotle when sketching his ideal tragic character, 'should be of high fame and fortune.' Such a requirement Ferdinand and Miranda satisfy, but in the case of women personal beauty is often the ideal equivalent of this condition of Aristotle. 'Most sure, the goddess!' (Virgil's '*O dea, certe!*') was the exclamation of Ferdinand when the vision of Miranda burst upon his sight; and later he protests that of the many women he has known there was not one whom he could love: in each of them he discovered some defect that repelled him. Then he sketches the familiar ideal individual who is endowed with all the virtues of his kind, but is free from their defects, and this not playfully, as we find it in *As You Like It*, but with the sincerity of a noble passion:

> But you, O you,
> So perfect and so peerless, are created
> Of every creature's best.

We have to note, moreover, that the dramatist takes unusual pains to confer the ideal attribute of personal beauty on the hero of his drama as well as on the heroine; with the possible exception of *Hamlet*, I do not remember anything quite like it in any other play.

This love of Ferdinand and Miranda I regard as Shakespeare's most valuable legacy to our moral and emotional life, as it was also his last achievement. But, as all criticism is ultimately based on comparison, we must now take a glance at our own times and their conception of love. Surely it will be an advance upon Shakespeare; surely we shall find in it the wisdom of 300 years. Let us ask briefly of the writer who (here the words of Arnold might seem to have a truer ring)—

> takes dejectedly
> His seat upon the intellectual throne;

likely enough, he will point to one of his well-known novels. We look at the title with some curiosity: *Tess o' the D'Urbervilles: A Pure Woman*, and we almost wonder why Shakespeare did not

style his play *Miranda: A Pure Woman*. Possibly the words as employed by Hardy imply a challenge; in order to get at their meaning we must read his volume. This is not the place for a detailed analysis of the moral doctrines of the book, but what we read leaves us with an impression that the words pure and impure have lost the sharpness of antithesis they possessed in Shakespeare's day, and with that much of their vitality.

But now, speaking generally of our own times, I happen to have lately opened the morning paper, and as the heading of one of the articles I read the following: 'Plays that Mock at Marriage.' And this is the opening paragraph: 'I wonder if the theatre has ever so generally conspired to hold up marriage in a worse light than is the case just now.' A little further on we read: 'Cynicism with regard to marriage appears indeed to have beset the minds of most of our modern playwrights.'

Be this as it may, we can always at our will retrace 300 years, and return to Shakespeare; he will furnish us with a justification of wedded love sufficient, as I believe, for all time. I cannot do better than recall my belief as I expressed it some years ago:

> To him marriage was to love as metre to poetry, as form to art; it alone separated love from lust[5]; it was at once the consummation of love and its crown.[6]

Indeed, I cannot refrain from repeating that we have in this great poet the loftiest conception of human love that is to be found in all literature; I am also inclined to believe that the artist was not altogether unworthy of his achievement; and I will venture to call attention to the chief articles or principles of this other belief of mine. Some of them, no doubt, remain debatable; some I have endeavoured to establish on other occasions; and some again may be regarded as self-evident. They are as follows: (1) Shakespeare was a religious man. (2) His religion was that of the Church and State of his time. (3) He was a firm believer in marriage, and (4) in the sanctity of marriage. (5) If we use the word moral as the antithesis of immoral we may with confidence put Shakespeare on the moral side. (6) In his writings he distinguished most sternly between lust and love; he lost no opportunity of condemning—or rather execrating—the one and of exalting the other. (7) With but few exceptions, Shakespeare's heroines had already been sketched by another hand, sometimes in outline, sometimes elaborately; but he never failed to add beauty and refinement to his originals.

And now, lest my argument should seem overweighted at the end, and lack some of the essentials of a beginning, I should

[5] See Sonnet 129 for a remarkable denunciation of the 'lust of the flesh.'
[6] *Shakespeare: The Man and his Work*, p. 256.

explain that it has been my method to point at once to what I have called the masterpiece of Ferdinand and Miranda, to this culmination, that is to say, of Shakespeare's long and varied experience in the artistic presentation of love; in the lofty ideals of *The Tempest* we see his final conceptions put before us clearly and comprehensively, and at any point in the long journey we can measure with a sufficient accuracy our distance from the goal.

The principle is sound, but its application may, of course, be varied indefinitely. As one example we may set out with *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. In this play Shakespeare's art of love is of the earliest and the crudest, and the false conventions of friendship pointed at on a former page are allowed to stultify and degrade the nobler passion. Julia, however, may be regarded as a first faint sketch of Viola, and Julia and Lucetta, one of the dramatist's early pairs of women, will appear on the stage later far more highly developed as Portia and Nerissa. It is a relief to pass from this play even to the frolic and banter of *Love's Labour's Lost*. Next we come to the rather commonplace couples of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, whom the poet has barely tinged with the ideal, and next to the caricature rather than character of *The Taming of the Shrew*; and some might add the wife of Hotspur, and measure the intervening distance between her and the wife of Brutus. After these we may take another glance at Helena, the pursuing woman mentioned above, and at Romeo and Juliet, who have already been contrasted with Ferdinand and Miranda. Then follow the strange couple whose love parleyings are a medley of repartee and sarcasm, and who must be dragged to their altar. Far in advance of all this is the idyllic love of Rosalind and Orlando, and after them we may discern in Viola the more than half-way perfectness of womanhood; but, again, in the saintliness of Isabella the poet has reached and grasped a yet higher ideal. And now we come to Ophelia, who reflects the weakness of her lover without his philosophy, and shares his doom and our pity. There follow three studies in the ideal, an ideal that each may interpret according to his will: the ideal, shall we say, of sacrifice in Desdemona, of wedded purity in Virgilia, and of filial devotion in Cordelia? And now we reach the wonderful series of women, Marina, Imogen, Perdita, Miranda, on whom the poet appears to bestow the new tenderness I spoke of at the outset; and in the last of these, the crowning vision of Miranda, we seem to recognise an ideal of love that a great dramatist might be expected to put upon his stage when all other types had been exhausted. Surely in the something more than earthly perfectness of this final creation the poet may be said to

> Soar with Plato to the empyreal sphere,
> To the first good, first perfect, and first fair.

What else we may note as we pass from one to another of this astonishing array of dramatic characters, especially of the women—the flippancy that gives place to seriousness, petty trifling to dignity, effusiveness to reserve, and that without any loss whatever of feminine charm and attractiveness; and of the other sex man's amused, or condescending, or cynical, or contemptuous tolerance changed gradually to a respect for woman that is akin to reverence[7]; and, as on the part of the artist, immature convention ever ripening towards mature and magnificent conviction; how, moreover, we may contrast the rattling tongue of a Rosaline, or a Beatrice, or even a Rosalind[8] with the voice of Cordelia, soft, gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman—all these and a thousand other comparisons and differences can only be suggested here. Indeed, in a short article I can do little more than indicate the method; its working out in detail I may perhaps leave for some other occasion.

To that occasion also I may refer a note on those women in Shakespeare's dramas—Cleopatra, for instance—who in more senses than one may be regarded as classic, and have become the exclusive property of artistic literature. To these might be added certain of the great tragic figures. My dealings have been chiefly with the series of characters who are by far the most important for our subject, the men and women of our social life, or mostly such; it is from these, at least in the first instance, that we must learn Shakespeare's doctrine of love.

[7] 'And I thus humble ever.' (*The Tempest*, III., i., 87.)

[8] 'Let me make this quite clear by an example; could we think of Miranda as saying these words, or as having them said to her: "You shall take a woman without her answer when you take her without her tongue"? And this on the side of the artist is the masculine pettiness and presumption that spoils the picture of any woman.' (*Handbook to Shakespeare*, p. 247.)

MORTON LUCE.

TALES OF ESTONIA

ESTONIA is one of the youngest of European nations. To us it still is little known. But a volume of short stories by Madame Kallas, translated from the Finnish original, may help to interest England in the history of the country and its people.

The White Ship and other Stories has literary merits of a rare order. In his preface to the volume Mr. Galsworthy lays stress on their distinctive quality. 'Reading them,' he writes, 'one is conscious of a new dish—of a strange flavour, and of coming close to primal things.' The sentence accurately expresses the peculiar impression which the work of Madame Kallas produces. But the freshness does not lie in any novelty of treatment. It rather lies in the reversion to the most ancient methods of narrative. In this sophisticated, cultivated age nothing is rarer than success in this form of composition. The stories are told without any of the literary artifices of romance: its picturesque scene-painting, its vague generalities, its overstrained emotional appeals. Neither are they loaded with the technicalities and trivialities of modern realism. The method is rather that of Biblical narratives or of the oldest writers of ballads. Nothing is stagey or far-fetched; no unnecessary details crowd the canvases. The stories are founded on fact, and keep close to realities. Cool and quiet in manner, bare of ornament or superfluous adjectives, each little drama is presented with the sureness of outline drawing, the simplicity, the directness which are the special qualities of ancient story-tellers in prose or verse.

Novel readers, like housekeepers, pine for a 'new dish.' Here it is supplied. But there is a real danger that English readers may be repelled by the uniform gloom of the colouring. It is not enough to say that, in the rough conditions of life which Madame Kallas describes, stories as they actually happen generally have a tragic ending. In a more special sense, also, the sombre tone is necessitated by truth to facts; it reflects the peculiarly dark history of the people. Before the Great War Estonia was only known to England as one of the Baltic provinces of Russia. Her very identity was, as it were, swallowed up in the immensity of the Empire of the Czar. Scarcely a whisper ever reached these

shores of the heroic struggle which, for more than seven centuries, her people have tenaciously made to retain their nationality, to preserve their language, to regain their freedom. So prolonged a period of oppression and, till a century ago, of actual personal slavery has necessarily left its mark of melancholy. The black streak, which on the national flag separates the stripes of blue and of white, symbolises actualities. It represents historical facts that form the grim background to the tales of Madame Kallas.

Before 1918 the Estonian peasant lived under the Baltic barons in a state of medieval serfdom. To-day he has passed into the freedom and independence which characterise the most advanced European communities. Thus the stories of Madame Kallas preserve a picture of a society which has already completely disappeared. They also embody living traditions and, in some cases, living experiences. They are founded on genuine material, orally transmitted; but they belong, with one exception, to various periods in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and only two to so late a date as 1905. Madame Kallas is therefore fortunate in the time at which she writes. She does not stand so close as to lose artistic perception and to become purely photographic. Neither does she stand at such a distance as to sacrifice distinctness of outline to romantic vagueness. She is not an eye-witness of the actual scenes that she describes, nor does she belong to the same generation as her actors. But she is on the edge of the period, and she breathes its atmosphere. Her stories have the right ring. Not only have they the qualities of strength and simplicity: they are also instinct with the colour and sensation of the environment; they carry conviction of reality.

It is with the Estonia of yesterday, not with the Estonia of to-day and to-morrow, that the stories, like this article, are concerned. The conditions out of which the country has emerged are the subject. Of the new Estonia and its future it will therefore be enough to say that she declared her Independence on February 24, 1918. Fighting against tremendous odds, her peasant armies made good her claim against Bolshevist Russia, and against German forces. To-day she is recognised by the Powers as an independent republic, and has been admitted into the League of Nations. She legislates through a State Assembly, consisting of 100 members triennially elected by universal adult suffrage on the principle of proportional representation, and entrusts her executive to the Council of her Ministers with the Prime Minister as President. Her financial position, already good, is improving. Her exports of textiles, foodstuffs, wood, and paper are growing. Her deposits of shale oil are large and remark-

ably rich. Her stores of peat fuel promise to meet the domestic wants of the country for the next two or three centuries. She has abundant command of water power: the rapids of the River Narva alone are said to be capable of supplying electricity to the whole country. Her layers of phosphorite are not unlikely to prove valuable fertilising agencies. In her forests she has a source of wealth which, under skilled management, should be not only of actual but of potential value. Her transport trade is developing. By her geographical position, by the accessibility of her ports at all times in the year, and by her railway communications, she is one of the principal gateways between Western Europe and Eastern Europe and beyond.

With her archipelago of islands, Estonia is larger than Denmark, or Holland, or Belgium, or Switzerland. On the mainland she is bounded to the north and west by the Baltic and its gulfs; to the south by the new Republic of Latvia, with Riga as its capital; to the east by Soviet Russia. Along practically the whole of this eastern frontier lies the huge fresh-water Lake of Peipus, from the northern end of which the River Narva runs into the Gulf of Finland.

In this country, at some far-distant and uncertain date, a people established themselves who, in speech and race, are akin to the Finns and the Hungarians. Their language has no affinity to that of the Germans or of the Slavs. They seem to have been the first settlers. No certain trace exists of any aboriginal people. They brought with them from their resting-place on the banks of the middle Volga their pagan worship of Nature. The sun and the moon, the thunder, the wind, the waves, were gods; there were goddesses of the birds, the woods, the fields, the meadows; there were spirits of the Northern Lights, of the rivers and lakes in which the country abounds. Supreme in the Estonian Olympus was Taara, to whom the oak was sacred. To his lineage belonged the heroes whom he protected. Nor were the powers of evil unrecognised; but the chief devil, familiarly known as 'Old Boy,' or 'Old Horny,' and his subordinates were often outwitted and their treasure chambers plundered by adventurous heroes. Minor demons were rather mischievous than malicious. More powerful for evil were the wielders of the black arts, especially the witches. Enshrined in mythologies, magical formulas, and superstitions of the country, these primitive beliefs also play a great part in the extraordinarily rich stores of its orally transmitted folk lore, and to them the people clung the more tenaciously because, in their experience, Christianity was associated with fire and sword, with loss of land and of freedom, with slavery and the harsh rule of foreign masters.

To this early period of their history the enslaved Estonian

peasants looked back as their Golden Age. They cherished its traditions of freedom, which were faithfully handed on by word of mouth from generation to generation in the native tongue. It forms the background of many of their most popular legends. The story of the formation of Lake Peipus may be told as an instance. The events are said to have happened in the days before foreign merchants had landed from their ships, before mail-clad warriors had invaded the country to set up with their sharp-edged swords the cross of Christ, and when the people lived, in perfect freedom, under the rule of their great King Karkus. The only child of the king, the Princess Rannauura, carried off by the witch Peipa, grew up to girlhood in harsh captivity. The white gods dared not attempt her rescue. But they gave her four gifts—a silver comb, a carder, an apple, and a linen robe—telling her that if she threw them behind her in their order they would help her to escape. Watching her opportunity and carrying her gifts with her, the girl stole away from the witch's house and fled as fast as she could towards her father's castle. She had not gone far when she found herself pursued. Mounted on a huge cock, Peipa was close on her heels. The princess threw behind her the silver comb. It became a wide rushing river which the witch could not cross till she had found a ford. But she was once more in close pursuit. The girl threw down the carder, and it shot up at once into a forest, so dense that the witch had to ride round it for a whole day. But the cock was fleet, and again the witch was hard on the girl's track. Then the girl threw down the apple. Instantly it turned into a high mountain over which the witch had to climb. Now the princess could see her home shining in the distance. Yet, faint with weariness and hunger, she made slow progress. Once more the witch was fast catching her up. Only the fourth gift remained. The girl threw down the linen robe, and straightway it became the vast lake which still bears the witch's name, in whose foaming water Peipa and the cock were swallowed up.

Ancient burial places and sacrificial stones are to be found. But few trustworthy traces of the occupations and civilisation of ancient Estonia have been preserved. Some details may perhaps be gleaned from the great national epic of the Son-of-Kalev. Pieced together from detached fragments, it is a huge poem of twenty cantos and some 19,000 lines, in which are told the parentage, birth, and exploits of the gigantic hero. It ends, like other similar cycles—like King Arthur and his knights, or Charlemagne and his paladins—with a battle in which the leaders perish. The origin of both the parents of the hero was miraculous. Kalev arrived on the back of an eagle from the far north. His wife, Linda, emerged from a grouse's egg. They had many

children. But the day came when Kalev lay dying. Linda was about to bear another child, and the dying father foretold the glory of the unborn son, whom he destined for his heir. After Kalev's death, Linda bore a son, who grew rapidly to gigantic stature, and so surpassed his brethren in strength that they recognised their youngest brother as their chief. His life is the theme of the poem. The Estonians, whom the Son-of-Kalev 'judged,' were fishermen and agriculturists. They owned horses; they pastured their herds of cattle. It was in the footprint of one of her cows that the widow found the grouse's egg from which sprang Linda. They were also tillers of the soil. Early and late the Son-of-Kalev ploughed the land for his people, as well as cleared them roads through the forests. The crops that they grew are enumerated. The beautiful Salme rejects the wooing of the fierce-eyed sun because of his fickleness—because he sent rain in the midst of the hay harvest, or so baked the soil that the oats could not be sown, or scorched the barley in the ground, or withered the peas in their seed bed, or dried up the beans in the pod, or shook the ripe rye from the ear with torrents of rain.

The Estonians were also hardy navigators and explorers. The Son-of-Kalev himself voyaged to the very door of the End of the World, passing the Great Whirlpool, landing on the Spark Island, encountering the dog-faced men, and fighting with the spirits of the Northern Lights. They had their strongholds, traces of which remain. The Son-of-Kalev was himself a builder. Round the great mound under which Linda buried Kalev he built the beautiful city which he called Lindanisa, or Linda's Bosom, in memory of his mother. It was here that the Danes afterwards built Reval, now known as Tallinn (*i.e.*, Danes Castle), the capital and chief port of Estonia. Some form of political organisation seems to have existed. In the ninth canto it is the Elders who warn the son of Kalev of invasion and summon him to the rescue of his people. Of a hereditary king there is no trace. But the ideal of rule that is put before the hero by Taara himself, in the guise of an old man, is high. A ruler can never rest from his labours for his people; yet without the gods no good thing can be done, and he that uses the sword unjustly, and without thought, by the sword shall perish. If the poem has a moral it is contained in the last sentence. In a fit of drunken frenzy the Son-of-Kalev had slain a man with his sword, and by the same weapon he met his own end. But, like Frederick Barbarossa, he will return. Now he sits on his white horse, guarding the devil at the gate of the underground abode of Põrgu (= hell), and waiting till prosperity dawns once more upon his country.

Estonia was not long permitted to remain in isolation and work out her own ideals of nationality. At the close of the twelfth century, in the days of our own Richard Cœur de Lion, the crusading spirit ran high. For the adventurous it meant not only the conquest of souls, but of lands. It is a far cry from Syria to the eastern shores of the Baltic. Yet under the walls of Acre an event happened which was destined to influence profoundly the future of Estonia. In 1190 the crusaders were besieging the city. Many were sick, many wounded. Among them were numbers of Germans, serving under Duke Conrad of Swabia. Struck by their sufferings, some merchants of Bremen and Lubeck landed the sails of their ships, set them up as tents, and under their shelter ministered to the needs of their fellow-countrymen. Others followed their example. Among them, probably, were some of the brethren of the Teutonic Hospital of the Virgin, who had been expelled from Jerusalem by the victorious Saladin. The work suggested to Conrad the idea of forming an order on the model of the Hospitallers of St. John and of the Templars. In 1191, with the approval of the Pope, the new order was instituted under the name of the Teutonic Knights of the Hospital of the Holy Virgin of Jerusalem. Clad in white habits, marked with a black cross, the knights took the oath to succour the sick and wounded, the widows and orphans, and to wage incessant war against the infidels. Their fourth grand master, Herman von Salza, realised that crusades in Palestine or Egypt were less practicable than an effort to Christianise the northern countries of Europe. In little more than a century the Teutonic knights had carved out for themselves huge possessions, comprising the greater part of Western and Eastern Prussia, Courland, and Livonia. They imposed Christianity upon the country, civilised it by replacing (in Prussia) the natives with German colonists, founded great towns such as Thorn and Culm, established a prosperous State, and became the greatest military power of Northern Europe.

In 1237 the help of the Order was urgently implored in Estonia. Some forty years earlier the Danes had begun to gain a precarious foothold in the country. On the western coast Christian bishoprics had been founded which were centres of missionary and military enterprise. Their ruined castles, like those of Hapsal and Arensburg, preserve the memory of their double purpose. On the north, King Waldemar of Denmark had captured the native stronghold of Lindanisa, and on its site founded the modern city of Reval. But none of these efforts penetrated beyond a narrow fringe of the Baltic coast-line. So slow was the progress in conquering the country or in converting it to Christianity that the Danes and the bishops summoned to their help a lay order

of crusaders, called from the red badge on their habits the Brethren of the Sword, who were already established to the south of the country. The Estonians resisted stoutly and successfully. They shut up and closely besieged King Waldemar in Reval; they defeated the brethren, killing their grand master. Hard pressed, the invaders invoked the aid of the Teutonic knights. It was at Viterbo that the terms on which assistance was given were settled. The Brethren of the Sword were absorbed into the Teutonic order, and Estonia, when conquered, was to become a province under its own provincial master, subordinate to the grand master of the knights. Before the disciplined well-armed forces of the Order resistance crumbled. Estonia was officially converted to Christianity; the crusaders parcelled out the land among themselves in large estates, and reduced the native cultivators to slavery.

Conquered, but not subdued, the Estonians rose again and again, as slaves against their masters, fighting desperately for their pagan faiths, their land and their freedom. In 1343 one of these risings was so general, and for a time so successful, that it was only suppressed by the intervention of the general forces of the Order. Four years later the King of Denmark sold all his rights and claims in Estonia to the Teutonic knights; the local nobles were confirmed in the possession of their privileges and estates; their feudal strongholds were strengthened, and the fetters more firmly riveted on the peasants. For many centuries the country remained a German aristocratic republic with a native Estonian population. To the peasant religious or political changes mattered little. It scarcely concerned him whether he was officially a Catholic or a Lutheran Protestant, a subject of the Teutonic order, of Poland, of Sweden, or of Peter the Great and his successors. What did matter to him, and mattered in every hour and relation of his life, was that, whoever was his overlord, he was the slave of German masters, the descendants of the crusaders—the Baltic barons who owned not only the soil, but its cultivators.

The slavery of the peasant was not a legal fiction, but the grimmest of realities. He himself, his wife, and his children were part of the live-stock of the land, bought, sold, or inherited with the estates to which they were bound, bartered for horses or hounds, separated at the will of the owner from one another. They could not own or acquire any property; all that they possessed belonged to their masters. Lords of manors exercised over their slaves powers of life and death that were restricted by no right of appeal. They enforced their authority by corporal punishment, and ferocious floggings were inflicted for trifling offences. Without any rights against their masters, the peasants

were helpless. In the 'good old Swedish times' of the seventeenth century efforts were made to mitigate the social misery of the enslaved Estonians. The respite was brief. After the conquest of the country by Peter the Great (1710) the Baltic barons recovered all their former powers and privileges. From time to time, goaded to fury, the peasants rose in revolt, 'sent the red cock' to the roofs of manor-houses and barns, and took bloody vengeance on individual tyrants. But concerted action was difficult if not impossible; each scattered rising was pitilessly suppressed.

During these dreary years the peasant could look nowhere for redress. The German baron owned him body and soul. To whom could he appeal? To the Czar? He was far off and difficult of access. To justice? The Baltic barons not only manned the Ritterschaft and the Land-Tag, and so monopolised all the powers of government, but appointed the local magistrates by whom the laws were administered, and appointed them only for terms of three years, so that their tenure of office depended on their satisfying the barons. To Christian feeling? The Lutheran pastor was the nominee and dependent of the Baltic barons. To public opinion? There was none. There were practically but two classes—one was the German-speaking aristocratic caste, the other the Estonian-speaking peasant slave.

Towards the close of the eighteenth century the new ideals of liberty and fraternity were permeating Europe. The conscience of Russian rulers began to be stirred by the condition of their Estonian subjects. But it was not till after the close of the French revolutionary wars that any action was taken to diminish the powers of the Baltic barons. Between the years 1816 and 1819—little more than a century ago—the Czar enforced the abolition of personal slavery. Morally, the change was great. In the hero of one of the stories of Madame Kallas its effect is illustrated. Bernhard Riives would rather be shot as a free man than be beaten like a slave and live. Materially, the change was profitable to the baron, and rather worsened than improved the condition of the peasant. As a slave he was at least secure of food. A free man without land, he was still at the mercy of the estate owners with the risk of starvation added. If allowed the use of the land, he paid the rent which was exacted from his necessities, and paid it, not in money, but in labour and in kind. He had gained personal freedom only to fall into labour slavery. The poll-tax to the Russian Government was now a burden for which he was solely responsible, and his liability to be drawn for service for twenty-four years in the Russian army darkened the period of his strong manhood if he had no physical defects and either no influential friends or powerful enemies. So intoler-

able were the conditions of rural existence that numbers of the people either migrated to Russia or joined the Greek Orthodox Church in the hope of securing the protection of the Czar.

In the middle of the nineteenth century came the dawn of brighter times. The abolition of personal slavery had created new human material. It had transformed a people of slaves into a people of freemen. It had given a certain degree of freedom of movement. Now, in 1860 a career was opened out to the emancipated Estonian peasant. He was allowed to purchase land, or to hire it for money rents. An era of material and intellectual development began. Many obstacles still remained. The land movement progressed slowly. In 1918, 75 per cent. of the area under cultivation was still owned by 1147 Baltic barons. Educationally, the upheaval advanced more rapidly. But every step forward was gained in the face of German or Russian opposition. It was on the intellectual side that the Estonian people first realised its homogeneity. Strivings after political and economic independence were a consequence and a later stage.

For centuries German had been alone employed in the administration, in colleges, in polite society, in the transaction of business. In the elementary schools of country districts alone was Estonian permitted. From 1885 onwards a determined effort was made to suppress the Estonian language entirely by prohibiting its use even in elementary education, and to make Russian not only the official but the universal language of the country. Yet the tenacity of the people prevailed. In their struggle for the primitive right to think and express themselves in the sounds most familiar to their ears their rich collection of folk-lore and folk-songs—probably the richest in the world—proved an invaluable aid. Nowhere, certainly, has the oral transmission of a popular literature played a greater part in the birth and growth of a nation. Here in their native tongue was recorded the inner life of the peasants—their traditions and beliefs, their home existence, their daily labour, their aspirations, their ideals. Cut off from the intellectual civilisation of Western Europe, they created for themselves the spiritual food which, in centuries of oppression, was their strength and support. As national self-consciousness grew and deepened, one of the first tasks of the Estonian leaders had been to collect and preserve these records of the life-history of the people. The collection now includes some 25,000 tales and 70,000 numbers of epical, lyrical, and wedding songs, to say nothing of many thousands of riddles, proverbs, magical formulas, and superstitions. In 1869 came the first public recognition of the Estonian language. Permission was obtained to hold a 'Festival of Song' in commemoration of fifty years of freedom. To-day these festivals

of national songs and music have become important institutions, held at regular intervals, and gathering thousands of competitors.

Yet, even in the memory of the present generation, permission to open schools in which the language was used or to lecture on such a subject as Estonian grammar was refused; after half a century of petitions it was still impossible to establish an agricultural school, though the money for the purpose had been raised by the people themselves. But gradually the mother tongue, spoken by over 90 per cent. of the inhabitants, was raised into a literary language. An educated class of Estonians sprang up outside German or Russian influences. Increasing numbers of Estonian-speaking citizens entered civic life and captured municipal administrations; literary societies were formed; newspapers were established; a network of voluntary organisations supplied schools to which the farmers as a point of honour sent their sons. To-day 100 per cent. of the Estonian people can read and write, and 4 per 1000 have passed through the universities.

Following in the wake of intellectual progress came the development of political ideals of self-government. Hitherto the Estonian people had had no voice in the management of the affairs of the country. No popular representation existed. All political and administrative power was concentrated in the hands of the small aristocratic caste of German landowners, who, with their followers, numbered less than 3 per cent. of the population. It was against this alien rule, and against the monopoly of the land, that in 1905 the Estonian people rose in rebellion. On the appeal of the Baltic barons the Russian Government suppressed the rising with a punitive force of Cossacks. This rebellion, its defeat, and the merciless severity of the punishment form the setting of two of the tales in *The White Ship and other Stories*. Beyond this date Madame Kallas does not travel. A short sketch of subsequent events will complete the story of the struggle of the Estonian people for freedom and the land.

The Great War proved the turning point in Estonian history. In 1917 the Czar had fallen, and the Provisional Government under Prince Lvoff granted the demand of the Estonian leaders for self-government (April 1917). A National Council, elected by universal suffrage, met at Reval in the following July and proceeded to frame a Constitution. But the accession of Lenin and Trotsky to power changed the course of events. In November of the same year the Soviet, under Bolshevik influences, repudiated the concession of its predecessors and dissolved the National Council. The action of Russia forced the hands of the Estonian leaders. Denied Home Rule, they demanded separation. On

February 24, 1918, the Paets Government proclaimed Estonia a self-governing, independent republic.

To the national movement the Baltic barons were throughout opposed. They realised that self-government was fatal to their exclusive powers and privileges. To whatever hopes they may have clung of retaining or regaining their ascendency the declaration of Independence gave a death-blow. In a German State or in a dependency of Russia they might still preserve a dominating influence. Thus, whether Estonian nationality was suppressed by Germans or by Russians, the barons were on the side, not of the native population, but of the foreign invaders.

At the moment when Estonia declared her independence it seemed impossible that the new republic could survive. The German knee was on the Russian chest. German troops occupied Estonia. The project of uniting the former Baltic provinces and annexing them as a German-Baltic State had been accepted by Germany, and, with the approval of the Baltic barons, the Germanisation of the country was rapidly proceeding. The Estonian national forces were disbanded and dispersed. But the national Government had survived. In May 1918 it was *de facto* recognised by Great Britain and subsequently by France and Italy. With extraordinary tenacity it held on. When the Western Front collapsed in November 1918 the German army of occupation evacuated the country, destroying or carrying with them the arms that they had requisitioned, and leaving the people defenceless against the Bolshevist forces who were advancing on Reval. Help came to Estonia in arms, money, or men from Finland and Great Britain. A new army was organised. It took the offensive, and on the first anniversary of the declaration of Independence the National Government was able to announce that there was no enemy on the soil of Estonia.

But the struggle was renewed, and continued throughout the whole of 1919. It was not till February 1920 that the Estonian forces, though often fighting against odds of six to one, compelled the Bolsheviks to make peace. By the Treaty of Tartu, Russia recognised the independence of Estonia. Nor was Russia the only enemy with whom, during these same months, the young republic was engaged. In the summer of 1919 she was invaded from the south-west by a German army, consisting of the Landeswehr and hired soldiers of the 'Iron Division,' supported by the Baltic barons, and commanded by von der Goltz. Heavily defeated at Wenden, the Germans took refuge in Riga, which they evacuated (July 3) under an armistice secured by the intervention of the Allies. On all her frontiers Estonia had triumphantly asserted her claim to the sovereignty of her own land and

people. A year later (January 20, 1921) her independence was recognised *de jure* by the Great Powers.

The Baltic barons paid the penalty of their anti-national attitude. Lady Eastlake, who enjoyed their hospitality early in the nineteenth century, describes with enthusiasm the luxury and refinement of their lives in their palatial homes. Her picture recalls those that have been painted of the Southern States of America before the abolition of slavery. But Estonian peasants had not fought to protect land owned by German landlords who sided with their enemies. Three months after the defeat of the invading forces of von der Goltz, a drastic law of Land Reform was passed (October 10, 1919), without a dissentient voice, in a National Assembly elected by universal suffrage. The Act nationalised the whole of the baronial estates. Compensation for movable property was to be paid upon a fixed scale. Whether any compensation will be paid for the land itself, and, if so, on what basis, will be separately determined. With the exception of the State reserves, the division of the whole land among the peasants in holdings of from 35 to 90 acres in extent is already nearing completion.

ERNLE.

A TROLLOPE LOVE STORY AND MARY THORNE

HANG a long room with Trollope heroines, and you will have a gallery indeed. How sweetly on your walls will shine that throng of gentlewomen—a throng as varied as were possible, save in this one fact of gentility. For all are gentlewomen. Trollope knew his power too well to strain it dangerously, and you will find in all his list of comedies no one in which a daughter of the people plays the lead.

Maybe that Polly Neefit outvigours Mary Bonner in the tangled tale of *Ralph the Heir;* maybe, also, that Carry Brattle, the lost sheep of the Vicar of Bullhampton's flock—in that she has a preface to herself and lies more heavily upon the author's conscience—outdoes dear Mrs. Fenwick's school friend, Mary Lowther. But, for all that, the two Marys are the heroines and the others not. Even Lizzie Eustace, who is Trollope's tribute to his master's Becky Sharp, is not the heroine of the sensation story of the Eustace diamonds. Anthony Trollope kept the first place in his own heart, and sought to win the first place in the affections of his readers, for girls of gentle birth.

Let us go further. Within the limits of gentility lie degrees of Trollope and of Trollopian preference. We can admire and pity (as Trollope means us to) such unhappy beauties as Lady Laura Kennedy, the tragic friend of Phineas; as Lady Ongar in *The Claverings;* as Cecilia Holt, chief figure in that short, dramatic tale *Kept in the Dark.* We can admit reluctant sympathy even with those shadowy outcasts who lurk beyond the radius of propriety in half a dozen Trollope novels—with Paul Montague's American entanglement Winifred Hurtle; with Lucy Morton, victim of the dissolute George Hotspur; with the woman Euphemia, who dogs John Caldigate through three volumes of suspicion and distress. All these, to whatever pass through their distorted passions or their recklessness they may have come, are gentlewomen; and their creator leaves on each the impress of his own unwavering belief that no one human being can be wholly bad who has known breeding.

Nevertheless the Trollope heroine in her purest, most delicious

form is none of these. She is, by preference, no tremendous beauty; she is of small stature and of retiring mode; her woman's strength and her great woman's tenderness come forth to meet the crisis of her life, but for the rest she lives obscure and quietly dutiful. She and her sisters are the 'little brown girls' Trollope loved (the phrase is his, and he employs it more than once), and among them may his most delicate maiden portraiture be found. Lucy Robarts, Clara Amedroz, Ayala Dormer, Rachel Ray, the Mary Lowther already mentioned—here are five of them; others, essentially of the same splendid breed, though in their trappings more the aristocrat, are Lady Anna Lovel, Emily Hotspur, and Lady Mary Palliser, daughter of the Duke of Omnium. But there are others yet, and among them two between whose rival loveliness the loyalty of Trollopians hovers delightedly. One of these is Lily Dale; the other Mary Thorne.

Heaven forbid that words of mine spell criticism of the princess of Allington! Lily, whether, as at first, she is blithely mischievous; whether, as when doubts of Crosbie first began to gather, she is reserved and watchful; whether, when betrayal is complete, she walks life with head bravely high, but with a broken heart; whether, on welcome reappearance in *The Last Chronicle of Barset*, she keeps at arm's length, gently and tenderly, but always without flinching, the faithful love of Johnny Eames—Lily is perfect, and a man may not read of her and sit unrestless in his seat.

But Mary Thorne . . .

'I know one thing,' says Beatrice Gresham to her sister after the Thorne ship has at last come home: 'Mary will be as mild and as meek as a little dove. If she and the doctor had lost every shilling in the world, she would have been as proud as an eagle.'

That is Mary Thorne. Her story takes 200,000 words to tell; but, when it ends, one lays the book aside happy to think of Mary and her uncle happy, but wishing all the same fulfilment had not come quite so soon. At times I think that *Doctor Thorne* is the best novel Trollope ever wrote; but the next moment other loyalties arise reproachfully. Better to leave invidious preferences; better to lose oneself alike in *Doctor Thorne*, in *The Way we Live Now*, in *Mr. Scarborough's Family*, in the long history of Phineas Finn and Violet Effingham and Marie Goessler, in Lady Mason's crime and mother-love, in the slow madness of Trevelyan, in the familiar ways of Barsetshire—to lose and find oneself again, and leave comparisons to the professors.

Wherefore, whatsoever place in Trollope's work the tale of *Doctor Thorne* should rightly hold, these pages do it homage for a sensitive, a humorous—yes, and a passionate—delineation of an elderly doctor of noble character; of a fine young man; of a crowd

of arrogant stupidities; of some fortune-hunters; and, above all, of a most entrancing girl. Further, I am concerned to claim for *Doctor Thorne* that it reveals extensively and convincingly most of its author's greatest qualities; that it proves Trollope to be something as far beyond the humdrum realism merchant that he was dubbed by 'clever-clevers' in yellow 'nineties as were those rather rancid persons below the average in critical equipment.

Inevitably the tale of *Doctor Thorne* must here be summarised, else is my argument for its narrator's genius a mere abstraction. For those who know their Trollope and have (in consequence) no need of witness such summary will be superfluous. The others need not fear that it will spoil the novel for them, seeing that the elusive flavour of good Trollope only another Trollope could impart.

The village of Greshamsbury, in East Barsetshire, owns as squire a John Newbold Gresham, who, though impoverished, still lives majestically and is regarded as the first commoner of the county. His wife is sister of the Earl de Courcy, a magnate in the western (Whig) division of the county and the father of many unprofitable children. Through Lady Arabella Gresham, de Courcy influence and de Courcy views pervade the Hall at Greshamsbury more than the squire could wish and much more than his son Frank Gresham means to tolerate. In particular is it an article of the de Courcy creed that Frank must marry money and restore the Gresham fortunes; else will the Greshamsbury relatives by marriage disgrace their noble connections at Courcy Castle, these, above everything, being the great ones of the earth, to whom merely to speak must be regarded as an honour.

Unluckily young Frank's love fancy has already strayed; already he has slipped through childhood friendship into tenderness for a girl who lives with an old uncle in the village near the squire's gates, a girl without a penny and a girl whose very origins are obscure.

Old Doctor Thorne has settled in Greshamsbury before the action of the novel starts. He has for long been intimate with the squire, doctored his children, advised him about money matters, and had free entrance all and every day to the Gresham household. With him has come to live his niece, and not unnaturally Mary Thorne has romped with Frank Gresham and his sisters and shared their lessons and their playrooms and has been as one of them.

The mystery of Mary's birth is mystery only to the numerous characters in the tale. It is one of Trollope's most insistent principles to take the reader into full confidence, and *Doctor Thorne* is a good example of his method. He explains in the first few chapters just who Mary is, and tells of the seduction by the doctor's elder brother of the sister of a stonemason in Barchester.

He tells how the stonemason—Roger Scatcherd—avenged the girl's disgrace and, striking harder than he meant, killed Henry Thorne outright. He tells how the dead man's brother saved the stonemason from the worst consequences of crime, visited him in prison, tended the wretched girl whose bastard was now quick within her. At last the child was born, and an old, faithful lover of poor Mary Scatcherd forgave her tragedy and married her and took her to America. But the two sailed without the child, whom the good Doctor Thorne took and put to school and, in her thirteenth year, brought with him to Greshamsbury. Now all of this was long ago, so that, when Trollope's story proper is begun, Mary is twenty years of age and Frank—the squire's son—turned twenty-one.

The doctor's secret was not known even to Roger Scatcherd. It was believed—by those few who cared to remember the sorry tale of the stonemason's sister—that the babe had died. Wherefore, when Lady Arabella wakes with a shock to the unpleasant fact that Frank, her only son and heir to all the Gresham poverty and pride, is playing the love-sick over Mary Thorne, she finds in Mary's unexplained parentage a likely weapon against what to her is an unthinkable alliance.

There remains one further major character—or rather nucleus of character and incident—which, with the Gresham household and its haughty de Courcy hinterland and with the quiet home of Doctor Thorne himself, supports the structure of the novel's plot. When Roger Scatcherd had served his period of prison, he went into the far-away in search of fortune; and found it, becoming in due course a railway contractor of enormous wealth. Unluckily, with fortune had not come sobriety; Scatcherd was slowly drinking his way to death. Having ever since the tragedy of twenty years before put all his trust in Doctor Thorne, Sir Roger Scatcherd, Bart. (as at his sovereign's pleasure—and, perhaps, at politician's price—he had by now become), appeared once more in Barsetshire. To ease the stringent poverty of Greshamsbury, the doctor persuaded his one friend, Squire Gresham, to sell to his other friend, Sir Roger Scatcherd, a portion of the Greshamsbury land; in return Sir Roger would advance money to the squire on terms more generous and against security less formidable than elsewhere would be possible.

Here, then, is Trollope's stage well set. Between the weak, impoverished Gresham, with his domineering wife and arrogant 'in-laws' at Courcy Castle, and the rough-diamond, brandy-soaking millionaire Sir Roger Scatcherd in his grand new mansion-house on Boxall Hill, stands Doctor Thorne, intimate with both, loving and loved by both, but powerless either to strengthen Gresham against Lady Arabella's social scheming or to restrain

the new-made baronet from the indulgence that must ultimately kill him. And behind Doctor Thorne is Mary, timid and unassuming, a thing of gentle charm rather than of beauty, happy in the knowledge of her uncle's love, incurious as to the story of her birth, contented with her simple lot.

It requires no very profound knowledge of Trollope's genius to realise what wealth of incident, pathos, and humour he can extract from the situation that must, with such protagonists, arise. The tale of *Doctor Thorne* is a tale of successive dilemmas, all of which centre in a marriage that would conventionally be termed a misalliance. Because the theme of misalliance tempted the novelist in Trollope time and time again, and because dilemma —social or ethical—remained throughout his active writing life his favourite among all the phases of the mind, it is suitable that the novel in which these two preoccupations most despotically rule should be among the best he ever wrote.

First to emerge is the perplexity of Lady Arabella. What is her problem? She loves devotedly her only son; that part of her at least is genuine humanity. But having been brought up within the narrow boundaries of de Courcy social pride, she cannot escape the conviction that love alone does not make marriage suitable, nor bring herself to revolt from de Courcy ruling, however galling it may be in essence or in manner of expression. Further, she has a husband, and the squire is frankly difficult. He glides unhappily through life, pondering his stringencies. He knows that he himself inherited an unembarrassed property; that his extravagance (or rather that which, in his early married life, was forced upon him by the determined splendour of his wife's relations) has loaded mortgage upon mortgage, has all but sold the title-deeds of land that generations long has been the Gresham pride; that (crowning misery!) his only son, his Frank, will not inherit wealth enough for his position, and *must marry money*. Nevertheless, knowing all this, Squire Gresham will not join his wife in schemes to bring about that golden matrimony. He sees what must be, but tarries, making no virtue but only helpless sorrow of necessity. Poor Lady Arabella!—for indeed, with all her selfishness and all her cruelty to Mary Thorne and all her foolish pride, one pities her, so deft is Trollope's evocation of a soul three-quarters snob, one-quarter mother-love—she has perplexities enough. And as the tale proceeds they multiply. Her husband becomes ever more elusive; he will not tell her how near or how far away is bankruptcy; he will not take advice from Courcy Castle; persistently he sees and talks with Thorne until the good doctor—for all that long ago he saved the lives of three of her young children—becomes to Lady Arabella a menace and a hated thing. Further, her daughter Beatrice,

always a special friend of Mary Thorne, gives loyalty to a brother's steadfast passion rather than to maternal strategy, and at last will visit Mary with such regularity that the exasperated mother forbids all intercourse. Then Beatrice sulks resignedly, and her father gives sympathetic looks, and Lady Arabella comes near to distraction.

The squire's quandary needs no labouring. Throughout the book he is torn between love and admiration for his son and self-contempt. It is *his* fault that Frank must marry where are thousands, and not only maiden sweetness; it is *his* mismanagement that stands between an only son and happiness. He cannot encourage the boy in love that must mean family disaster; he is too devoted a father (and, incidentally, too fond of Mary Thorne herself) to exercise authority and try to force on Frank a *mariage de convenance*.

Perhaps instinctively he knows the last course to be in any case impossible. Certainly the father is weak just where the son is strong. Frank's faithfulness to Mary never wavers. When, in a moment, we come to a consideration of Mary's own and terrible dilemma, it will be seen what strain was put upon him. But no strain could break him down. If Trollope was not always happy in his creation of young men, with Frank Gresham at least he makes no mistakes. Alone among the characters in *Doctor Thorne*, Frank sees his goal and, clear-eyed, holds upon his way. His mother's entreaties, his father's mournful prophecies of poverty and disaster, only strengthen the more his determination to win Mary and to keep her. His real obstacle is the person from whom opposition might the least be looked for—Mary herself.

But before Mary, with her courage, dignity and tenderness, can come to grace this so unworthy commentary, the influence of Sir Roger Scatcherd on the story and the cruel dilemma into which that influence thrust Doctor Thorne himself must briefly be revealed.

Sir Roger Scatcherd is, I think, Trollope's sole full-length portrait of a self-made man. The financial adventurer he was, in his later novels, to describe more than once—for example, Lopez in *The Prime Minister* and Melnotte in *The Way We Live Now*. Money magnates, also, he made good use of; but they, like Sir Thomas Tringle in *Ayala's Angel*, were successful business men, or, like Martha Dunstable and Moffat in this very novel *Doctor Thorne*, were the inheritors of fortunes made by trading parents.

Is it surprising that the effectiveness of Scatcherd did not encourage Trollope to use such men more frequently? Not only might their dramatic possibilities have been expected to appeal to him, but also his sensitiveness to social change must have

impressed upon him their increasing frequency. But Scatcherd —for all the power of his presentment—is not wholly Trollope. Remember that *Doctor Thorne* was an early work. Although its author was more than forty when he wrote it, he came late to fiction, and inexperience in novel-writing takes no account of years. Remember, further, that the plot was first conceived by T. Adolphus Trollope, and not by Anthony himself, who had it as a present from his elder brother. Wherefore, if one suspects a little outside influence in the portraiture of Scatcherd—in the queer colloquies of brandy-rotted *parvenu* and gin-sipping, submissive clerk, in the strong shading of the death-bed scene—one may not be far off the reason why the character remained unique.

But Scatcherd's share in Mary's destiny is of the very essence of the tale. The man's rugged physique at last gives way; incessant drinking does its work. Half paralysed, but still the headstrong, violent man he ever was, Scatcherd summons the doctor to his bedside and tells the details of his will. Of these the most important is that Boxall Hill and quite 200,000*l.* are left in trust to Sir Roger's only son, left in the absolute control of Doctor Thorne, and not to be surrendered until young Louis Scatcherd reaches the age of twenty-five. Should Louis, by any hazard, die before reaching that delayed majority, the money is to go to the eldest child of Roger Scatcherd's sister, that very Mary Scatcherd who years before had fallen victim to the doctor's brother and then had married and migrated to America.

Now Louis Scatcherd is a dissolute inebriate, feeble and just turned twenty-one. The doctor knows that, left alone, he will surely kill himself with alcohol before the four years are run between now and the fulfilment of Sir Roger's will. Suppose he does? The money goes to Mary Scatcherd's eldest child, and only the doctor knows that this child is his own niece, his almost daughter, Mary Thorne.

For full two-thirds of the novel's length poor Doctor Thorne labours beneath a cruel burden of uncertainty. At first he tries to make the dying Sir Roger name the residuary legatee, then in desperation tells who Mary is. But the baronet only laughs, and curses Thorne for keeping him ignorant of his niece's whereabouts, and laughs again, and coarsely hints that Mary and the wretched weakling Louis make a match of it. Joking, he dies. The next day, swathed in furs, degenerate and resentful, Sir Louis comes. And life for Doctor Thorne becomes hell indeed.

Three separate intricacies confront him. He knows that Frank Gresham loves his Mary, but that Mary, for Frank's own sake, will not hear him; he knows that Greshamsbury is as good as sold to the Scatcherds; that, if the new owner of Boxall Hill insists, the very title-deeds may have to be surrendered; he

knows that Lady Arabella is persecuting Mary in order to save her son from his own infatuation; he knows that, if Louis Scatcherd dies, Mary becomes an heiress and in effect owner of Greshamsbury. Shall he tell anyone of Mary's actual position, or shall he keep his counsel? Shall he encourage Frank and help him win the girl he wants, or give the victory to Lady Arabella by leaving Greshamsbury and taking Mary with him? Shall he use his authority and skill to save the useless, selfish life of Louis Scatcherd, or shall he let him die?

In all his suffering the doctor has the warm comfort of his niece's love and loyalty. Beautiful, with steadily increasing beauty, is Trollope's tale of the relationship between Mary and her uncle. The old man, torn by uncertainty, watches the girl's heart turn towards Frank and lose itself in him, sees the girl's courage as she denies her love and, for his own sake, sends the lover constantly away. Knowing that these two would give each to the other a lifetime of happiness, he must yet keep silent as to the fortune that might so well be Mary's and could so smoothly conquer Greshamsbury debts. His duty to the dead Sir Roger is, if by human skill it be achievable, to keep dying Sir Louis among living men; his every inclination and desire is to let Louis die, to pile those golden sovereigns into Mary's lap, to watch the cruel Lady Arabella turn from frowns to smiles, to see the cloud of worry lift from Squire Gresham's brow.

A girl less trustful and less proud than Mary Thorne might have made the unhappy doctor's task impossible. But Mary has utter confidence in her uncle's wisdom and her uncle's love; she never questions him. Her pride and self-respect are so complete that, for another's sake, she can abase herself and bravely smile, although her heart be sick.

It is hard to say which of the four Mary Thornes is loveliest. For the first quarter of the book she moves demurely down the single street of Greshamsbury, or strolls the squire's garden happily, or greets her uncle, tired by the day's work, with cheerful talk and endless cups of tea. Her first introduction to the reader is deliberately, dramatically casual. Trollope intended her to slip into his story modestly but unmistakably, and so he brilliantly contrives. At the very end of the description of the festivities at Greshamsbury when Frank Gresham comes of age he gives a rapid survey of the 'visitors of the gentle sort' who mingled with the squire's tenants. This survey (and with it a chapter) thus concludes:

> Then there were the Bakers and the Batesons and the Jacksons, who all lived near and returned home at night; there was the Reverend Caleb Oriel, the High Church rector, with his beautiful sister, Patience Oriel; there was Mr. Yates Umbleby, the attorney and agent; and there were Doctor Thorne and the doctor's modest, quiet-looking little niece, Miss Mary.

A little further on he pictures her:

I know that she was far from being tall and far from being showy; that her feet and hands were small and delicate; that her eyes were bright when looked at, but not brilliant so as to make their brilliancy palpably visible to all around her; her hair was dark brown, and worn very plainly brushed from her forehead; her lips thin and her mouth perhaps in general inexpressive, but when she was eager in conversation it would show itself to be animated with curves of wondrous energy; and, quiet as she was in manner, sober and demure as was her usual settled appearance, she could talk, when the fit came on her, with an energy which in truth surprised those who did not know her.

In time the second Mary follows on the first. Frank has declared his love and she has refused to hear him, affecting to regard his fervour as a boy's enthusiasm, really aware of all the social pitfalls such a love tale must encounter. But, despite her caution, she is given no credit for correctness or restraint. Lady Arabella, acting as though the girl were laying snares for Frank, has gone from gentle interference to more drastic measures; thence to real persecution. Gradually Mary is shut out from Greshamsbury; gradually even intercourse with Beatrice Gresham becomes impossible. The sycophantic spinsters of the neighbourhood, knowing that Courcy Castle and the squire's wife have decreed Mary Thorne a dangerous adventuress, avoid and shun her. The doctor does not comfort her, distracted as he is with secrets that he may not share, with loyalties that he cannot reconcile. The squire, equally at odds with his own conscience, does not protest against his wife's oppressions. Frank has been sent away. Mary is lonely and forsaken. How admirable is she during these evil days. The tears she sheds are shed in private; she moves about her simple tasks serene and uncomplaining. The good doctor's heart could break to watch her gallantry.

And then, after Sir Roger's death, she goes to stay at Boxall Hill. Degenerate Sir Louis casts his eyes on her and seeks to show unwelcome favours. It seems that she must flee even this refuge, when at a crucial moment Frank Gresham, home from travelling, rides over, meets her riding on a little donkey in the lanes, and renews his love-making:

'Mary, if you say that you will not or cannot return my love, I will go away—not from here only, but from Greshamsbury. If you can honestly say that I am nothing to you, can be nothing to you, I will then tell my mother that she may be at ease, and I will go away somewhere and get over it as I may.' There he paused for a moment, and then, looking up into her face, he spoke but one word more. 'But,' said he—and there he stopped. It was all clearly told in that 'but.' . . .

Poor Mary! She had only to say that he was indifferent to her—that was all.

If 'all the blood of all the Howards' had depended upon it she could not have brought herself to utter such a falsehood. She bit her lips to

keep herself from sobbing. She struggled hard, but in vain, to prevent her hands and feet from trembling. '*Si la jeunesse savait*' . . . There is so much in that wicked old French proverb! Had Frank known more about a woman's mind—had he, that is, been forty-two instead of twenty-two—he would have felt that Mary's silence told him all he wished to know.

'If you can't say one word to comfort me, I will go,' said he disconsolately. 'I told Lady Scatcherd I should not stay—not even for dinner.'

'I did not know that you were so hurried,' said she, almost in a whisper.

On a sudden he stood still, and pulling the donkey's rein, caused him to stand still also.

'Mary, Mary!' said Frank, throwing his arms round her knees as she sat upon her steed, and pressing his face against her body. 'Mary, you were always honest; be honest now. I love you with all my heart. Will you be my wife?'

But still Mary said not a word. She no longer bit her lips; she was beyond that and was now using all her efforts to prevent her tears from falling absolutely on her lover's face. She said nothing. She could no more rebuke him now and send him from her than she could encourage him. She could only sit there shaking and crying and wishing she was on the ground.

From the moment of this meeting (were ever the fumblings of young lovers phrased more delicately?) dates Mary Thorne the third. She and Frank have in effect plighted their troth. But obstacles loom large as ever, and no help comes, whether from doctor or from squire. The world frowns on the unlucky girl that is, despite herself, young Gresham's choice. How shall she bear herself? 'You were always honest, Mary,' Frank had said to her. Was honesty to be her misery? The third Mary in her quandary is, maybe, the most lovely—is certainly the most heroic—of them all. She ponders what she has done and what she now should do:

Mary sat at her window, thinking of her love, and thinking of nothing else. It was all in all to her now. She had pledged herself not to be shaken from her troth by anything, by any person; and it would behove her to be true to this pledge: true to it, though all the Greshams but one should oppose her with all their power; true to it, even though her own uncle should oppose her.

And how could she have done any other than so pledge herself, invoked to it as she had been? They would talk of her maiden delicacy and tell her that she had put a stain upon that snow-white coat of proof in confessing her love for one whose friends were unwilling to receive her. Let them so talk. Honour, honesty and truth, outspoken truth, self-denying truth, and fealty from man to man are worth more than maiden delicacy.

But having bound herself for ever to be there for Frank if he should come to take her, she leaves him free. She knows that fulfilment of his love may be beyond his power, and through no fault of his. There is a long conversation between her and Beatrice Gresham in which she makes this great gesture of renunciation: 'I am pledged to him,' she says, 'but he is not pledged to me.'

And later on: 'Should Frank marry to-morrow, I shall have no ground for blaming him. He is free as far as I am concerned.'

The agony of the third Mary Thorne lasts to within sight of the novel's end. Then, with a dexterous speed, Trollope slides the disjointed fragments of his plot into their proper pattern. Mary the fourth is Mary Thorne enthroned. She brings to Greshamsbury release from poverty, to Lady Arabella shame for unworthy cruelties, to Frank the happiness his steadfastness deserves. In the hour of triumph Mary proves, as Beatrice says she will, 'as mild and as meek as a little dove.' The days of sorrow, when an eagle's pride befitted her, are past; all is now victory and, in consequence, humility.

. . . . .

If these pages have taken account mainly of the love element in *Doctor Thorne* it is not because the novel wants bye-plots or subsidiary characters. Admirably it reveals Trollope's power of 'staging' a county in a chapter, of sketching the social hierarchy of the rural England of his day, of presenting with a leisurely facility innumerable types and situations. But these aspects of his genius twenty other novels show as clearly. The outstanding qualities of *Doctor Thorne* are delicacy and idealism, qualities that Trollope is too often said to lack. Here, then, is a book of which the texture and the conception are, like its heroine, fine and beautiful.

The love story of Frank Gresham and of Mary Thorne is at once tender and passionate. There are scenes between them and scenes between Mary and Frank's sister Beatrice, when talk is all of Frank, that have a restrained intensity unsurpassed in fiction. When I read patronising praise of Trollope's novels and learn that he was a wonderful observer of material things, but too prosaic ever to achieve real beauty or to plumb the profundities of human feeling, I recall passages from *Doctor Thorne* and fall to wondering what is more beautiful than young people's love and what emotions more profound than those that rack the heart of the old doctor in his Greshamsbury home. Is, then, the sunshine over English fields no real sunshine because along the Mediterranean coast the colours shine more brilliantly? Are storms not storms unless the thunder crashes?

> Why should she have been less prone to love than he was? To love thoroughly, truly, heartily, with her whole body, soul, heart and strength—should not that be counted for merit in a woman?
>
> 'Tho' father and mother and a' should go mad,
> O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad!'
>
> This is the kind of love that a girl should feel before she puts her hand proudly in that of her lover and consents that they two shall be made one flesh.

Thus Anthony Trollope, the 'chronicler of small beer,' the dull recorder of pedestrian things! To quote a statement more unshrinking of the philosophy of 'all for love' would not be easy; to find a novel, in which the utter self-forgetfulness of human passion is painted with more of sympathy and more of honest warmth than in this novel *Doctor Thorne* it is depicted, were harder still.

MICHAEL SADLEIR.

RUS IN URBE

THERE are many residents in London who are proud of the great and ancient city in which they live, and who know well its highways and its byeways. They have visited its old churches and interesting buildings, and wandered in the side streets, so full of history and legend, and delight to find the many quiet corners and placid squares, relics of the time when wealthy merchants, as well as the poorer citizens, lived within the city walls. Even those who know the city best would find it difficult to tell the nearest spot to the Mansion House where bracken can be found growing wild and self-sown. Ask this question of those who love the city and its surroundings, and it will be found that, though many answers will be given, they will all be incorrect. Some will suggest that Epping Forest is the nearest place to the centre of the city where bracken —a plant so typical of open woodland glades and country sights and sounds—can be found; while others will speak of Wimbledon Common or Richmond Park, where oaks and birches, and long stretches of bright green bracken, bring within a few miles of London scenes of open heath and woodland.

Near as these places are to the densely crowded centre of the Empire, there is one place—albeit small—within 400 yards of the Bank of England and the Mansion House where bracken, self-sown and untended by man, grows wild and in luxuriant masses. The approach to this strange garden is marked by the only tree that grows in Cheapside—the tall and stately plane that stretches across the narrow entrance to Wood Street. If one goes north along this narrow road, formerly densely inhabited, but now surrounded by tall offices and warehouses—the centre of the soft goods trade—there will be seen the high stone tower of the church of St. Alban. The street names are strange and reminiscent of times when life in the city was different from what it is to-day. The church stands on a little island site, bounded by Love Lane and Little Love Lane, and in one angle of the church's cruciform ground plan three plane trees thrive, and, thrusting upwards towards the sun and air, spread their broad branches above the chimney tops. The other corner is filled with a shallow warehouse built against the church, where silks and satins are

displayed next to the large stone mullioned window of the transept.

Opposite the church and across Wood Street is a narrow passage called Oat Lane, which leads towards a small railed-in enclosure backed by a high and creeper-covered wall. The little space is filled with tombstones and a few lilac trees. It is part of the churchyard of St. Alban, which in the Middle Ages filled a much larger area, for if the lane be followed round to Silver Street another similar enclosure, filled with tombs, is found. Probably in bygone days the churchyard stretched across the space between, but where once were grassy mounds large warehouses had been built, and only these two small fragments remain untouched. It is here that the bracken and many other flowers grow, untended and unheeded by the thousands who pass by.

On September 8, 1915, one of the most successful German air-raids occurred, and the Zeppelin, which began to drop incendiary bombs in Bloomsbury, left a line of blazing buildings that passed through Hatton Garden, behind the General Post Office, and ended in a huge conflagration in Wood Street. Those who on that eventful night mounted to a high building and looked city-wards saw a dozen fires raging, and the spires, chimneys, and tall roofs silhouetted against a blazing background, such as can be seen in the picture of the burning of Moscow in the galleries at Versailles. In Wood Street, which is a danger zone for fires owing to the narrow streets and closely crowded buildings, a veritable furnace blazed for hours, and next day for miles around charred fragments of silk and fabrics were strewn about the streets. A wide expanse of warehouses was destroyed, and only tumbled heaps of brickwork and of twisted girders remained. New buildings now cover most of this devastated area, but one open space is left. Here, between the high brick walls and tiers of office windows, is a place so desolate, so ruined, and yet half-covered with flowers and rich green growth, that it might be 'in Flanders fields,' where trenches, shell holes, and dug-outs are hidden in a mass of wild flowers and weeds.

In Wood Street, opposite St. Alban, the ruined wall and broken windows of a building rise just above a long hoarding covered with many gaily coloured posters. Beside a red-roofed tea and coffee stall there is a door which leads into a little self-sown wild garden, one of the strangest scenes of war's devastation that can be found in London. It only measures about 100 by 150 feet, and is hemmed in by high brick walls on every side. The walls are windowless, except at the further end, and the empty holes where formerly the joists were fixed are now the nesting-places or the dormitories of the sparrows who frequent the ruins. High on the western wall is a red and rusty fireplace, the only one

that is to be seen, and near to Silver Street are two iron doors, the lower one half buried in calcined bricks and splintered slates, which helped to stay the fire from penetrating into the next building. All the walls have fallen. Nothing rises above the level of the street except some rows of iron columns that stand in rusty rows, a relic of the big building that once stood here. On the right in another angle the fire burnt through to Silver Street, and huge charred timbers still stretch from wall to wall, and through the blackened empty window frames the offices across the street are seen. In the block of buildings at this corner, which narrowly escaped destruction, is the hall of the Worshipful Company of Parish Clerks, one of the oldest City Companies, whose membership is strictly limited to parish clerks.

The ground is rough and broken. The ruins of the buildings still lie as they fell and smouldered on that memorable September night. Heaps of calcined bricks, charred timbers, rusty iron girders twisted and bent by flame and water, and piles of *débris* fill all the space where once were vaults and basements. Fragments still remain of the goods that were in the buildings when the fire began. In spite of nine years' rain and exposure to the sun, a large roll of linen, brown and charred upon its edges, lies close beside a clump of bracken, and a pattern book of silks, stained and burnt, lies in a hollow near a large goat willow tree. The highest level is in the centre where four walls met, and the *débris* lies in steep and irregular heaps, some bare brick, others mere black ashes, but most are covered with the many plants that grow upon this strange and seemingly impossible soil. Dense clumps of bracken, standing sometimes 4 feet high, are growing strongly in the hollows, making patches of vivid green, in striking contrast to the blackened rubbish and the dull brick walls. These plants perhaps have grown from seeds wind-blown or borne by birds, or from some bracken used as packing and thrown from a warehouse window, but at least it shows that London building *débris* can soon become a fertile ground for vegetation.

On the southern side is a tall building with a bare brick wall, which shields this corner from the sun, and here the ground is damper than on the northern side. A close-growing bright green moss is striving to cover the black ground, and in a few places where the soil seems less arid another kind of moss is thriving. Short stalks with little heads of many pale green points stand up and make a dainty carpet fit for Titania. It is not only moss that thrives in this damp shady corner, for ferns are found, small and stunted, on the top of the heaps of rubbish; but down in the hollow king ferns are flourishing and bravely spread their fronds, some of which measure at least 12 inches. The wall that separates this self-sown garden from the little cemetery has been shored up

by huge baulks of timber, whose ends are sunk in deep pits dug into the ground. The sides of these are covered with small ferns, which love the moisture that they find and make these pits look like an old damp well. The soil is strange compared to that in which such ferns are usually found: it is black and very shallow; it is made of London smuts and brickdust, and is mixed with charred fragments of wood and fabric, and yet these ferns can live and multiply in spite of soot and fog and scanty soil.

Beside the ferns and mosses that flourish in this strange wild garden there are some trees and flowers. A score of *Salix caprea*, or goat willows, of varying size, are clinging to the slopes of *débris*, and, growing bush-like, show a luxuriant mass of leaves, rich green upon the upper side, and silvery on the under side with soft white down. The largest tree is 10 feet high, perhaps because it is the oldest, perhaps because it is in a spot with richer soil than where the other smaller trees are growing. In spring the flowers will bring a touch of colour to this dull spot, and when Palm Sunday comes the round and silvery catkins, that feel like velvet, will be swelling into soft tufts, changing their silver into gold.

Anywhere in London where a vacant space is left to nature the tall willow herb soon shows its bright pink flowers. There are many clumps of the tall straight stems with their long pointed dark green leaves in this wild garden. In woods and other places, where the soil is good, the greater willow herb is often 6 feet or more in height, but here the tallest plant is only 3 feet high and the flowers fewer and smaller than those that flourish in the country. Not only is there the greater willow herb, but the lesser willow herb is growing in a few places, as well as the more bushy water willow herb with its flowers blossoming on all sides of the plant, and not only on the top of the single straight stem, as in the common variety. Although it was seven o'clock on an August evening when this strange garden first was visited, there were several bees still busily at work sucking honey from these flowers. As bees do not fly far from home, there must be some one within the sound of Bow Bells who keeps a hive and gathers honey. It is strange that even in the heart of the city the bees should know of this one wee spot where flowers and honey are to be found.

These are not all the plants that had found a footing in this scene of desolation. Little tufts of grass were growing in some open spaces, and, though they did not cover the ground, they showed that they could live and thrive, and with time the tufts might spread and join together and cover all the open spaces with a carpet. The broad round leaves of coltsfoot, growing low upon the ground, made olive-green patches and showed their soft white under side. Dotted amongst the bricks, and growing best in shady corners, were many plants of common groundsel, whose yellow

flowers and fluffy seeds are loved by birds. Another species of the same family was found, sturdier in growth and darker in leaf and bearing the high-sounding Latin title *Senecio viscosus*, but with the unpleasant English name of stinking groundsel. Near by was the single straight stem, with long narrow leaves, of the Canadian fleabane, crowned with a cluster of little fluffy white balls. At the foot of the high blank wall on the north was a thick mass of foliage where the spotted persicaria flourished. Its long pointed leaves made a rich green bank along the wall, touched with colour by long spikes covered with minute pinkish seeds.

In most waste spaces the ubiquitous thistle and nettle are usually to be seen, but it was only after a long search that one small thistle was found, with its prickly leaves lying close upon the ground. It had not flowered, so it was probably a new comer to the garden. It is strange that the light wind-borne seeds of thistle had not reached this garden in greater numbers, but perhaps the soil was too sterile for the seeds to live. In a far corner were several plantains, and the broad leaves and strong upstanding spikes, covered with red-brown seeds, showed boldly against the gravel heap on which they grew.

The evening was hot and sultry. In Wood Street the air was still and close, and yet by comparison it seemed cool to the air in the little wild garden. High brick walls, which bounded the northern side, had faced the blazing sun all day, and now gave out the warmth they had absorbed. The sultry heat was made greater by this radiation, and yet the wild plants, self-sown in brick dust, *débris* and decay, were strong and thriving.

A second visit was made to the garden on an autumn evening. The scene had changed considerably. Overhead was a dull grey sky, against which were silhouetted the charred timbers, the irregular outline of the warehouse walls, some rows of chimney pots, and the spidery lines of telephone wires. The grey tower of St. Alban, with the dark mass of its windows and its delicate crocketed pinnacles, flanked by the plane trees, stood boldly above the office buildings. Below was a row of ruined arches, once the windows of the building, looking in their decay like the ruins of some ancient city.

The flowers had all gone. The bracken had begun to wither and to fall: many of the fronds had changed to yellow or to russet brown, which brought some vivid colour to the garden, which was elsewhere dull and sombre. The ground was damp and sodden under foot, and the ferns were bigger and stronger than in the August heat. The fine green lichen had spread across a piece of bare ground and made a broad bright patch of vivid green. The last pink flowers of the willow herb had faded, and the tops of all the plants were covered with the ripening seeds. The long thin pods, which measure about 2 inches, were red in colour, and those that were fully ripe had burst and showed the crimson

centre, round which the seeds were clustered. Each small brown seed has a score or more of silken threads, soft and fine as a spider's web, which gradually open out into a silvery tuft as light as air which floats the seed away, and thus the waste grounds of London are made gay by this hardy plant with its masses of bright pink flowers. The groundsel flowers had all changed into little white balls of fluff, and the leaves of the goat willow trees were brown and shrivelled. Half hidden by the bank of persicaria was the body of a small dead rat, one of the large band that live in the cellars beneath the street and forage in the garden and search for food amongst the crumbs about the coffee stall and in the neighbouring eating-places.

The bees were seeking honey-flowers elsewhere, or had gone to their hives for the winter, but many long-legged gnats were flying round the plants. As the dusk fell a bat came out and passed rapidly up and down the little open space, with his erratic jerky flight, seeking for insects, probably one of his last flights before he found a sheltered place in which to sleep the long sleep of winter. The velvety body and strange-shaped wings showed black against the darkening sky, and a creature so typical of the open countryside seemed strangely out of place in the heart of a great city. The lights were turned on in some of the windows that look down upon this wild garden, and as the shadows deepened the plants could no longer be distinguished. Thus the silence grew, the silence in the heart of a great city, where many work by day but few live at night. In a few more years the whole of the *débris* would be covered by a tangled mass of vegetation, but the days of the garden are numbered. Where formerly the citizens were buried, and more recently fabrics and materials were stored and sold, where now nature is hiding with vegetation the ruin and desolation caused by war, in future thousands of telephone wires will be congregated and a large telephone exchange erected.

There are many gardens in this country, both wild and cultivated, but surely there is no garden more strangely situated than these few yards of rubbish heaps beneath the shadow of St. Paul's and within hail of the Guildhall. There are many who lavish their wealth upon their gardens, but nowhere can one be found on a more expensive site. In nine years' time the birds and wind have brought the seeds of sixteen plants, that in the *débris* of the buildings have somehow found a footing and now are hiding the tumbled heaps of bricks and stone, of girders and of charred remains, beneath a mass of leaves and fronds and flowers. Thebes and Carthage and many a mighty city have passed away. If this should also be the fate of London, then the Wood Street wild garden is but typical of what the New Zealander will see when London ceases to exist.

W. Howard Hazell.

WILD LIFE IN SIBERIA

I HAVE always been puzzled by the enthusiasm that exists for the bare bones of geographical exploration and the apathy that passes over, as hardly worth attention, the natural history of new territory. The records of many an explorer reveal the mentality of a mathematical master who hopes to find oil. After every expedition we are accustomed to expect an explanation which strives to put the explorer right with the hard-headed business man, and to demonstrate the practical material benefits that may be expected to accrue from the journey: new races to subjugate, new large beasts to shoot down for the billiard-room wall, new deposits of minerals by the vicarious exploitation of which rich merchants may become still richer.

That the explorer should be a man whose interest in wild life is not confined to the perfunctory extermination of fleas, wolves, horned deer or other creatures calculated to cause him discomfort, apprehension or gun-pride, he considers as quaint an idea as that he should be a good chess-player or a redoubtable collector of postage stamps. Harsh words, but go through your bookshelves before protesting that they are unjustified.

In Siberia lies a wonderful field for the student of wild life. Seebohm, to the best of my knowledge, is the only British traveller who has paid any considerable attention to its fauna, and his journey, undertaken about fifty years ago, was devoted exclusively to the observation of bird life. Needless to say, he was not able in this single journey to produce anything like an adequate survey of the birds of Siberia. A few German travellers have studied some aspects of the fauna in general, but the work of the Russians themselves has been negligible. I have talked with Russian men of science who occupied long years of political exile in admirably thorough ethnographical research and been amazed at their apathy and ignorance concerning the fauna and flora of their surroundings. Very little stuff indeed has come through from the vast wildernesses of Northern Asia to the world's museums of natural history. Even the Petrograd Zoological Gardens made no attempt to collect and display any approach to an adequate exhibition of the Empire's fauna.

Here then is what may be termed almost a virgin field for the naturalist.

During most of my wanderings in Siberia and Outer Mongolia I had very little money and dressed and lived like a backwoods peasant. All my belongings were in a small pack on my back. Under these conditions it was not possible to do much collecting, but by using my eyes and chatting with peasants and natives I found out numerous interesting things about the fauna.

This enormous tract of territory, 3000 miles from the Urals to the Pacific, and 2000 from the Arctic Ocean to the rampart mountains of Central Asia, consists of three east-west belts of sharply differentiated country. The top belt, north of the Arctic Circle, is tundra. In the three months of summer, tundra is a shallow layer of treeless tussocky swamp overlying hundreds of feet of frozen mud. In summer it is impassable but for occasional meandering natural dykes of raised soil, the rivers, groups of low hills, or the mountain ranges that occur in the north-east. In winter, of course, it is snow-field, like all the rest of Siberia. The central belt, the northern limit of which, roughly, is the Arctic Circle, is a dense taiga or forest of fir, pine, larch and cedar. It is quite a remarkable belt of forest. You can reach it in a quarter of an hour by taking a tram from the centre of Petrograd, and you can then walk through it for three or four years, across Northern Russia, over the Urals, across Siberia, until, unless you look where you are going, you will tumble over a cliff—densely studded with firs to the very brink—into the North Pacific. South of this forest comes the steppe belt, essentially treeless prairie, but often broken up by wooded foothills and spurs of the long line of lofty mountain ranges which sharply bar off Mongolia. As you go further east from Russia the steppe belt becomes narrower and the taiga belt broader. In the middle of Siberia, running north and south for nearly 400 miles, is that remarkable 'deep hole of Asia,' Lake Baikal. Only thirty or forty miles wide (though more than a mile deep for much of its extent), it might, with reservations, be termed the frontier of North European and North Asiatic fauna, just as the Bali-Lombok line, down in the Sunda Sea, is the frontier for much of the fauna of Australasia and South Asia. There are, of course, large numbers of creatures that cross the Baikal line in each direction, but there are also large numbers of creatures that do not. As the fauna west of Baikal (except up in the Saiansk Mountains) is substantially, but by no means exclusively, of North European complexion, the greatest interest centres upon that of the east, especially in the taiga and steppe belts of Trans-Baikalia.

The tundra belt of North Siberia teems with bird, fish and insect life during the brief summer. What is surely the biggest

Metridia armata, the eerie little phosphorescent crustacean, dwells among the slushy pools of the Arctic seashore. He finds himself most comfortable in salt water slush at a temperature of just 2 or 3 degrees below freezing point. He still finds life worth living at 20 degrees under zero Fahrenheit. Polar bears are plentiful in places, but somehow these magnificent great brutes go down in one's estimation after one discovers that, instead of exercising their huge bulk and prodigious strength in tackling sizeable prey like brown bear, elk, wolf or, at least, seal, their main food is the little striped lemming, which 'treks about' near the shore of the Arctic Ocean, in herds so numerous as to be the terrestrial counterpart of our flocks of winter starlings. The lemming is a little rat-like creature that any tom-cat could catch. The polar bears follow the herds about and scrunch the little beasts up whenever they feel hungry. Wolves are seldom seen along the shores of the Arctic or in the bleak emptiness of the northern tundra; it is the taiga zone that constitutes their haunts. The little Arctic fox, however, is quite at home, on account of his protective colouring, as is the Arctic hare. Up in the Arctic food is scarce, and nearly every spring finds many a community subsisting on stinking dried fish and practically nothing else. Still the people will not eat hare, deeming it too close a relative of the cat. The estuaries and lower reaches of the big rivers flowing into the Arctic teem with fish, monster sturgeon running up to more than 200 lbs., many kinds of salmon, muksun and omul, nyelma and chir, seld and sig and grayling. The various sorts of salmon go up the rivers to spawn every summer, each in its own time, so regularly that their coming can be gauged every year to within a few days.

Reindeer exist in considerable numbers. Practically all are domesticated. Such wild ones as occur are strays from the herds owned by native tribesmen. The Tungusi and other races ride them at times, and I have seen a Tungus ride into a Russian settlement with a baby in each pannier cradle slung across the beast's flanks. It is one of the Tungus jokes to ask you to try to ride a reindeer. If you are a 'tenderfoot' the moment you get on the reindeer sits down. The mistake you have made is to have sat too far aft. You must sit right over his front legs. The distribution of the reindeer is curious. Broadly speaking—there are certain regional exceptions, of course, as in the Trans-Baikal—the Siberian reindeer skips the central or taiga zone entirely. South-bound, you lose sight of him after leaving the Arctic, and you do not find him again until you reach the slopes and alpine valleys of the Saiansk Mountains, on the border of Mongolia.

The corner of Siberia called Kamschatka has a most interesting fauna of its own, about which hardly anything is known. Along the

coast range the sea lion, the sea bear, and the sea otter. The sea bear is almost extinct, and the sea otter has been so hunted for its very valuable fur that it is likely to die out soon.

In the mountains running up into the tundra in the Eastern Arctic roam the rare Lena big-horn sheep, a skull of which I was able to bring back for the British Museum.

The tundra, once away from the haunts of man, is wonderfully rich in bird life, which is only to be expected, seeing that in summer it is one vast and almost trackless swamp. Waders and water birds predominate, Temminck's stints, reeves, red-necked phalaropes, reed buntings, yellow-headed wagtails, Lapland buntings, Arctic terns, snow buntings, teal, ptarmigan, Siberian herring-gulls, Bewick's swans, Buffon's skuas, and dunlins among them.

So far some 300 kinds of birds have been recognised in Siberia, of which about fifty are non-European. Most of the European species, however, have developed noticeable colour differences and variations of marking. The lesser spotted woodpecker, for instance, has developed entirely white breast plumage, without spots.

I suppose I ought to have been enthusiastic over the rarities, but the birds there that gave me the most pleasure were the swallow and the house sparrow. Up in the very coldest region of the world, where winter temperatures are far lower than at the North or South Pole, the house sparrow has penetrated and made himself at home. He did not seem quite so saucy and noisy as he does in Bloomsbury. The fight for life each winter in 70 and 80 degrees under zero Fahrenheit probably sobers him. He is not very numerous, either.

Swallows were plentiful. They stay only a very few weeks. Already at the end of July they are gathering for the southward flight. Every now and again they dislocate business in the town of Yakutsk early in August, and necessitate frantic eleventh-hour activity with pen and scissors in the office of the little local newspaper, by perching in such numbers along the single strand of telegraph wire that links up with the railway zone, 2000 miles south, that the wire breaks in several places. It annoys the traders and officials that this happens to their one lone wire, on the fringe of the biggest forest in the world. I often saw kites, falcons and a small brown eagle. Falcons were very plentiful and very tame. They sat low, on stumps or branches only 4 or 5 feet above the ground. I never saw a magpie or black-and-white crow, of which there are many down in the steppe zone. Wheat-ears, red-throated pipits, lapwings, fieldfares, and red-polls were sometimes plentiful. Asiatic golden plover and blue-throat were scarce.

There were parts of the southern verge of the tundra, in the Lena valley, where the glades and much of their small fauna were strikingly like the New Forest: small pines and bushes of willow, sallow and hawthorn; rides of springy turf fringed with rich lush grass, gay flowers and luxuriant foliage; the same water-meadow flowers, clumps of flaming willow-herb and drifts of white crowfoot on the pools; dragonflies skimming to and fro, dainty fritillary butterflies and whites and little metallic blues and coppers fluttering around the golden heads of ragwort. Bees buzzed sleepily among the flowers and hoverer flies darted hither and thither, poising like tiny helicopters.

Now and again, indeed, I caught sight of a bough of thorn leaves a trifle larger than those of the New Forest hawthorn, a timid marmot sitting up on his haunches like a toy to listen to some meaning-fraught sound imperceptible to the human ear, a butterfly that had never been netted on Lyndhurst Hill. Then I realised, with a twinge, that a relentless mosquito had found its way under the bag of black gauze in which my head was tied. I plucked at a cool-looking dock leaf that I noticed in the shade of a sallow bush. Up came the plant, roots and all; and the soil around the roots was full of frost crystals. Even in midsummer, which arrives a month later up there in the Siberian 'far north' than with us, the earth is always frozen a few feet under the surface. Under bushes and among rocks and stumps where little or no direct sunshine falls, the frost is almost on the surface.

Of the Yakutsk flowers I collected, half were either species found in Britain or forms closely allied to our species. Wild roses and purple flags blossomed in profusion, harebells and coltsfoot, wild carrot and two or three kinds of dead nettle, ragwort and tansy. Dwarf pinks teemed where the turf was dry, and drifts of Canterbury bells and larkspur gave a curiously garden-like aspect to many a marshy glade in the wilderness.

Grasshoppers and spiders were abundant, and there were numbers of locusts with black-spotted red wings. Many of the butterflies were familiar friends—three or four kinds of fritillary, small tortoiseshells, small heaths and coppers, many dainty little blues and a few hairstreaks. One elusive butterfly among the upper branches of the big sallows looked like the white admiral, but I was unable to make certain. Around Olekminsk, where the tundra zone blends into the taiga, I found the commonest butterfly was that great prize of the British collector, the black-veined white. Another British rarity which occurs in Siberia is the lovely Camberwell beauty, a specimen of which came down to drink from a thawing ice-gully in my camp on the bank of the Shilka one spring morning.

The leaf-cutter bee is busy in the taiga, but I found no traces

of his work up in the tundra. Spiders were numerous. I saw no wasps, hornets or wood ants. The only land shell I found was of a tiny snail hardly bigger than half a pea. Small water snails were numerous, but I found no slugs. Nor did I find toads, though frogs occurred. What an extraordinary life is led by a tundra frog! From September to June he is frozen so hard that he breaks into bits like a china toy frog, if you take him from his place of hibernation and drop him on a hard surface. It would be interesting to discover whether tundra frogs live longer as a compensation for existing in a state of suspended animation for nearly three-quarters of the year.

Heading south from the tundra zone, you come into the great central belt of forest that spans Siberia. It is along its north and south fringes that wild life is most abundant. Not much stirs in the depths of the forest apart from the squirrels and carnivorous mammals, and bird life is strikingly poor. The cuckoos trek north each June by way of the great rivers. They reach the north fringe of the taiga, but I have neither seen nor heard them up on the tundra. In the forest you may come across the glutton and the wolf, the elk, several kinds of wild cat, wild boar, lynx, the brown bear, deer, otters, striped squirrels, flying squirrels, ermine, common squirrel, sable, polecat, weasel, and, in the Ussuri country, the tiger. The lynx and the elk are the most dreaded beasts in Siberia. Anyone, native and Russian colonist alike, would rather face three or four bears simultaneously than an enraged lynx. There are queer rumours drifting about the taiga concerning a monstrous shaggy wild ox which seems to resemble the auroch, the bison or the extinct *Bos palasii*, bones of which have been dug up in the tundra of the Taimyr peninsula.

Otters have been thinned out considerably during the past century. The fur trappers catch them chiefly in winter by snares or baited hooks. A hundred and fifty years ago beavers occurred on nearly every Siberian river. They have now been driven back into the remote corners of the north-east watershed, and all the natives and colonists of whom I made inquiries were very doubtful if they still exist at all. It is significant that no fresh-killed beaver fur has been reaching the fur traders for many years now. Most of the pelts used to go to China, where they fetched three times as much money as they did in Muscovy. The native nomad trappers held the quaint belief that every colony of beavers is divided into two tribes: the Gulashniki (Idle Folk) and the Rabotniki (Busy Folk). The Rabotniki do all the hard work of gathering in food supplies for the winter. The Gulashniki lie in ambush near home, pounce out and rob their industrious rivals and go off with the spoils. However, as the Tungusi natives say the Rabotniki's fur is in bad condition from hard work, and they hunt the Idle Folk

instead, the luck seems somewhat evenly apportioned between capital and labour.

You do not notice many squirrels as you pass through the taiga, but an idea of their enormous numbers may be gained from the fact that until the recent disturbance of trade some thirty million pelts a year were exported without seeming to make any difference to their abundance. The nomads tell you an amusing 'fish story' about squirrels crossing rivers seated on small logs, using their tails as sails. I never heard of eels occurring in Siberian rivers. There was an amusing misunderstanding of a sketch of one that I made in the Trans-Baikal when a Buriat explained that they were very abundant at a neighbouring village. However, thinking he might be confusing them with snakes, I prolonged the discussion, which was just as well, as it presently became quite clear that he was describing tapeworms.

The Trans-Baikal has been described as rich in snakes. I never found one there, nor did any native or colonist with whom I talked. This prevalent ignorance of snakes is curious in view of the existence of two extremely venomous species of *Trigonocephalus, Blomhoffi* and *intermedius*. I found the common British lizard surprisingly far north, in the taiga belt near Kirensk, and I was told that a viper is met with further north, in the Lena valley. There seem to be plenty of snakes in the foothills of the Altai, though I did not see any. Certain villagers had reputations as snake-bite exorcists and were sent for when horses and cattle were bitten. A large *Columber* ran thereabouts to albino varieties which were termed 'King of the Snakes' by the Kirghiz Tartars and the peasant colonists. To 'catch this snake's eye' is believed to forecast your approaching death. My host, Colonel Savlovski, whose native attendants fled one day when they found him calmly staring one of these serpentine monarchs out of countenance, was subsequently congratulated, after the lapse of a couple of weeks, on his survival. 'You see what *duraks* you are!' he exclaimed. 'Not a bit of it!' they demurred. 'That particular "king of the snakes" must have been blind!' The Kalmucks, according to Strahlenburg, believe that the god of waters takes the form of a serpent when he comes ashore for a stroll. Snakes, he avers, are sacred among them. 'They never kill any, but make them so familiar that they will creep into bed to them!'

On July 11, 1721, Bell, who was a member of a delegation of Muscovites returning through Siberia from an embassy to Kam Hi, the Emperor of China, recorded that some of the party, dismounting for a walk by the Shamansky rapids, where the Baikal runs into the Lower Angara, saw many 'vipers' among the rocks and thickets on the bank. I found none there, however.

Wandering about Siberia, one comes across some of the brightest stories and beliefs about bears. As in the Canadian North, there does not seem to be any animosity against the bear. He is regarded as an amusing sort of person, but you are advised not to intrude into the family circle when mother bear has a brood of youngsters. Of course, they grant, there *are* bad bears, just as there are doubtless bad butterflies. If you meet a bear who shows no inclination to turn tail and run, the thing to do, you are told, is to strip off your clothes and dance, stark naked, with verve and vim. That is really very sound common sense. The bear is profoundly suspicious. The sudden change from a sedately walking dark suit of clothes to a prancing white thing that is all arms and legs, like a giant albino spider, strikes Bruin as uncanny, and off he lumbers, with sadly shaken nerves. Bears, the Trans-Baikal Buriats told me, never attack men sleeping by a camp fire. On hearing this I gave a sigh of relief that proved premature. My informants added that the baffled bear then trots off to the nearest stream, dives in, trots back to the fire and puts it out by rolling on the embers with his saturated fur. Then you are eaten—unless, presumably, you wake up in time to kick the bear off in the act of sitting down on the fire.

The Siberian wolf is not much of a menace to man except in February and March, when his natural food supply has become scarce after a hard winter. There is no doubt that he does attack, kill and eat human beings. Nearly every village can give you intimate details of cases, and until the Revolution the Russian Ministry of the Interior used to publish annual statistics dealing with them.

Then there is the tiger. One of the oddest things about the Siberian tiger, to my mind, is the way he sticks to two quite sharply defined districts; the Ussuri forests north-west of Vladivostok, and the undergrowth of the swamps around Lake Balkash, south of Barnaoul. There is no reason why he should not roam far and wide. Some few of the Ussuri breed range some distance afield, around the mouth of the Amur, crossing the icebound estuary in winter to raid cattle when deer and wild boar are unusually scarce. Now and then a straggler—sometimes even a group—treks up the south bank of the Amur to the neighbourhood of Blagovestschensk. There was a famous old Ussuri tigress about fifty years ago who started out to circumnavigate the globe, and got to within sight of Baikal before her aspirations were cut short, but I have not heard of a single specimen having been seen west of the Nerchinsk watershed since then. I have an interesting old Russian record, though I cannot find it at the moment, which describes a stampede of Ussuri tigers for hundreds

of miles from their usual ground. The hero of this feat was—the mosquito. There was a particularly bad mosquito year when the Ussuri jungle was so full of swarms that it seemed to be permeated with clouds of black smoke. It was more than the frantic tigers could stand. Driven nearly mad by the pests, they trekked off *en masse* to the dry hills of Manchuria until the cold weather came.

The fauna of the steppe zone is not so distinctive as that of the taiga and the tundra. The broad, treeless spaces are empty of birds and the larger animals, in very much the same sort of landscape that in Africa, for instance, would be teeming with wild life. However, the fauna tends to become more dense than up in the taiga wherever patches of forest occur. (Even in the steppe zone there is many a wood as big as our New Forest, which nobody has taken the trouble to name.)

Many curious beasts have been discovered in the steppe zone, and many more await discovery. There are some particularly interesting rodents, and the strange rat hare (*L. alpinus*). On the Amur and Shilka there is a special crayfish. There is a queer shrew up Kamschatka way. East of Baikal there are the jerboa and the tolai, the Amur raccoon, the baibak, the corsak, the saiga and the steppe cat. Among the birds of the steppe zone the capercailzie, ptarmigan, blackcock, cranes and hazel hens are numerous. The ptarmigan are often so tame as to be a positive nuisance. Up in the forest tracks of the Northern Trans-Baikal they used to get under my horse's feet, like so many farmyard fowls.

The fauna of Lake Baikal, 'the deep hole of Siberia,' is in itself well worth a lifetime's study. Extraordinarily interesting forms are likely to occur at the north and south ends, at the 'divide' between European and Asiatic wild life.

In and around this lake, 400 miles long by forty wide, more than a mile deep, and nearly 3000 miles from the Arctic Ocean, are great numbers of cormorants and gulls, salmon, peculiar crustaceans, a deep sea fish that is used as a candle, and a race of seals. The fish in question, the golomyanka, lives about three-quarters of a mile under the water. Now and then, when there is a volcanic upheaval down in the depths, it is washed ashore in quantities. Then passing natives or Russian squatters put it in the sun in a bowl, and it dissolves into bones and melted fat. The bones are thrown away, and a wick is put into the fat.

The Baikal seal (*Phoca baikalensis*) is a variety of the ringed seal, and is practically identical with another inland sea seal, that which inhabits the Caspian. Both were left behind in big puddles after the spell of titanic fractures in the earth's crust which cut Alaska away from North-East Siberia, threw up the Rocky

Mountains, killed off the mammoth and the woolly rhinoceros in North Siberia, and drained away the great ocean which once stretched from Trans-Baikalia to Gibraltar, the prehistoric ocean now reduced to the Mediterranean Sea.

BASSETT DIGBY.

SHOREDITCH

THE borough of Shoreditch is one of the most densely populated parts of London; it also boasts the highest birth-rate, which in 1923 was 27·1. Almost everyone declares it to be the most perfect example of a slum district. Yet I have a good deal of affection for the place; a day in Bethnal Green leaves me as nearly hopeless as I can be; a day in Shoreditch can be not only interesting, but positively amusing.

I deny that it is all Slumland. There are many unexpected corners in Shoreditch in which quite nice little houses are tucked away; and I know many tiny gardens, lovingly cherished, in which flowers flourish. Shoreditch likes flowers, though its taste may be mid-Victorian; the very last ribbon border of geraniums and lobelia will be found there. And I know tall trees which have escaped the axe, and at least two vines growing out of doors, vines which bear grapes which—according to their proud owners —'get not quite ripe, you know, but pink enough to eat.' These little gardens are apt to have alarming guardians in the shape of dogs, for back ways into houses need watching. I confess I do not get on overwell with East End dogs; they generally object to me, and say so. I dislike them most when they take up their position at the top of stairs and defy me. It is only the other side of the story one always hears in the country: 'My dog can't stand a tramp; won't allow one near the place.' But my worst dog foe, after having bitten three innocent persons, has contrived to get himself stolen by a foolish thief; his family mourn him as lost; but I know better: he will bite that thief hard, and be brought back by an indignant claimer of damages.

Part of the wide, tram-filled Kingsland Road runs through the borough, and, to my fancy, separates the bright little 'otherwise' houses from the slums which are a disgrace to London. I like the Shoreditch people on both sides of the road: they are cheerful, as a rule, and have a strong sense of humour. I put down the love of flowers, and the love of a jest, to the large coster population. As Chevalier taught us long ago, the coster has enriched London speech, though he has made it, perhaps, just a little

difficult for a stranger to understand. Once in the dressing-room of a Shoreditch place of entertainment I heard a lady who was native there, and to the language born, declare that she was starving, and must have a 'snack'; calling a messenger, she sent out for 'a salmon, a doorstep, and a wally-wally.' Breathlessly I waited for the arrival of these refreshments—I presumed on a handcart—but a salmon was only a bit of fried fish from a stall, a doorstep was a thick slice of bread-and-butter, and a wally-wally a large pickled gherkin.

The dark side of life in the worst of the Shoreditch streets is very dark indeed, and the reputation of some of them is very bad. If you walk up the Kingsland Road from Shoreditch Church, crossing to the left side, and going for a considerable distance, and then ask any respectable-looking man or woman to direct you to Wilmer Gardens (a turn off Kingsland Road), he or she will say probably: 'Oh, you mustn't go down Wilmer Gardens. It is not safe.' Against this testimony I put my own experience, and I know the place well, and that of a lady who does much work in the district, and knows it even better, for she often goes down it once a fortnight; we agree that the worst that is to be expected is a criticism, favourable or the reverse, on one's hat. So far from any annoyance in this quarter, I have met with kindness. Well do I remember being pursued down a back street by a kind woman who said: 'Please excuse me. A lock of your hair is loose, and I thought you'd like to know it. And can I give you a hairpin?' She took one out of her own head and gave it to me. I was very grateful to her, and also grateful that the sort of gloves I was wearing admitted the slipping away into safety of small objects in an unobtrusive way.

'No, don't go down Wilmer Gardens,' said a friendly man to me on my last visit. 'That's where they kill policemen.' He spoke as if it were a sort of bi-weekly sporting fixture. At one time, I believe, it was the home of very rough characters, and a refuge for many 'wanted' men; but when I look at the shells of some of the houses which have been condemned, and must be pulled down, or at the ones still left in all states of dirt and ruin, yet crowded with tenants, I wonder whether the criminals chose to go to Wilmer Gardens or whether Wilmer Gardens made the criminals. Part of one side of the street has been cleared, and there is a fair-sized open space, which has been discovered by gipsies, on which I fix covetous eyes. I want it to be used, I want nice new, clean, pretty houses to be built upon it, and then I want to see some of the overcrowded people living on the other side of the street moved into them.

At the far end of the 'Gardens,' which grow nothing but bricks and dirt, you will find the celebrated Costers' Hall; and if you

wish to listen to undiluted praise ask anyone in the neighbourhood if it does any good.

'Any good?' said a woman to me. 'Why, it's *all* good. Take one thing only; the way they get them to save their money—the persons with stalls, I mean—why, it's wonderful. The Hall takes care of it for them, and cheers them on. It's not so easy to begin with, for when it's only a few pence, or a shilling or so, why, you think you may as well take it out, and go and enjoy yourself; but when it gets to more than you'd spend in an evening, why, then you get set on it, and wouldn't touch it if it was ever so. I saw a lady yesterday; she used to be at a stall, and now she's got a shop, well filled. "So you are going up in the world?" I said. "Yes," she said, "and it's Costers' Hall that's done it." Why, the Pearly King himself goes up and down amongst the stalls, advising the people to take their money to the Hall instead of drinking it.'

Unfortunately it is not only his Pearly Majesty who takes a keen interest in the small change of the neighbourhood. As I was passing out of Wilmer Gardens into Kingsland Road a few days ago a friend of mine who was with me said:

'The penny betting man was here when I came through at 10.30 a few days ago.'

'Who is the penny betting man?'

'That is what they call him, and I fancy they have estimated his value pretty well. He was walking up and down the street—quite a well-dressed man—calling out:

'"Now then, ladies, bring out your pennies. Here is a really good thing for the 2.30 race to-day. Can't lose, I tell you; I have it straight from the stable. You can go nap on it, and have a bit to play with on Saturday. Now then, ladies, where are your pennies?"'

'Does he really take penny bets?'

'Yes, he does. And if he thinks there is a policeman coming, he puts his paper in his pocket, straightens his hat, and walks out of the other end of the street as coolly as you please.'

I have never understood the essential wickedness involved in backing a horse, and have accepted money for my poor friends which I knew was part of the result of a fortunate plunge, so it would be the depth of meanness to pretend to be shocked beyond measure. But I do not think betting need be brought to the door like the milk, and—the penny betting man looks well dressed and prosperous, and the women in that quarter do not.

Wilmer Gardens has no monopoly of ill-built, dirty, tumble-down houses. Ware Street, for example, runs it very close, and Philip Street and Essex Street are not far behind. Ware Street has become almost famous; it is always referred to as 'the

street the Queen visited, and said would all have to be changed.' There are one or two gaps in it now; but I suppose that no other homes have been found for the majority of its tenants and the local authorities hesitate to turn people out of even disgracefully dilapidated rooms into the street. Some of the houses show signs of settling the point for themselves by quietly collapsing. One of these places used to be called 'The Black and White Street,' I was told, because so many men of colour lived there with white women.

If anyone cares to learn if it is possible to manage property in a slum area, to manage it well, and to have decent houses yet not lose by them, he might take a turn through Lynedoch Street, Shoreditch, and see the Mary Street Estate. The manager has eighty houses to look after, and is to be found at his post. The houses—four rooms each—are let at 13*s.* a week; each has a scullery, gas oven for cooking, adequate water supply, and proper arrangements. The place is kept in the best repair, and positively shines out; but I was told I must not fail to visit it next spring, when it is to be done up from top to toe. The property was bought about eighty years ago, by private people, and is freehold.

'Full?' said the manager. 'I should say so, and a long waiting list; we can pick and choose our tenants. Look at the rent-book. Mrs. —— came in in 1875, and here still. The place is kept up, and kept clean; that's what does it. Why, we get the dust removed three times a week. We don't lose our tenants because they are not satisfied, and we don't lose them because they die here; but you can just take a look at our war shrine at the top of the street as you go out: that's how we lost some of them.'

'Does it pay?'

'Yes, perhaps 3 per cent. about. And we have not put up the rents.'

'Then why could not the local authorities buy up some of the dreadful dens round, pull them down, and run estates on these lines?'

'Well, there would have to be personal supervision. And they wouldn't get 3 per cent. for their money. There would be the ground rent; and if that only came to five pounds for a four-room house, it would put a bit on the rent. And the rates are fourteen shillings in the pound.'

'They are twenty-three shillings in the pound in Poplar.'

'Oh—Poplar! But it could be done, all the same; and if they did not get it back in money, they'd get it back in the people. But don't starve an estate; that's the secret.'

In a tiny house, in a back street, lives a woman whom I know. She is not much past middle age, and supports herself entirely by taking in washing for her neighbours. She is terribly poor, and

terribly busy, for she has a burden on her shoulders which is almost more than she can bear. Her only son, aged about twenty, is epileptic. The word is never mentioned in her presence; we speak of his fainting attacks. That woman has certainly had no holiday at all for five years; she has never been able to afford the leisure, and has no one to whose care she can entrust her poor son. She did once accept an invitation to a party given by some friends of the Home Workers' Aid Association, and enjoyed it; but otherwise her last five years have been spent in unceasing toil.

Close by lived—she has lately moved—another friend of mine, who brought up her six children on her earnings as a box-maker; her husband died, when he was still young, from consumption. She is often out of work for weeks at a time, and it is past my comprehension why she can get no unemployment pay. For some reason all home work appears to be classed as casual labour; but is it casual when it has been carried on for thirty years? She has been ill, and, since a friend had fortunately put enough stamps on her insurance card, was eligible for an allowance of 12*s.* a week for twenty-six weeks. Mercifully she recovered before the time had expired, and was able to work again. Had she remained ill, she must have got another certificate from a doctor to say that she was totally incapacitated, and then would have received 7*s.* a week only for an indefinite time, and have been strictly forbidden to do any paying work. How she could have lived on 7*s.* a week is more than I know. It is so very difficult to follow the reasoning which fixed this absurdly niggardly sum. No one can wish to force such poor people to go into the workhouse, for it is well known that that is no economy.

I know that there has been a certain amount of controversy lately about workhouse infirmaries: some people declare that they are delightful places; others hold a different opinion. By chance during the last week I have been talking to two poor women who had been admitted to two different infirmaries, and are now out again. One of my friends was boiling with indignation at the treatment which she said she had received. She told me that she had discharged herself against the doctor's will, proclaiming aloud that she would rather go home and die than remain where there was nothing but unhappiness. The other, a more patient soul, had also a tale of woe, but added: 'They are run to death, you know, not enough of them, and not enough rest-time; so if they *do* ask you if you think they have fifty pairs of hands, why, you must just put up with it.'

This kindly philosopher has her reward: she has been moved to a place of which I can never think without respectful admiration—St. Columba's Hospital. There I have seen her in a beautiful room, with only three beds in it, a room opening out on to a

verandah, where she can lie in pure air, and look at gardens and trees. There the kindest of nurses make the last weeks or months of their patients as happy as they can be, until their pain is healed for good.

To return to Shoreditch. These are fair specimens of life in that part of the borough in which little pleasant houses may be found, and of the work done in them. My friend Mrs. A. earns her living by machining gaiters for children, gaiters reaching up the thigh; she gets 1*s.* 7*d.* per dozen pairs; for more elaborate gaiters, which have to be lined, she gets 3*s.* 6*d.* a dozen pairs. Her husband, who has been dead for many years, was a vellum binder by trade, and did occasional jobs, she says, for the Bank of England. During their fat years they got together what is known as 'a good home,' otherwise some substantial furniture; now that the lean years have come, she takes the whole of a small house at 27*s.* a week, keeps two rooms for herself, lets the rest, and reduces her own rent to 3*s.* 6*d.* a week. But she is ill, and knows it. An operation looms ahead. She is eager for a holiday, and could have one immediately at our Home of Rest at Walton-on-the-Naze; but she will not let herself stop her machine until she has put by a little money towards the time she knows is coming when she will be forbidden to work. Also she has discovered at last that she really does need a set of teeth, and believes she might feel better if she had it. It will cost 3*l.*, and the Health Insurance Committee will give her 22*s.* 6*d.* towards it, and possibly allow her to pay the rest by instalments.

Mrs. B.'s trade was a less pleasant one: she was a fur sewer, and had to give it up because it affected her eyes. I wonder it did not affect her throat too. Her health failed, her work failed, her husband's health failed, and his work failed too, so father and mother and four children are being supported almost entirely by the guardians; they get 1*l.* 2*s.* a week, and food to the value of 14*s.* They have to pay 8*s.* a week rent for two small rooms.

There is no end to the number of little industries which are carried on in small houses in Shoreditch; your tie may be made there, or your toothbrush. If you send your umbrella to be mended—unless you are certain that it is attended to on the premises—it is quite likely to fall into the hands of my friend Mrs. C., a widow aged sixty-five, who is an umbrella coverer, earning on an average 14*s.* a week. She also rents a whole house of seven rooms, and by sharing the basement with a friend and letting off the rest of the house reduces her own rent to 2*s.* 6*d.* Should your umbrella only need 'tipping,' it may reach Mrs. D., an affluent person who can only make 10*s.* a week, but says she is very well off, as her family are all working now.

Let no one imagine that these people dislike work, or complain

about it; they only complain when they cannot get it to do. Nearly all of them dislike slack times almost as much because they are empty days as because they are also very hard days. Yet too many of their would-be champions speak and write as if work itself were the evil.

I had lately the amusing experience of attending an informal open-air meeting at which an ardent Socialist told the crowd about the good time coming. He assured them that it had been calculated that if everyone worked, including the now idle rich, one hour's toil a week would supply everything necessary for the community. His listeners grinned.

'You can't quite swallow that?' he said. 'Well, suppose we say one day's work a week all round?'

The men looked as if they thought there might be something in the idea; but a woman made signs to the speaker.

'Ah, a lady has a question to put. Yes?'

'What I want to know is, if I've only got to have to cook my husband's dinner one day in the week, who's going to do it the other six?'

The speaker began some confused reference to communal work.

'Ho! *Soup kitchens!*' she said, with a snort which print cannot reproduce.

No one deprecated the intrusion of women into politics more sincerely than that orator did at the moment.

In the pleasanter part of the neighbourhood, near Dalston, there is a house which I never pass if I can help it, for it was the scene of a heart-rending tragedy, the death from cancer of a daughter and the subsequent violent insanity of her aged mother. There was much that was curious about this family, probably a lot more than I ever guessed. They must have come from a superior class, and they carried the 'keep myself to myself' rule to an excess. Naturally the mother never thought that she would outlive her daughter, but she did by a few weeks, and as she had always maintained that she had no relations, there was no one in charge when the older woman became insane and had to be removed. The wildest rumours were afloat amongst the neighbours. It was asserted that the old woman was very rich, that her family thought she had disgraced herself by her marriage, that there were many boxes of money which she had hidden about the house and could not find, and that at the last she had been in the habit of burning 5*l.* notes. All the foundation for the last statement which I ever discovered was that one 5*l.* note was picked up on the floor by a very poor neighbour, who, with the utmost honesty, handed it over to a small shopkeeper, who undertook the duty of arranging the daughter's funeral. But there

were some bits of furniture which had once been good, notably a piano, of a curious make. It was long and narrow, standing on four fluted legs; the keyboard took up about two-thirds of the length, the remaining third forming a box for some of the strings; and the maker was Broadwood. I opened it once, and touched the orange-colour keys, but they were almost dumb; perhaps pianos do not like being used as cupboards into which anything, including medicines, may be thrust. I was told that no one had ever claimed any of the furniture, nor the remains, if any, of the considerable burial insurance; I was told also that the furniture had been turned out into a yard; but my informant added: 'I expect it turned in again pretty quickly when the new people came, don't you?' The legend of hidden treasure lives, and grows.

It is impossible to write of the district round the Kingsland Road without thanking Heaven for the Geffrye Museum. There it stands, in the Kingsland Road, on the right hand as you go towards Stamford Hill; you cannot miss it, for it is the only beautiful thing that you will see for a long distance. Built about 1715 by Sir Robert Geffrye, and used for long years as almshouses for pensioners of the Ironmongers' Company, it consists of three sides of a square of tiny picturesque houses, enclosing a large space of turf and pavement. It had the very narrowest escape from destruction just before the war, when the site was held to be too noisy, and the houses too inconvenient, for the people who had there found refuge, and who were moved away into the country. Mercifully the London County Council, in an inspired moment, bought it, and turned it into a most enjoyable and instructive museum of furniture, more especially of London furniture. The little low almshouses have been knocked into long galleries without being defaced, and here you may see what London furniture once was like, and may be like again. You see mantelpieces of deal inlaid with pewter, and realise what a sweet honest wood deal is when it is not insulted by stain and varnish, and what a street door should be like, or a staircase, and note the beauty of hand-made chairs and tables. Shoreditch is the very centre of furniture-making, one of London's best and oldest industries, and wise craftsmen come here at times to study line and design.

But it is not only, or even mainly, the galleries for which I return thanks: it is the whole place. The courtyard is attractive, with its good grass, its fine trees, and the seats on which weary folk may rest and look at flowers. There is a playground for children, too, at the back, a real blessing. The last time I was there I was disappointed at not being able to get into the little chapel, in the very centre of the building; but I hope that was only a temporary disappointment. It is such a strange little chapel, so

stern and severe. The congregation must have believed indeed that order was Heaven's first law. The only ornament which I could see was an extra-large Table of the Ten Commandments. This interested me, because a dear old woman, whom I knew, had lamented that her husband had become 'almost a heathen' because he had gone to church with her (not at this chapel) and had spent too much of his time in studying the two Tables of Commandments in front of him.

'It's no use,' he announced. 'I figured it out. Do those things in solid stone that size, and there's no man could carry them down a mountain-side. Why, I couldn't do it myself!'

From the chapel I turned to the garden outside, and saw with pleasure the notice that a band plays there every Thursday evening in the summer.

'Is the place full?' I asked a pleasant gardener.

'Very.'

'Do they dance?'

'Well, not officially; and of course we can't have them on the grass, or it would not last a season; but you know what young girls are when there is a band. Up here, on the paved part, it does not hurt, so of course they do.'

The whole of the best part of the story of Shoreditch, its courage, pathos and humour, is to me summed up in the life of a most gallant old woman whom I visit. The last time I saw her she was rather troubled by her failing sight.

'I told the doctor, I did, and he just laughed. "Why, you're well over eighty," he said. "What do you expect me to do for you? I can't make you young again, you know." "No," I said, "and if you could, I wouldn't go to you. I had enough of being young."'

'Which is the best part of life?' I asked her.

'This, if you've not got too much pain. Your children are all out in the world, or else gone ahead; and your grandchildren are settled, too, or should be. As for friends, well, you are not likely to lose many more; you are more likely to be meeting the whole lot of them before long. The end is best.'

SYDNEY K. PHELPS.

THE COMING OF THE FRANCISCANS TO ENGLAND, 1224

SEVEN hundred years ago, on a Sunday in September, 1224,[1] a small band of travel-stained, shabbily clad labourers (for so they looked), some of them foreigners, some English, landed at Dover from Fécamp. They were the vanguard of a new crusading force, destined to accomplish great things, the first wave to reach these shores of a vast movement, eddying in ever wider and wider circles. From distant Umbria, at the bidding of the ardent Francis, these, his first envoys, had reached England.

Francis had dreamt years before that his brotherhood should embrace all nations. He beheld in vision 'a great multitude of men' coming to share their habit and their Rule, flocking towards Assisi 'from nearly every nation. The French come, the Spaniards hasten, the Germans and English run, and a great multitude speaking divers other tongues makes speed.' His missionary fervour—exemplified in his own journey to the East—had already despatched Brethren to France, Spain and Germany; the hardships they experienced in the last-named country at the outset through ignorance of the language may have determined his choice of three English Brothers to take part in the English expedition. The Friars Minor (Franciscans) had been preceded in this field by the Preaching Friars (Dominicans), who had arrived some three years earlier, and who received these later comers with brotherly hospitality. For their passage across the Channel they were indebted to the Benedictines of Fécamp.

[1] September 10, '*feria 3a post festum Nativitatis beatæ Virginis*' (Thomas de Eccleston, *Tractatus de Adventu Fratrum Minorum in Angliam*). This work, completed about 1258, is our chief authority for the early Franciscans in England, supplemented by allusions in contemporary chronicles. Thomas had studied at Oxford, and entered the Order about 1232. He is in the main trustworthy and well informed on English affairs. References in this article are made to the critical edition of the *Tractatus* by Dr. A. G. Little (1909). It has been translated, with a valuable Introduction, by Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., in *The Friars, and how They came to England* (Sands, 1903).

See also Dr. Little's *The Grey Friars in Oxford* (1892) and *Studies in English Franciscan History* (1917); *Monumenta Franciscana* (Rolls Series, 1858); Kingsford, *The Grey Friars in London* (1915); Charles Cotton, *The Grey Friars of Canterbury* (1924); J. Sever, *The English Franciscans under Henry III.* (1915); and Dr. Jessopp's *The Coming of the Friars* (1889).

The party numbered nine, of whom four were clerks. At their head was Agnellus of Pisa, a capable and devoted Brother in deacon's orders, about thirty years of age; he had previously been Warden of the Paris Friary. The three Englishmen were Richard of Ingworth (in Norfolk), Richard of Devon, and William of Esseby, a novice. The two others were young men, while Richard of Ingworth was elderly, and already known as a saintly priest and preacher.[2] The foreigners were a Lombard, Henry of Treviso, so sagacious and devout that he was made first Warden of the London Friary; a Frenchman, Laurence of Beauvais, who at first practised a trade (' *laboravit in principio in opere mechanico*'[3]), ' as the rule enjoined '; William of Florence, who soon returned to France; a Brother named Melioratus; and a novice named Jacobus, probably an Italian (*ultramontanus*). Agnellus and Laurence, at any rate, knew St. Francis personally; Laurence visited him not long after, returning to England ' gladdened by his most sweet benediction.'

But though this privilege cannot have been the lot of many of the English Brethren, the chief charm of their early history lies in seeing how closely they were able to preserve the spirit of their founder, how far the flower of his sowing bore transplantation to such alien soil. The answer on the whole is, With wonderful success. Some pages of Eccleston renew for us the *naïve*, joyous atmosphere of holy simplicity that pervades the *Fioretti*; we find examples of the same cheer, self-sacrifice, devotion, and obedience; of the courtesy that Francis called ' own sister to charity '; and of knightly zeal for the ' Lady Poverty.' This was in the early days, before ideals were dimmed by the admission of recruits on a large scale, by the favour of the great, the ambition for distinction in the schools, or the inevitable friction with the parish clergy, to which I must refer later on.

I must first sketch briefly the movements of the little band of friars on their arrival. The Lanercost Chronicle relates how they were mistaken for spies or robbers at a great house near Dover where they had sought shelter, until their behaviour showed up the mistake. On their arrival at Canterbury they stayed for two days at the Priory of the Holy Trinity, after which Richard of Ingworth and Richard of Devon, with Brothers Henry and Melioratus, proceeded to London. The five who remained were lodged at the ' Poor Priests' Hospital.' For over forty years the Canterbury settlement consisted of cells and a chapel in the grounds of this hospital, on a small island in the Stour. In 1267

[2] He was appointed first Provincial Minister of Ireland when the friars penetrated there in 1230, and finally ended his days as a missionary in Syria.

[3] Eccleston, p. 7. The second English recruit received into the Order had been a noted tailor (' *in arte scissoria famosissimus* ' : *ib.*, p. 19).

a pious alderman, John Digge, gave the friars a site immediately opposite, divided from it by one arm of the river, on the large island known as Binnewith. Here is still to be seen the remaining portion of the friary—a beautiful Early English building on arches over the river, together with a bridge, the foundations of the friary Church, and various other fragments. In 1294 the friars agreed to pay the monks of Christ Church three shillings a year for certain tenements belonging to them situated within the Grey Friars' precinct. In the sixteenth century the property passed into the hands of the Lovelace family, though Richard, the Cavalier poet, does not seem actually to have resided there.

The London group were made welcome by the Dominicans for the first fortnight, after which they obtained land in Cornhill, where they built the mud and wattle cells that were the type of dwelling enjoined by their rule, which condemned more solid buildings, and which composed the central home of the Order, the Portiuncula at Assisi. The rule also forbade the ownership of land or property, so we find in England that benefactors gave the sites for friaries to the municipality or some other body to hold on behalf of, or in trust for, the friars. Henry the Lombard, as already stated, was left as Warden in London; he seems to have taught ('*didicit literas*') in the evenings in St. Peter's Church, Cornhill.

The two Richards made but a brief stay in London, as before All Saints' Day we find them at Oxford, where again the Dominicans received the Minors fraternally until they were able to set up their own friary in St. Ebbe's parish. In the following year they moved to a house and ground hired from Richard the Miller. William of Esseby, now fully professed, became its first Warden, while the two indefatigable Richards went on to start yet another friary at Northampton. Cambridge and Lincoln are next mentioned, but the dates of their establishment are not given. The first site granted by the Cambridge townspeople was 'an old synagogue, hard by the prison.' The King, here, as elsewhere, a munificent benefactor of the friars, gave them a donation to improve the position, but it did not lead them into extravagance. They put up 'such a poor little chapel that a carpenter made it in one day' (made probably its wooden framework). It is to be observed that the Canterbury and London friaries had no chapel at all at first.

In 1225 the London friary was moved from Cornhill to quarters provided by a certain John Iwyn, 'citizen and merchant of London,' in the parish of St. Nicholas-by-the-Shambles, the exact locality bearing the agreeable name of 'Stynkynglane'! We sometimes in other towns find the friars building on marshy or otherwise undesirable sites, but Dr. Little has pointed out that

we must not conclude that they *preferred* such from self-sacrificing motives; these sites were probably assigned them because land was available there, and at a moderate price. Moreover, the houses of nobles and wealthy persons are found in similar localities.

The Franciscan friaries were almost always in the larger towns, and their numbers rapidly increased. By the end of Henry III.'s reign there were forty-eight in all, distributed over the country, six more being added under Edward I. Each consisted of at least thirteen members—twenty-five was an average number—under a warden (*gardianus*), but the numbers would be affected by the constant coming and going of the Brethren. Smaller settlements were called *loca*. The Oxford friary was probably the largest, as it was certainly the most renowned. Built so humbly at first that a man could scarce stand upright in its infirmary, it was soon improved and extended by generous benefactions. Even the strict Agnellus had recognised the need for its school to be adequate ('*satis honestam*').

The Franciscan province of England—comprising for some considerable time a reluctant and protesting Scotland[4]—was divided into custodies, in each of which the friaries were grouped under a *custos*. There is some uncertainty about their number and extent, but London and Oxford were two of the earliest custodies; Cambridge, York, Salisbury, and Worcester are mentioned by Eccleston as others. The *custos* acted as visitor, directing the wardens, receiving novices as proxy for the Provincial Minister,[5] and attending the Provincial Chapter, which was the most powerful and important feature in the whole provincial organisation. At the head of all was the Provincial Minister, whose powers, however, were considerably limited by the Chapter; he was directly responsible to the Minister-General of the whole Order. In addition to the permanent visitor (the *custos*), the General Chapter of the Order instituted a travelling visitor for each custody, who should report to the Provincial Chapter on the conditions he found therein. Persons known as Procurators also came to be recognised to take legal action on behalf of the friars, and to deal with the financial affairs, endowments, and other benefactions, which they were not allowed to handle themselves. The rule had equally forbidden the acceptance of money through an 'interposed person,' and the stricter observants repeatedly protested against these Procurators. Similar functions were performed for the friars by 'spiritual friends,' who in some cases may have been Tertiaries. Little is known about the Tertiaries

[4] Scotland, though not officially recognised as independent, was probably largely so in practice.

[5] This was only formally sanctioned in 1260.

in England, or about the Second Order, the Poor Clares, or Minoresses. The latter seem to have arrived rather before 1252, and to have numbered among them many ladies of good birth. The friars, too, had early recruited men of wealth, position, and importance, who were, no doubt, attracted by their example of a purer and simpler life and by the appeal of renunciation. One of the most distinguished of them, Adam Marsh (de Marisco), is specially reported by Eccleston to have joined the Order by reason of his 'zealous love for poverty.' [6]

The friars had a strong middle-class following also. Father Cuthbert speaks of them as 'drawn from all ranks in society and friends of all.'

The life of these Franciscans was, indeed, a striking object-lesson, as many anecdotes in Eccleston's narrative prove. Their poverty was real. 'We hear of them at Canterbury, Salisbury, Shrewsbury, drinking joyfully dregs of beer mixed with water: at London lacking bread, and lying close together, "as is the manner of pigs," to keep a sick Brother warm, having no other means of doing so.' Their naked feet left bloodstains on the frozen mud and snow of wintry roads. A certain Brother, Walter of Madeley, one day wore a pair of shoes that he had found, and then dreamt he was attacked by robbers 'in a dangerous pass between Oxford and Gloucester'; because he went shod, they jeered at his plea of being a Friar Minor, so that, on awaking in terror, he threw away the shoes. The friars' buildings were at first poor and small, as instances already quoted show, and the gifts of land, timber, food, clothing, etc., were not in excess of their real needs.

It would, no doubt, have been more in the interests of economy, apart from idealism, to have constructed the buildings on a solider and ampler scale at first instead of having to enlarge them afterwards, or even to transfer them to another site. Eccleston admits this. 'In several places the simplicity of the friars had housed them with so little forethought' ('*ita inconsiderate*') 'that it was not a question of extending sites, but of moving the buildings altogether.' At Shrewsbury the Minister, in his enthusiasm for poverty, actually had the stone walls of the dorter removed, and replaced by mud ones, 'with marvellous devotion and . . . at no little cost' ('*permagnis sumptibus*')! John of Malvern, the second visitor appointed, removed at Gloucester the coloured windows and the pulpit painted by one of the Brethren, and the Brother in question, together with the Warden who had permitted them, were deprived of their hoods. Brother William

[6] Eccleston, p. 23. Adam Marsh (died 1258) was the master of Roger Bacon and the friend of Simon de Montfort and Grosseteste. See *Mon. Franc.*, vol. i., for his *Letters*, and Little, *Grey Friars in Oxford*, pp. 134-139.

of Nottingham replied to a friar who complained that he took no steps to complete the London House: 'I did not enter this Order to build walls.'

The friars were diligent in prayer, and in reciting the Offices. 'There was scarce an hour throughout the night in which some Brothers would not be found at prayer in the oratory.' They were earnest as confessors, and much sought after in that capacity. We read of a saintly Brother, Wilfrid of Salisbury, who used to weep and sigh when his penitents showed no contrition. When a distinguished nobleman, Alexander of Bassingbourn, made his confession in a casual way ('*quasi narrando quandam narrationem*'), Wilfrid himself wept bitterly, and thus moved him to tears, and to the intention of joining the Order, in which last he was prevented by death.

Laughter these Brethren loved, as well as contrite tears, even as their founder had loved both. At Oxford among the younger friars, laughter was so much the order of the day that repeated penance failed to check it, and nothing less than a vision conveying a supposed stern rebuke from the Crucifix expelled it from the choir. We read of friars intervening as peacemakers, just as Francis had done. Agnellus himself died in December, 1233, largely worn out by his vain efforts to reconcile the King and his Earl Marshal, Richard of Pembroke. Matthew Paris tells us how, at the Council of Westminster in the previous October, the friars, 'whom the King was wont to honour and listen to,' had exhorted Henry to make peace, and to love his people.[7]

That same Agnellus lamented some of the 'frivolous' disputations in the schools. Hearing some student friars discuss 'the existence of God,' he cried: 'Alack, alack! Simple Brethren win to heaven, while learned ones debate if there be a God!'

Eccleston also tells us of the humility of these early Brethren—their instant readiness to admit themselves in the wrong, or to go wherever sent by their superiors. As preachers they were very effective, their sermons being direct, homely, and moving. These homilies were often illustrated by lively anecdotes, some of which have come down to us. Bishops sometimes borrowed them. All the time, the Franciscans must have been pursuing their calling of devoted service to the lepers and other sick, ministering to bodies as well as souls; little direct record of this is extant for England, though the Order is known to have numbered several physicians. We gain altogether a wonderful picture of the zeal and holiness of these early days, which—if Eccleston's patriotism did not invent it—led the celebrated Minister-General, John of Parma, to exclaim: 'Would that such a Province could

[7] *Chronica Majora* (ed. Luard), iii., p. 251.

be set in the midst of the world, that it might be an example to all!'

One wishes that the picture could have stood as thus attractively sketched. But, alas, shadows soon creep in. The very popularity of the friars, and the gifts showered upon them, proved a snare. Among the crowds who flocked to the Order were many who did not share the lofty ideals of the early band. Matthew Paris probably exaggerates the luxury of their buildings when he compares them to royal palaces, but inevitably large establishments involved large expenses, and some friars became inveterate beggars. To a once 'incomparable preacher,' Brother William of Abingdon, the King is reported to have said: 'Brother, thou wert wont to converse in such spiritual fashion, but now thou canst say nought but "Give, give, give."' The poor complained of their exactions, while accusations were brought against them of harrying the wealthy on their death-beds for legacies; of selling absolutions and dispensations from crusading vows; of defrauding parish priests of burial fees, and of alms at 'surreptitious Masses'[8]; and of sparing the sins of the rich in their sermons. They were also attacked as spies and extortioners of taxes for the Papacy, though, as Matthew Paris admits, this may often have been against their will ('*licet invitis*').

We are not dealing here with charges brought against the degenerate, vagabond friars of a century or more later by Chaucer, Wyclif, and the satirists and ballad-mongers, but with charges formulated within thirty or forty years of their first coming to England.[9] Allowance must, of course, be made for the jealousy felt by the older monastic Orders—to which many of the chroniclers belonged—towards these popular and successful new-comers, supported by the Papacy, and for that of the 'secular' priests, who saw their flocks frequenting the preaching and the confessional of passing strangers. The friars, however, cannot be acquitted of arrogance and greed, while in some quarrels, at times leading to bloodshed, they were certainly the aggressors. This was the case at Bury St. Edmunds, where, in 1258, they forcibly intruded themselves into the Abbey grounds, and, invoking the aid of two nobles, set up a house in despite of the Abbot.

The jealous rivalries between the Dominicans and Franciscans, which began as early as 1243, were the most regrettable of all, and occasioned the greatest scandal. The heads of both Orders did their utmost to allay them, and to rewaken the early spirit of brotherhood. Both Orders came under rebuke for not opposing heretical teaching, and for too daring scholastic speculations.

[8] Pope Gregory IX. rebuked them for this.

[9] *E.g.*, by Matthew Paris in his *Chronica Majora* (vols. iii., iv., and v., ed. Luard) and *Historia Anglorum*. He usually associates the Dominicans with the Minors in his accusations.

The new pursuit of learning would, indeed, have seemed no less a snare than that of wealth in the eyes of St. Francis and the first Brethren. The question of the compatibility of learning with poverty, of the life of a scholar with that of a friar, has been hotly discussed from the thirteenth century onward. The English friars *did* try to combine them, and their studies—as was notoriously the case with Roger Bacon—were constantly hampered by restrictions on the purchase of books and other materials, and by the claims of their life as friars. It would, of course, be impossible here to dwell on the amazing record of the friars' schools at Oxford and Cambridge; one can only repeat the well-known boast that no other Province could show a list of scholars of European fame to compare with the Province of Bacon, Duns Scotus, Hales, and William of Occam. Friars all over Europe attended the Oxford school. Grosseteste was its first *Lector*.

In politics, the Minors seem to have been true to the tradition of their Order in siding with the people against oppression. We find them, for instance, in spite of royal benefactions, warmly espousing the cause of Simon de Montfort, and they were specially spared by Wat Tyler in his rising. In 1252 they sent back a present of cloth for their habits offered them by the King, because it had been extorted by him from the merchants, with the fearless reproof to *dominus rex* that one does not 'make alms of stolen goods'! They successfully interceded, in 1256, for the lives of some Jews who were under sentence of death for the supposed murder of a Christian boy, at the cost of incurring unpopularity in London. They were active in preaching Crusades, and in missionary efforts among the Saracens and other heathen.

When one adds to instances like these the memory of the hundreds of unrecorded lives among the friars spent in devout performance of religious duties and in the service of others; when one recalls the fact that long afterwards, at the time of the Dissolution, the Franciscan houses were found to be quite the poorest of all, one feels that, despite all failings and fallings-off the Order can never have been altogether unfaithful to the pattern set by the first friars at their coming to England.

EMMA GURNEY SALTER.

THE RACES OF IRELAND

FEW sciences have made more rapid advances in recent times than the science of ethnology—the science which deals with the origin and distribution of races. Its progress has been largely due to the adoption of new methods, especially the biological method which studies the physical characters of man. These physical characters include the following:

(*a*) Stature and general muscular and osseous development.
(*b*) Colour of the skin.
(*c*) Colour and texture of the hair and of the beard.
(*d*) Colour of the iris.
(*e*) Shape of the nose.
(*f*) Shape of the lower jaw and degree of prognathism.
(*g*) Shape of the head, and especially the cephalic index.
(*h*) Dentition.

Many of the above characters are found to be more or less constant in the various races, and to afford a satisfactory differentia. Popularly mankind is supposed to be divided according to complexion into the white or Caucasian, the yellow or Mongolian, the brown or Polynesian, the black or Negro races. The woolly hair of the Negro and Negrito, the lank, coarse hair of the Mongolian and indigenous American peoples, the wavy or curly hair of the Caucasian, are found to possess such distinctive characters that Pruner-Bey goes so far as to say that 'a single hair presenting the average form characteristic of the race might serve to define,' and Huxley takes a somewhat similar view. The small, flat, concave nose of the Mongolian, the broad nose with wide nostrils of the Negro, the large, arched, or straight nose of the Semite and the European, are found practically constant in the several races. The nasal index was regarded by Broca as an important test of racial stocks. The protruding lower jaw—*i.e.*, the prognathism—of the Negro race is highly characteristic. The American, Mongoloid and Negro races are, with a few exceptions, almost beardless, while a flowing beard is found amongst many of the Caucasian races. The oblique eyes of the Mongoloid races are a striking characteristic. The cephalic index—*i.e.*, the proportion between the length and the breadth of the skull—has generally been relied

upon as a differentia of much importance, but its value has been overrated, as so many intermediate types are found. Asia is the great nursery of the broad heads. Most Africans—Negroes, Hottentots, Bushmen, etc.—Arabs, Berbers, and many Europeans, are long-heads. The so-called Alpine race is broad-headed, while the Mediterranean and the Nordic races are long-headed.

There has been much discussion as to the determining causes of the physical characters of the various branches of the human race. It is clear that temperature alone will not account for racial characters. If we follow a parallel of latitude round the globe we shall find at approximately the same distance from the equator such profoundly divergent types of race as the American aborigine, the Negro, the Semite, and the Polynesian. Nor will elevation above the sea-level secure any uniformity of type. The Aztec of the Mexican plateau and the Inca of the Peruvian highlands had little in common with the Swiss highlander, the Afghan or the Kashmiri. How far change of climate and locality will in the course of time modify physical characters is a point upon which there appears to be a conflict of evidence. The Jew, so careful of the preservation of his racial purity, seems in all countries to retain his physical characteristics. It is said that after six generations the British residents in Barbadoes show no variation from the average Anglo-Saxon type. On the other hand, there is evidence that a company of a few hundred Germans of Würtemburg, who in the year 1816 settled in Transcaucasia, in a few generations lost many of their original features, and became approximated to the prevailing Georgian type, although there had been no intermarriage There is some reason to believe that the United States is developing an American type of which squareness of jaw is one of the features. In Australia there is an impression that the young Australian of the third or the fourth generation is developing a relatively tall and slender figure, the so-called 'corn-stalk' type, although it may be doubted whether the physique of the Australian military forces in the Great War corroborated this view. The whole subject is singularly obscure. It must always be remembered that the changes consequent upon climate and general environment are very slow in operation. Professor Mendes-Corrêa, of Oporto, has recently studied this subject in its relation to Portugal, and comes to the conclusion that races once stabilised are very constant, being only very slowly modified.

Ethnology has established some very important conclusions, of which one of the most important is that language is no key to race. The so-called Latin races, speaking some form of Romance language, are not necessarily ethnologically allied. Celtic language and Celtic culture do not necessarily imply community of race. Conquering races often impose their language and their culture

upon the conquered, or conversely adopt the language and the culture of the subject races. After the conquests of Alexander the Great the Greek language became the *lingua franca* of many diverse races of the East. The same phenomenon followed the rise of Rome to world-wide dominion. Latin became the medium of law, statecraft, and culture. On the other hand, the Teutonic conquerors of France soon adopted the Latin language and the culture of their subjects. The Anglo-Saxons ultimately made their language the speech of England, though with much borrowing from their Norman conquerors. But, while language is a fallacious key to race, it is not wholly negligible in this connection. Place names are very ancient, and there is some reason to hold that river names are the most ancient of all. Settlements commonly bear the names of the settlers. Thus the following place names in Ireland are of Danish origin: Carlingford, Strangford, Waterford, Wexford, Howth, Arklow, Wicklow, and many others. Proper names in a community throw some light upon ethnic origins. The prefix 'O' (O'Donnell, O'Connor, O'Reilly, O'Byrne, O'Carroll, O'Malley, O'Sullivan, O'Flaherty, O'Grady, O'Hagan, O'Neill, O'Hara, etc.) points to an early Irish extraction. There are many Anglo-Norman names in various parts of Ireland. Scotch names are very common, especially in Ulster, in some counties of which they amount to 60 per cent. or 70 per cent. Danish and Swedish names occur, and there are a few Huguenot names.

Ethnology has shown that there are no pure races. Everywhere there has been some intermingling of races, and even in the most homogeneous populations there are always remnants of alien or primitive types. The Irish are a more composite race than is commonly supposed. There are not less than six races represented in Ireland, and this may be an under-estimate. The primitive type, if that expression is admissible, present in all great centres of population, is not wanting in Ireland. We all know the comic Irishman who appears from time to time in the illustrated papers. It is not a pleasing countenance—square-shaped face, snub nose, heavy jaws, beetling eyebrows. This type does exist in Ireland, but it is rare, and quite distinct from the mass of the population. It probably represents an aboriginal type long submerged by other and more favoured races. Wilde thought that it was relatively common in Connemara.

Ethnology teaches us to be cautious in inferring racial affinity from cultural correspondences. Primitive man everywhere learnt to chip stone for the provision of weapons and tools, to devise simple instruments, and to protect himself against rain, storm, and wild beasts by some form of shelter. Such things imply no racial connection. Similar necessities begat similar expedients. Perhaps the most striking proof of the natural trend of the human

mind under the most varied conditions of climate and environment is to be found in the widespread prevalence of the practice of erecting megalithic monuments—cromlechs, menhirs, and dolmens. They are to be found, often in astonishing numbers—one oasis in Mauretania had no less than 10,000—in the north and west of Europe; in North Africa; in North, Central, and South America; in Asia Minor, Moab, Syria, Palestine, Arabia; in the Crimea and the area of the Persian Gulf; in the Deccan, the Khasi, and Naga Hills; in some of the islands of the Pacific. It is difficult to believe that they owed their spread to cultural contacts. More probably they owed their origins to a natural human impulse rather than to cultural infiltration, though this view may be, and has been, disputed. They began as memorials of the dead, and ended by becoming shrines of worship. Primitive man obeyed two impulses—to honour the dead and to placate the spirits of the dead. Fear of the ghosts of the departed was one of the fundamental instincts of our remote ancestors, and is the key to many primitive beliefs and practices.

According to Professor Sergi and other authorities, there are three fundamental racial groups in Europe, viz., the Nordics, the Mediterraneans, and the Alpines. The Nordics have their chief centre on the shores of the Baltic Sea. Their physical characters are the following: large muscular and osseous development; a relatively tall stature, about 1·7 m. or over; fair hair; ruddy complexion; blue eyes; long heads. The Mediterraneans have their chief centre on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. Their physical characters are the following: medium stature, about 1·6 m.; dark hair; a brunet complexion; brown or black eyes; moderate muscular and osseous development; long heads. The Alpines occupy a territory between the Nordics and the Mediterraneans, along the central mountainous spine of Europe and the adjacent lowlands. They are numerous in Central France, Switzerland, South Germany, Bavaria, and Austria. Their physical characters are the following: moderate stature; a somewhat 'stocky' figure; brown eyes; chestnut or auburn hair; broad heads. The British Islands contain representatives of all these three stocks, and it is probable that in the order of time the Mediterraneans come first, the Alpines second, and the Nordics last. The Alpines are only very slightly represented in Ireland, while the Mediterraneans and the Nordics are fully represented. The original inhabitants of Great Britain would appear to have been a dark, relatively small, long-headed race. According to Thurnam and Huxley, into this long-headed primitive race there was intruded in the Bronze Age a certain proportion of the stocky short heads, who only penetrated to a very limited extent into Ireland. There are few broad-heads in Ireland, though inter-

mediate (mesocephalic) skulls are not rare. The Mediterraneans are most abundant in the Mediterranean area, and according to some authorities their origin is to be sought on the southern rather than on the northern shore. They include the Berbers of Mauretania, Algeria, and Tunisia; the Greeks, Italians, Spaniards, and Portuguese; the inhabitants of the Mediterranean islands. The ancient Egyptians may have been partly of this stock. From their original home the Mediterraneans spread west and north to France and the British Islands. The Basques of the Biscayan region speak a non-Aryan language, but do not differ essentially from other Southern Europeans as regards physical characters. Geoffrey of Monmouth and Giraldus Cambrensis state that the Basques colonised Ireland, and may have added their quota to the complicated factors of Irish ethnology. Through the fog of legend and tradition which renders Irish origins almost impenetrable we can detect threads of connection between Ireland and the Iberian Peninsula and other parts of the Mediterranean. Those mythical people the Firbolg are stated to have come from Greece. The equally mythical Fomorians are traditionally described as African pirates. The Milesians are said to have come originally from Scythia—a geographical term used loosely in early times, and sometimes taken to include a large part of Northern Europe—but very significantly we are told that they migrated to Egypt, then to Spain, and finally to Ireland. All this is legendary, but legends usually contain some kernel of truth. But we have better evidence than legend, or even tradition, for accepting a connection between Ireland and the Mediterranean area. Trade between Southern Ireland and Spain seems to have been active from the earliest times. The dark hair, brown eyes, and general physical development of large sections of the Irish population, especially in the south and west, recall the Mediterranean type. If their complexions are more ruddy than those of Spaniards, Portuguese, or Italians, we may fairly attribute that feature to a residence of thousands of years under the temperate skies and among the moist breezes of Ireland. We may find further corroboration in such facts as the love of Galway women for gay kerchiefs and red petticoats, the sport-loving temperament of the Southern Irish, their love of music, their gifts for story-telling. W. G. Mackenzie confidently affirms that 'the descendants of the Mediterraneans abound in the west of Ireland at the present day. They are a dark, long-headed, rather short people.' How far these Mediterraneans are of the ordinary Iberian stock, whether they have any appreciable admixture of Basque blood, it is not possible to say. But these people have been largely modified by racial admixture. In a certain proportion of cases we find the unusual combination of dark hair and blue eyes, a

combination which always suggests a mixed race. The blue eyes come from the Nordic element. The mythical Tuatha De Danaan, who figure largely in Irish legend, are described as 'fair-haired, of large size, fond of music and horse-riding.' We know nothing of their origin, but analogy would suggest that they were Nordics.

Ireland had other immigrants who were also of Nordic stock. From a very early period Ireland was famous for its rich pastures and fine herds of cattle, also for its abundant supplies of gold. It is inherently probable that it would attract the attention of Scandinavian and Norse rovers, even in prehistoric times. Many of the place names in Ireland are of Norse derivation. The Copland Islands, off the coast of Down, mean the trading islands (Copland, *cf.* Copenhagen), and were centres of trade (often trade in slaves) at a remote period. Another tradition (rejected by Huxley) affirms that Lapps or Finns entered the north of Ireland in prehistoric times. Whether there are any traces of Mongolo-Tatar blood in the present population of Ireland it is difficult to say.

The Picts were in Ireland, especially in the north, at a very early period. Who were the Picts is one of the numerous puzzles of ethnology. One theory is that they were a non-Aryan race, and that the name denotes the Picti, or the painted (tattooed) people. This is very improbable. Another view is that they are identical with the Pictones or Pictavi, whose name survives in Poitou and Poitiers—a more likely theory. They are described as a swarthy people of somewhat low stature. No certain remains of the Pictish language are available. While the question remains open, there is a good deal to be said for the view that the Picts were of Iberian (Mediterranean) origin, and among the earliest, if not the earliest, immigrants into the British Islands from the Mediterranean area.

We may thus conclude that long before the dawn of history, probably in the late Neolithic Age, Ireland had received immigrants of two of the fundamental European races: the dark, long-headed Mediterraneans and the fair, long-headed Nordics. There is no evidence of Palæolithic man in Ireland.

We get upon somewhat more solid ground when we come to the Scoti, or Scots, although legend is still busy. It would seem that at an early period the Scoti formed a large element in the population of Ireland, that they gave their name to the country, viz., Scotia, and that it was only in the early centuries of the Christian era that they passed on to North Britain, where they conquered the Picts, established their hegemony and ultimately transferred the name Scotia to Scotland, which had been previously known as Alban, a name which may contain the same root as Alp and Albania. Who were the Scoti? A persistent tradition associates the Scoti with Scythia, from which the name is said to be derived—a doubtful derivation. Sir William

Wilde was inclined to identify the Scoti with the Milesians. What seems probable is that the Scoti belonged to the Teutonic branch of the Indo-European family, that they were Nordics. Confirmation of this view may be gathered from the Report of the Anthropometric Committee of 1882-83, which found that the proportion of light hair and blue eyes was 47·4 per cent. in Ireland, against 46·3 per cent. in Scotland, 40·1 per cent. in England, and 34·6 per cent. in Wales. Light hair and blue eyes are indubitable signs of a Nordic origin, and we may infer that the Scoti were Nordics. When they came to Ireland, what areas of the country they occupied, how far they intermarried with the Mediterranean race, are questions regarding which we have no certain information. They passed on to Scotland in various migrations, of which the most important was, according to tradition, in A.D. 503. They had given the name Dalriada to a portion of Ireland lying east of Lough Neagh, and crossing the Channel under the leadership of three chiefs of Dalriada—Fergus, Angus, and Lorne—they settled in what is now Argyllshire, and in some of the western islands. They gave the name of Dalriada to this region, gradually extended their power, and ultimately became the dominant race in what is now Scotland. Tradition says that Fergus became king of the Dalriadic Scots and was the ancestor of the subsequent kings of Scotland, from whom, through the Stuarts, our present royal family is descended. The presence in Ireland for a prolonged period of these Nordic Scoti and their intermingling with the earlier races helps to explain what is otherwise unintelligible in the physical characters of the Irish people.

Much confusion has arisen regarding the Celts, for which the eminent anthropologist, Paul Broca, is in part responsible. He described the Celt as short, squat, swarthy, and broad-headed, in contradiction to Cæsar and many of the earlier historians, who ascribed Nordic physical characters to the Celt. It is now generally admitted that Broca was mistaken, and that his description of the typical Celt really applies to the Alpine race of more recent anthropologists. There has been a confusion between Celtic language and culture on the one hand and Celtic race on the other hand. A. H. Keane affirms that the word 'Celt' has been applied to so many racial types as to have lost all ethnical significance, and W. G. Mackenzie calls the word 'Celtic' a 'purely arbitrary name' with no precise ethnical significance. He believes that the word 'Celt' means 'forest man.' We cannot too often remind ourselves that language is no true key to race. The Welsh language and the Gaelic of the Scotch Highlanders are near akin, but there is an acute contrast from the biological point of view between the dark, brunet, medium-sized Welshman and the tall, ruddy, often light-haired or red-haired Highlander. One is clearly Mediterranean,

the other equally clearly Nordic. The fact that they speak a kindred language is simply an accident of history. The Gaelic of Ireland, the Isle of Man, and Scotland is closely allied phonetically with the Cymric of Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany, but we are not justified in inferring any close affinity of race. There is a parallel in the case of France, now one of the most culturally homogeneous of nations, speaking a Latin or Romance language, and welded into a compact whole by the charm and persuasiveness of French civilisation. But France is by no means a homogeneous country from the ethnical point of view. Nordics predominate in the north, Alpines in certain parts of the centre, and Mediterraneans in the south. Mackenzie is of opinion that

> there is no satisfactory proof that the Gaelic language, as a branch of Celtic, originated on the Continent. On the contrary, the proofs are cumulative that it was formed and partly developed in Ireland, and that its traces in England and Wales and its introduction into Scotland and the Isle of Man equally derive their source from the country of its origin, namely, Ireland.

It is not definitely known when the peoples of Celtic language and culture—that is a safer expression than to speak of the Celtic race—came to Ireland. Native historians fixed the date about 320 B.C., and there are reasons for believing that this date is not far from the mark. Nor is it known by what route they came to Ireland, whether from Spain or from the Low Countries. It is probable that these peoples introduced the use of iron into the country. The Iron Age was much later in Ireland than in Central and most parts of Western Europe. The safest conclusion would seem to be that the Celtic-speaking folk were a mixed race, largely Nordic, but including other elements, and exhibiting both long skulls and broad skulls, the former predominating. We have no certain information as to whether, like the Normans in England, they were a relatively small body of conquerors and governors or came in large numbers. What is certain is that they imposed their language and their culture upon the whole island, which thus assumed a fallacious appearance of ethnical unity. There is no record of a time in Ireland when the people spoke anything but Gaelic.

As we approach the historical period the racial distribution in Ireland was approximately as follows:

(*a*) A remnant of an autochthonous race, especially in the remote west.

(*b*) The Mediterraneans or Iberians, especially in the south and west, but widely distributed, and modified ethnically by intermarriage with people of Nordic blood.

(*c*) Nordic peoples of various strains, especially in the north and along the coasts.

(*d*) A small proportion of broad heads, who may have come in with the Celtic-speaking invaders.

The next stage in the ethnical history of Ireland was the coming of the Danes. Here we are on solid historical ground. It was towards the close of the eighth or in the early years of the ninth century that the Norsemen or Danes began to make descents upon the coasts of Ireland. They came from Norway, Sweden, Jutland, and in general from the islands and coasts of the Baltic. They were pirates and marauders, intent upon pillage and booty, ruthless in their methods, and hostile to Christianity. Their first attacks were upon Rathlin Island, and in the neighbourhood of Lambay Island and Skerries, but later they extended their ravages along the coasts and sometimes penetrated far inland. Armagh, Louth, and large areas of Ulster suffered from their raids. Limerick was one of their principal settlements. They sailed up the Shannon and cast anchor in Loch Ree. Other bands invaded Carlingford Lough, Lough Neagh, the Boyne and the Liffey. Dublin was captured in the year 836 and became a Danish city. Meath, Connaught and Munster suffered from their depredations. Everywhere the monasteries and the convents were the first objects of attack, their gold and silver vessels, used in the service of the Church, exciting the cupidity of the invaders, who had not yet embraced the Christian faith. Before the Anglo-Norman invasion there were Danish settlements in the following areas: Dublin, Wicklow, Arklow, Wexford, Waterford, Kerry, Limerick, Galway, the Aran Islands, Innishowen, Lifford, Antrim, Lough Neagh, Belfast Lough, Strangford, Seaforde, Carlingford, and elsewhere. In the course of time the Danes adopted the Christian religion, settled down as permanent residents, and entered into industrial occupations. For more than 200 years the Danes occupied an important place in Irish life, although their defeat at the Battle of Clontarf in 1014 put an end to their domination in the country. We do not know how far they intermarried with the native Irish, or to what extent they affected the ethnical distribution of the people. But when we consider the number of the Danish settlements and the long duration of the Danish occupation, it is safe to assume that some considerable infiltration of races occurred. The Danes were Nordics, and made their contribution to the Nordic element in Ireland. There are many Danish place names in Ireland—Carlingford, Wexford, Waterford, etc.—but the Danes did not give their language to the country. They became assimilated to the Celtic culture. After the Battle of Clontarf we hear little of the Danes in Ireland. The great battle was followed by a century and a half of internecine strife, which prepared the way for the Anglo-Norman invasion. That event marks a new epoch for Irish ethnology. The general course of the Anglo-Norman

conquest from the arrival of Robert Fitzstephen and Maurice Prendergast in 1169 to the partial conquest of the country a few years later by Henry II. is well known. We are here concerned only with its ethnical results. The invaders were nobles and soldiers of fortune and their retainers; many of them were of Cambro-Norman blood. There is evidence that after a time they settled down, intermarried and trafficked with the natives. The customs of fosterage and gossiped, rooted in Irish usage, facilitated the amalgamation of the races, and Joyce says definitely that 'so completely did they [the Anglo-Normans] become fused with the native population that an English writer complained that they had become *Hiberniores Hibernicis ipsis*.' The policy of the segregation of the two races and the delimitation of the Pale came later. We read that the descendants of the Anglo-Norman settlers became more and more Irish in their habits, sentiments, and language; were quite incorporated with the natives and indistinguishable from them in everything except their family names. This was especially true of the great family of the Fitzgeralds. We read that James, the ninth Earl of Desmond, married a daughter of O'Brien of Thomond, and that the Kildare family were connected with many of the leading Irish families. The Anglo-Norman element in Ireland, though probably limited in amount, played a large part in subsequent Irish history. Many of the most illustrious names in Irish annals are of Anglo-Norman extraction, such names as Butler, Fitzgerald, Fitzgibbon, De Burgh (Burke), De Courcy, De Lacey, Barry, Blount, Bellingham, Blake, D'Arcy, Brooke, Bingham, Bagenal, Power, Walter, Nugent, Skeffington, Morris, Roche, Perrott, Carew (Carey), Keating, Boyle, Purcell, Eustace, Talbot. Of the Geraldines Joyce tells us that

> they had become thoroughly Irish; . . . they spoke and wrote the Irish language, read and loved Irish books and Irish lore of every kind; kept bards, shanadries, and antiquaries as part of their household; and intermarried, fostered, and gossiped with the leading Irish families.

This Anglo-Norman strain has been a potent ferment in Irish nationality.

A new phase in Irish ethnology is marked by the adoption of the policy known as 'The Plantations,' a policy which dates from the reign of Queen Mary. Previous to her time the deposition or banishment of a troublesome chief was simply followed by the installation of another chief in his room, the general body of occupiers remaining undisturbed. In the reign of Queen Mary the plan was adopted of handing over confiscated lands to English 'undertakers,' as they were called, on condition that they would bring in a certain number of English or Scotch settlers. The first case of this kind of colonisation took place in Leix and Offaly (Queen's County and King's County, as they came to be called

from Mary and Philip). In the reign of Elizabeth a beginning was made of the 'plantation' of Ulster, a policy carried into fuller effect in the reign of James I. The scheme for the general plantation of Ulster was adopted in the year 1609 under the direction of the Irish Lord Deputy, Sir Arthur Chichester, and this policy was carried through in the succeeding years. In Elizabeth's reign there had been a project for the general plantation of Munster, and under Charles I. the plantation of Connaught was contemplated, but these schemes never came to fruition. All that we are concerned with here is the bearing of the plantations upon Irish ethnology. In the report of Nicholas Pynnar, dated 1618, it was stated that in six Ulster counties there were 1974 British families and 6215 men capable of bearing arms. We have no certain information regarding the population of those counties at this period, so that any estimate of the ratio of the new settlers to the original inhabitants would only be conjectural. A certain number of the Irish inhabitants remained. We are informed that two-fifths of the plantation area were assigned to British colonists, being equally divided between Englishmen and Scotchmen. Rather more than a fifth went to the Anglican Church, and about the same amount to the 'servitors' and the natives. It must be remembered that long before the plantations there had been a large influx of Scots into Ulster, especially into Antrim and Down, and a smaller influx of English.

The English settlers first established themselves on the shores of Belfast Lough. Belfast was originally an English settlement, but became Scotticised owing to the preponderance of Scots in the rural districts abutting on the lough. The English settlers passed on to Lisburn, the east shores of Lough Neagh, Armagh, and Tyrone. A large number of them came from the apple districts of Warwickshire, Worcestershire, and Gloucestershire, and brought their customs with them. This is the key to the practice of fruit-growing in North Armagh, where a pure English type can still be recognised. The Scotch settlers entered at the Giant's Causeway, Donaghadee, and Bangor, passed on to Comber, Saintfield, Ballynahinch, Dromore, Dromara, Antrim, and Ballymena, and constituted the dominant element in Antrim and Down. The Rev. Edmund McClure read a paper before the Belfast Naturalists' Field Club in the year 1874 in which he analysed the proper names in county Antrim. Of the names upon the roll he found that 565 were Lowland Scots, including the Norman names; 234 were Highland; 251 English; Irish, 181; Anglo-Normans of the time of the Conquest, 16; Welsh, 7; Huguenot, 6.

It is difficult to get any definite information regarding the intermarriage of the settlers with the natives and the consequent intermixture of the races. This policy was discouraged by the

English Government, but we read that intermarriage did take place, and that the Scots were more ready than the English to intermarry with the natives. This is not surprising, as they were racially more akin to the Irish than were the English settlers. In the following centuries intermarriage was probably rare, as there was intense antagonism between the settlers and the original inhabitants, an antagonism born of confiscation and accentuated by difference of creed, which was a more potent barrier than difference of race.

The next event in the ethnological history of Ireland was settlement of a considerable number of Cromwell's Ironsides in various parts of the country, Tipperary—a county which had at an earlier date received a considerable immigration of the English—absorbing a large proportion. These settlements of Ironsides can still be traced, and many of the stalwart members of the Irish police derive their vigorous physique and hardy qualities from the men who fought at Edgehill and Naseby. It is recorded that the Cromwellians married Irish wives, adopted the Catholic faith, and, like some of the Anglo-Normans, became *Hiberniores ipsis Hibernicis*. The fact that they did so throws some light upon the attractive qualities of the Irish character and civilisation.

A minor but yet important event in the fortunes of Ireland was the arrival of a certain number of Huguenot refugees after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685. Such names as those of Crommelin and Delacherois are well known in the north, and there were also Huguenots in Cork and Waterford. These Frenchmen were people of good stock and high culture. France's loss was Ireland's gain. Louis Crommelin, who settled in Lisburn, introduced many improvements into the linen trade, which was a very ancient industry in Ireland, and put it on the way to that supremacy in the markets of the world which it now enjoys. The Huguenots were too few to make any appreciable impression upon Irish stock.

The problem of Irish ethnology is admittedly one of great difficulty and complexity. It is a field in which it becomes us to walk warily. Legend is abundant, but untrustworthy. Tradition is in no better case. History is often obscure, and not seldom biased. Of true scientific inquiry based upon biological principles there has been little until recent times. Our conclusions can often attain only to a certain grade of probability. But we can at least clear the ground of much accumulated rubbish and prepare the way for further advance. It may, at all events, be confidently affirmed that the Irish people are an amalgam of many strains, not, as so often supposed, merely two races: Scoto-English in the north and 'Celtic' in the south and west.

J. A. LINDSAY.

ENGLAND AND THE OLYMPIC GAMES

WHAT should be Great Britain's proper attitude towards the Olympic Games? It is a subject on which there is likely to be lively discussion in the immediate future.

The recent Games in Paris drove home once more the lesson which has been taught at each successive meeting since the Games were instituted, namely, that unless we take the training of our athletes more seriously we cannot hope to compete successfully against other nations. As far back as 1906 the Special Correspondent of *The Times* at the Intermediate Games at Athens wrote:

> The truth is that a total absence of organisation marked the arrangements for British representation at the Games. In fact, there were no arrangements at all, and the traditional English principle of leaving everything to individual initiative and effort was rigidly adhered to. In striking contrast was the excellent provision made for many of the foreign teams.

In 1908, it will be remembered, the Games were held in London, when, with the great advantage of playing on our home ground (the programme being drawn up largely with an eye to our own preferences and our full strength being available in all events), we succeeded in amassing an enormous number of points. But even then, in speaking of the track and field events, the Special Correspondent of the same paper (another individual than he who had written in 1906) said:

> In many cases our men were as children beside the athletes of the United States. Or, to put it differently, they were as amateurs compared with professionals. They have not been so well taught; in many cases they have not been taught at all. . . . If we are to compete against the world, especially against such business-like athletes as the Americans, we must be business-like too.

Of our performances in 1912 at Stockholm *The Times*, in a leading article, said:

> It is not that we are a decadent people—we are nothing of the kind—but that we do our best to appear so in the eyes of the world. . . . A large proportion of our runners at Stockholm were amateurs in the most eclectic sense of the term. They ran by the light of Nature, and they did it for the fun of the thing. . . . But we have to recognise that it is futile to stake our

national reputation in international competitions without creating in this country the mechanism which such competitions require.

In a document issued by the committee organised in London to prepare for the Olympic Games to be held in Berlin in 1916, there is an interesting table which shows the results of all the track and field events (excluding steeplechases and relay races) in all the Games held up to that time, from 1896 to 1912 inclusive. At all the five meetings combined Great Britain had only won ten events, as against sixty-four won by the United States. No one probably—not even any American—believes that this approximately represents the comparative natural athletic efficiency of the two peoples. Our raw material is first-rate. How good it is is shown by the fact that in this same series of five Games, among the competitors left in for the final heats in all the track events, there were nearly 30 per cent. more representatives of the British Isles than of all the rest of the world together exclusive of the United States. They were just not good enough to win against the better-trained Americans. It was a matter of training only. More striking still, perhaps, is the quality of our very best men. There is an excellence of genius in running which is as difficult to define as is genius in any other sphere but as unmistakable. The individual performances which have really thrilled the great assemblages in the stadiums in recent Games have been few. It is probable that an impartial spectator, of whatever nationality, who had witnessed the meetings at Stockholm and Paris, would mention no more than five: those of Jackson in the mile and Kohlemainen in the 10,000 metres in 1912 and of Abrahams in the 100 yards, Liddell in the quarter-mile, and Nurmi at long distances in 1924. It is not a mere question of time. World's records may be reduced to ruins and leave the spectators cold. There is an inspiration, a touch of genius, a flame—one knows not what—which lifts the onlookers out of themselves and makes an achievement immortal. With all the magnificent competence of the Americans, the almost ruthless perfection of their organisation for victory, there is probably no one of them whose name and figure live and will live in the memory of all who saw those two meetings as will those of the three Britons and two Finns.

There are many to whom it will seem that in this fact alone there is justification enough of our traditional English methods. If we can thus turn out these super-heroes, what need is there to bother more? Let us go on playing our games for the games' sake, letting each man develop according to his individuality; why strive by the machinery of training to grind all up to one dead level of perfection? It is a plea which touches a weakness common to us all. We love the old gentle, rustic ways of the green

and the playing field and the amateur regatta. 'Professionalism,' 'specialisation,' 'track tactics'—these are dreadful words. The old methods were good enough to make us the first athletic nation in the world; so let us keep to them.

Alas, if only it was the same world! We were first then among nations which were even more casual, less organised, than ourselves. Thirty-five years ago amateur sport in America—save for a certain amount of college athletics and village baseball and for less than half a dozen 'athletic clubs' in the larger cities—was a negligible thing. It played no part in the social life of the community. As for the continent of Europe, it was only when M. de Coubertin fired France with an enthusiasm for the Olympic revival and the organisation of games *à l'Anglaise* that there was anything beyond the practice of the local sports peculiar to one or another country. It was our example which inspired the peoples of the world to make themselves into athletes; and having started, they have bettered our methods until with each decade, with each Olympiad, we become less and less the leading nation, and our reputation falls lower and lower from its former high estate.

And this is really the crux of the whole matter: we hardly—and perhaps, if at all, unwillingly—recognise how largely our reputation as a nation of athletes contributed to the greatness of Britain in the eyes of the world; and still less—still more unwillingly—do we recognise now how much that reputation must in future rest on the figure that we cut in the Olympic Games.

To be quite frank, England has never had any affection for the Olympic Games. There was a pretty sentiment behind them; and if, by our encouragement, we could help the cause of honourable sport in the world at large, of course we were willing to give them our countenance. But from the point of view of our own convenience they were rather a nuisance. We had all the sport that we needed; and what gain was there, commensurate with the trouble and expense, in going to absurd meetings (of which we secretly entertained grave doubts of the real amateurism) at such places as Athens and St. Louis? They offered no honours comparable with those to be won at home. It was ridiculous to suppose that any Olympic eight-oared race could be on a plane with the Grand at Henley, that the Olympic lawn tennis could be classed with Wimbledon, or that membership in any British Olympic team could mean what it meant to play for one's 'Varsity at Lord's. Thinking lightly of the Games ourselves, we were slow to comprehend how much they might stand for in the eyes of other peoples who had no well-established meetings of their own, and to whom the Olympic Games have represented from the first

almost the whole field of international sport. We only began to comprehend it, perhaps, after the Stockholm Games of 1912. The intensity of international feeling which manifested itself there shocked many of us; and the splitting up of the peoples into rival camps foreshadowed in some measure the groupings of Powers in the Great War. Our evident inferiority, not to the United States only, but to Sweden as well, provoked something like derision, which, spread abroad through the Press of the world, influenced opinion—opinion of Great Britain as a nation—far outside the walls of the Swedish Stadium. Englishmen came back from Stockholm determined either that we must never compete in the Olympic Games again or that we must compete on such a scale as to restore our injured prestige.

In contrast with what we have lost by the Games, the value of their success to the Americans has been incalculable. The world no longer looks to Britain as the leading athletic nation. That position has passed, and rightly passed by any standards that the world can judge by, to the United States. Considered merely as an advertisement, the investment of the United States in the Olympic Games has been almost fabulously profitable. It might plausibly be argued that no other single thing—not its wealth or power, not its share in the war, not even the splendour of its world-wide charities and benefactions—has done so much to win admiration for the United States, at least in the eyes of the youth of the world, as have the American triumphs in the Olympic Games.

The war washed out the memory of the efforts which were made in England in 1913 to raise the funds needed for our representation at Berlin in 1916 on such a scale as would enable us to win back some, at least, of the honours that we had lost. In 1916 we were not holding Games in Berlin. In Paris this summer (for the meeting of 1920 in Antwerp counted for little) we had a better organisation, a better team as a whole, than at any former Games. We had some brilliant successes and did, on the whole, respectably, but not well enough to finish, in the final tabulation of all the sports, in higher than fourth place. Besides the United States and, again, Sweden, France (with the advantage of being the home country) also accumulated more points than we. For the fact is that, though our representation at Paris was the best that we have ever had, other nations also have improved since 1912. Nation after nation is taking up the systematic cultivation of athletics. The Olympic standard of excellence grows constantly higher, and more and more certain does it become that we can only hope to compete with credit by immensely more careful preparation and training and by being approximately as earnest about it as are those whom we have to meet. And all this means the radical

reformation of our whole national theory and practice of athletics, especially in relation to our schools, and, for the provision of sports grounds and trainers and appliances, the expenditure of much money.

Is it worth it? Beyond doubt a very large number of people will unhesitatingly say: 'No!' It is absurd, it will be argued, to talk of spending huge sums of money in reforming and semi-professionalising our whole athletic theory and practice for the purpose of competing at Games which we have never liked and do not need. If our prestige has suffered, we can stand it. Let us 'cut our loss' now and get out.

The incidents at Paris this summer helped to increase our national distaste for the Games. There is no need to retell here the story of those incidents, to mention names or narrate how one country felt aggrieved or the representatives of another misbehaved. The details are immaterial. The outstanding fact was that national passions ran riot, not on one occasion only, but on a score of occasions. National jealousies and prejudices overrode all considerations of sportsmanship and swept crowds off their feet into demonstrations of partisanship that were a disgrace to all concerned. It was bitter to those who had the higher ideals of the Games at heart. Even more than at Stockholm, it was impossible to resist the conviction that the meetings only exacerbate international animosities instead of creating amity. No brotherhood of sport can operate to diminish political antagonism between peoples when the politics intrude to poison the sport at its source.

What argument in favour of our continuance as competitors at the Games, then, can possibly be advanced? Yet arguments there are.

It would be a simple matter if we had never taken part. But we have taken part; and we have, relatively, failed. It is a difficult thing for a competitor who has tried and been beaten to say that the competition is not good enough for him. If we withdraw, we must be under no misapprehension as to what the world will say. It will say, and will believe, that we cannot take a beating; that we are that worst of all types of sportsman, the kind that sulks in defeat and will not play again. Perhaps we can stand that also, can afford to add that extra humiliation to the tale of losses that must be cut.

But Great Britain's withdrawal will not kill the Olympic Games. Other nations will go on competing; and, for the purpose of competition, they will go on training and making themselves into athletic peoples. No one who knows what France has been doing in the last five years in the way of providing local sports centres and encouraging the development of local talent will suppose that she

will withdraw from the Olympic arena. Nor will Finland or Sweden, in both of which the new enthusiasm has worked such miracles, or either of the other Scandinavian countries. If half of what one heard in Paris is true, Argentina is leading the way in a great athletic revival in South America. Belgium will co-operate with France, and the next Games are being held in Holland. The United States will certainly not relinquish the position and the glory which it has won. Czecho-Slovakia, Yugo-Slavia, Esthonia, Lettland, Turkey, Japan, Egypt, Spain—in advance of any official pronouncement, it is safe to assume that all these nations (and many more) will be represented at Amsterdam.

It is true that at Amsterdam the Olympic programme will probably be very much curtailed. All the *corps à corps* sports, at which the outbursts of national feeling were at Paris most violent —such as boxing, fencing, wrestling, Rugby football, water polo— are likely to be dropped, as well as such things as high diving, in regard to which there is most danger of the decisions of the judges being disputed, and a number of what are fairly regarded as second-class events, including the hop-step-and-jump and the walk from among the contests in the Stadium and ' tub ' pairs and fours and double-sculls from the river. Lawn tennis, yachting, riding and shooting may or may not be retained.

Such a reduction would obviously make it more easy for Great Britain to compete, both because it would reduce the risk of international friction and because there would be less difficulty in raising funds for representation on the more limited scale. But it leaves the problem of our training for the track and field events untouched. These, at least, are not going to be eliminated. On the contrary, they will become more and more the core of the Olympic Games. And what we have to recognise is that, when all the world around us is continuing to train and to organise its athletics systematically as an element in the national life of constantly growing importance, it is in the last degree improbable that we shall consent to be left behind. When we consider such a thing we are, to begin with, leaving out of consideration the athletes themselves. How and by what right are we to deny their ambitions to the men who feel that they have in them the capacity to win world's championships? Our men will surely compete as individuals, however reluctant the public as a whole may be to support the Games or to subscribe large sums of money for teams of 200 or 300 contestants to go to, for example, Los Angeles in 1932.

We are going to continue to breed athletes—athletes of genius —and they are not going to consent to be starved of those facilities for perfecting themselves which their colleagues in all other countries are receiving. We cannot ask them to consent.

Olympic Games or no Olympic Games, in fact, we are still confronted with the necessity of reforming our present methods. This is no place in which to go into an arraignment of our existing governing bodies in particular sports, but the whole athletic world knows how badly reform is needed there. And, in a larger sphere, the lack of playing grounds at our elementary schools; the wilful and, let it be added, rather hypocritical neglect of track athletics at our public schools (as if to give a boy a chance to find out what capacity for any particular sport he might possess would in some way debase him); the hopeless absence of any opportunity to develop any latent athletic abilities in individuals over vast areas of the country, as, conspicuously, in most of Scotland; the fact that there are whole English counties which have no swimming bath nor any ground or centre, public or private, where any sort of training in running or in field events is to be acquired—these are all relics of an England of another age and cannot possibly be perpetuated in a world which is moving as the world around us moves to-day.

It is not a question of the Olympic Games only, but of the making of something better than a 'C 3' people. It is not a question of 'specialisation' or 'professionalism,' but of improving the physique of our growing boys and men. To rail at professional training is like saying that we must not have professional doctors or nurses or masseurs, professional barristers or solicitors. It is not a question of 'track tactics,' but of teaching British youths how to breathe, and hold themselves, and exercise, and run. It is not a question, as is often sneeringly suggested, of 'breeding champions'; but for every champion that is bred we breed 500 near-champions, and fire by his example the emulation of 5000 more. By withdrawing from the Olympic Games we are not going to escape the necessity of revolutionising our theory and practice of athletics. And the sooner we put it in hand, the less leeway we shall have to make up in comparison with other peoples. If we allow ourselves to drift too long, in place of being, as we were a generation since, the leading athletic nation, we shall be pointed at by all the world as the one people conspicuously undeveloped and physically unfit.

One other consideration there is which, at the risk of priggishness, must be taken into account. However much our reputation has already suffered, our example still counts for much. Those who think that we are the sole repository of the true amateur sporting spirit simply do not know the world as it is to-day. Our athletes who competed at Paris—in spite of all that happened there—could correct that impression. But our influence is, and can still be, salutary. Have we any right to shut ourselves up in our tent in a huff and tell the world that we have no concern with

the way in which its Games are played or conducted—we, who started the world at playing?

The whole problem is not as simple as, at first sight, it may seem. In spite of the evil taste left in one's mouth by the incidents at Stockholm and Paris, I do not believe that the time has come entirely to despair of the Games, or that total withdrawal from them is practicable. We may regret that they were ever started, but we have accepted them and are engaged. The reduction of the programme to the limits indicated above offers us some loophole of escape. There is no reason why we should compete even to the full extent of the programme as curtailed in 1928. We can send to Amsterdam only such contestants—few, but very select—as will do us credit, whose influence and example will be all for good. It is of no use to send British representatives who are not up to international standard, which standard will be higher at Amsterdam than it has ever been before. We can thus keep our place in the Games, marking time, as it were, and meanwhile put our athletic house in order, so that if the Games continue, and the scandals of Paris have the chastening effect that they may have, we shall be able to resume full membership, so to speak, on a scale which will give our performance some chance of being equal to our past reputation. It is much more important than the Games themselves that we should put the reforms in hand that will make us a competent people.

H. PERRY ROBINSON.

'MECHANICALISED' ARMIES

SINCE the conclusion of the Great War little interest has been taken in our Army, and this, perhaps, was to be expected. A similar phenomenon has followed nearly all great conflicts after the issue at stake has been decided. A comparatively recent instance, drawn from the experience of the writer, may be of interest in this connection. In 1908, six years after the conclusion of our war in South Africa, still, in those days, called 'the' war, Lord Methuen assumed command of the British Army still remaining in that country. Upon his shoulders fell a double task. He was charged not only with the command of our own troops, but also with the responsibility for advising the Governments of the four South African 'colonies,' and after 1910 the Government of the Union of South Africa, in all defence matters. The question of replacing British troops by South Africans was one of immediate importance, but both Briton and Boer were tired of the very mention of war, of defence, and of all matters connected therewith. This attitude was still noticeable amongst the people after Lord Methuen left the country in 1912, when it fell to the lot of Generals Botha and Smuts to organise and train a South African defence force to take the place of the British troops on their withdrawal from South Africa. The services of that defence force were required long before its organisation and its training could be completed.

A similar lack of interest in defence matters in Great Britain followed the Great War. In spite of the tremendous lessons taught by that great upheaval, we neglected to co-ordinate our foreign policy with our resources for defence, and our narrow escape from actual war with Turkey, which might have rekindled the whole conflagration, is an example of the consequences.

Interest in Army matters is now reviving. A few weeks ago Mr. Stephen Walsh informed an interrogator in the House of Commons that 'the British Army is being organised now, as before, with a view to the military defence of the Empire wherever the necessity for action may unhappily arise.' The words 'as before' in that reply will doubtless have recalled to many minds the variety of the tasks which the British Army has in the past

been called upon to fulfil in defence of the Empire, for instance the discharge of treaty undertakings and of 'honourable obligations' such as those which caused its despatch to France and Flanders ten years ago. Certain military responsibilities which we have accepted—somewhat light-heartedly, perhaps—in connection with various mandated territories also offer food for thought.

Soldiers are generally credited with a lack of imagination. In no direction is this quality more urgently required than it is over the question of 'mechanicalising the Army.' In common with many labels applied by schools of thought in controversy, the expression, in itself, contains a contradiction in terms. If the point is conceded that an army may be defined as an organisation composed of human beings, it needs no great exercise of the imagination to realise that an army cannot be 'mechanicalised.' There was similar talk in pre-war days about the Navy, which was reflected in Admiral Hopwood's fine poem, *Our Fathers*, written during the naval manœuvres of 1913:

> Though machines be ne'er so perfect, there may come a day, perhaps,
> When you find out just how helpless is a heap of metal scraps.
>
> . . . . .
>
> In an age of swift inventions it is frequently believed
> That the pressure of a button is as good as work achieved;
> But the optimist inventor should remember, if he can,
> Though the instrument be perfect, there are limits to the man.

You can neither make men into machines nor machines into men. You can, it is true, devise machines for moving fighting men about on land faster and farther than they can proceed on their feet, or even upon horses or camels, but the nature of these machines must depend upon the country in which you want to employ them. Taking the extremes: On the one hand, imagination enables us to conceive a terrain in which the strategical movements of an army could be carried out along good roads with the help of ordinary motor cars, lorries, and tractors, while cross-country tactical movements could be speeded up by the use of caterpillar transport. In such a country, by a further exercise of the imagination, we can visualise a decisive battle, determining the future of nations, between armoured obstacle-devouring Dreadnought tanks which, following the naval analogy, would drive all lesser combatants out of the theatre of warfare. The French have already conducted experiments in this direction with 70-ton tanks, but I understand that the conclusion has been come to that the time for them has not yet arrived. On the other hand, it is not difficult to conceive conditions—in mountains, over rocks, or in marshes—where an army dependent entirely upon mechanicalised transport would be helpless and incapable of movement. For such reasons it is well to remember, when exer-

cising the imagination, that the British Army problem differs not only in degree, but also in its fundamental nature, from the main problems which face Continental armies, such, for instance, as the French and the Italian. 'Whoever writes on strategy and tactics ought not in his theory to neglect the point of view of his own people. He should give us a national strategy, a national tactics.' So wrote a German writer (von der Goltz) before the Great War. Wishing to conceal the strength of their great turning movement through Belgium ten years ago, the Germans sent infantry in lorries with their cavalry screen. Sordet, with his gallant corps of French cavalry, failed to ascertain the secret which lay behind that screen, and on the morning of August 24, the day after Mons, Sir John French, seeking protection for his left flank, found Sordet at Avesnes with his horses ridden to a standstill and unable to move for twenty-four hours. Fortunately, on the critical day of Mons (August 23) the German cavalry corps (Marwitz) on that flank had been far away, searching for the British Army in the direction of Courtrai, and it was only on the 24th that they turned up, not round the flank, but in the middle of von Kluck's army. For that good fortune we must thank the patient pre-war workers in the *contre-espionage* department of the War Office, whose prompt action in the early days of August caused the Germans to be completely in the dark about the movements of the 'Old Contemptibles' until it was too late to surround them. But that is another story. The point is that British soldiers, while avoiding being obsessed by the Continental school of land warfare, cannot afford to ignore its lessons.

Since the conclusion of the Great War the French Army has taken the place of the German as the strongest in Europe. The French have devoted their well-known military genius to providing for what, in their opinion, are probable future eventualities. They have been credited with the intention of 'mechanicalising' the whole of their army, and with having partly fulfilled that intention. The subject being of special interest to ourselves, I now propose to indicate the extent to which Dame Rumour has in this instance been living up to her reputation. We will take the French cavalry first, since we are now hearing a good deal about the possibilities of the horse disappearing from the field of battle, as he is already beginning to disappear from the streets of our great cities. Recent changes in the French Army are indicated briefly by nomenclature. There are no longer 'cavalry' divisions and 'infantry' divisions. Their place has been taken by 'light' divisions (*divisions légères*)—one's mind goes back to the days of the Peninsular War—and 'line' divisions (*divisions de ligne*). Whether the 'cavalry spirit' and sentiment will allow this nomenclature to endure I do not know. I should say that it was doubtful,

in view of the conservative spirit in the French cavalry; but, whether the name *division légère* survives or not, its composition is likely to remain unchanged for some time, and that is the main point. Having referred to the effective use of infantry, transported in lorries, with German cavalry in the open warfare of 1914, it will be as well to mention first that the French, at the present stage, do not include any infantry in their light divisions. Three of these divisions have already been formed; they are partly in the Rhine Army and partly in neighbouring French territory. Other 'light' divisions will doubtless be organised, and these divisions will form a highly mobile reserve, kept under the direct command and always at the disposal of the Commander-in-Chief of the French Field Army. The up-to-date light division is stronger by between 3000 and 4000 officers and men than its predecessor, the cavalry division of 1918. One of the reasons for this increase of strength is that it has been found desirable to increase the proportion of horse-holders, so that the led horses may be more mobile during dismounted fire action. (In our own Empire, the old Cape Mounted Riflemen used to make a special study of handling their led horses, the most difficult feature of the mounted rifleman's tactics.)

We can estimate the war strength of a French *division légère* at about 10,000. Compared with pre-war days, the main change has been a great development of fire power. Besides the rifle fire the following can be brought into action: the celebrated *soixante-quinze* (75-mm.) guns, of light pattern; guns of 37-mm. calibre in armoured cars; trench mortars (58 mm.); heavy Hotchkiss machine guns, and lighter ones (*fusils-mitrailleurs*). It seems fairly obvious that a cavalry force organised as of old would be faced with a difficult proposition if ordered to press through the defensive screen which one of these new divisions could rapidly establish and discover what was behind it. Conversely, it would be difficult to hold up such a division if led by a commander, with the old cavalry spirit, determined to advance. The addition of some more artillery, from reserves which I propose to describe in due course, would add greatly to its offensive power. So would some fast tanks.

To go further into detail, a French *division légère* now contains a divisional headquarters, three brigades of cavalry, headquarters and three squadrons of armoured cars, two brigades of horse artillery (75-mm. guns), 400 cyclists (in three platoons), one machine-gun section (heavy Hotchkiss), one trench-mortar section, and a complement of cyclist engineers, signal detachment, and veterinary section.

For the rest, a French cavalry brigade contains two regiments, each of four squadrons and a headquarters squadron; the

armoured car commander has his own fighting car, and each of his squadrons has twelve of them, all armed with one 37-mm. gun and one heavy Hotchkiss machine gun. It may be that for cross-country work these cars will be fitted with caterpillar tracks instead of with hind wheels, like our own Citröen cars that were on view at recent reviews at Aldershot. The cyclist platoons are each divided into three sections, each of three combat groups, a light machine gun with each group. Whatever the future may hold, these are all the changes which have so far been effected towards 'mechanicalising' the cavalry of the French Army. We can now pass to the Army in general, to the divisions of the line and army and army corps troops.

Tanks are the best-known mechanicalised weapon in land warfare. We must pay full tribute to the imagination of those who hold that the issue therein will some day be determined by battles between fleets of great armoured land ships.[1] At the same time, we can accept the conclusion, arrived at by French military experts, that the organisation of armies must be based upon the resources of the present rather than upon visions of the future. The tank, in its present form, is a British invention. The credit for its origination has not been brought home to any single individual. This in some ways is a pity, but we must also bear in mind that our system of conducting warfare saves from all consequences to themselves the originators of new theories of military strategy. If both credit and blame could be brought home to individuals, and the originators of ideas were held responsible for their successful application, who knows whether we should come out badly on the balance? Responsibility might destroy the quality of imagination, which has its value both in warfare and in peace preparation, if not allowed to run riot.

To pass from theories to facts, taking the French Army as a model in military progress, but remembering at the same time that problems confronting the French General Staff differ from our own not only in degree, but also in their nature and in the assumptions upon which they are based. The French still use the types of tank which were familiar to those who served on the Western Front in the 'last hundred days' in 1918. Their heavy ones are of the British (Mark V.) pattern, the lighter ones of the Renault type. We should not be far out in estimating that they could put about 3500 tanks in the field, mostly Renaults, organised in between forty and fifty battalions. Then come armoured cars. These, as I mentioned before, are mostly with the 'light' divisions, formerly called cavalry divisions. Every car carries a 37-mm. gun and a heavy Hotchkiss machine gun. Probably about

[1] *I.e.*, a struggle for the domination over areas, rather than for the capture of 'positions.'

240 of them could take the field, organised in squadrons, and their value is undoubted both in Europe and elsewhere. I do not think that the incident has yet been forgotten of the Duke of Westminster's cars in desert warfare on the western borders of Egypt in the late war. The story of the general in the campaign of 1918 in Syria who reached Aleppo in an armoured car 120 miles ahead of his cavalry is less well known. To the imaginative it opens up wide prospects of the possible nature of future warfare in such countries until wiser methods can be devised for settling disputes between nations.

The French, with the largest and most 'up-to-date' Army in Europe, have set the pace in 'mechanicalisation.' The Italians have not yet followed the lead either in tanks or in armoured cars, possibly because the cost of their other military forces entails curtailment of expenditure upon their regular army. They have, it is true, a detachment of Fiat tanks, but apparently they do not rely much upon them for European warfare, while not losing sight of their value in colonial expeditions. They have also a few armoured cars with their army, but here again their general policy, if determined, has not yet taken definite shape, probably because of the expense of maintaining two different armies.

Perhaps the most notable feature in the art of land warfare in recent years has been the influence of the internal combustion engine upon the road transport of heavy guns, and, with the lighter natures, upon their transport across country. (Our own effort in that direction, embodied in the latest type of 'dragon,' was in evidence in the 9th Field Artillery Brigade at recent parades at Aldershot.) If the French Army were to take the field to-day, we can visualise at the disposal of its commander-in-chief an immense mobile reserve of mechanicalised artillery, some of the guns or howitzers (with their tractors) carried on lorries, some drawn by tractors, some on caterpillar or electrically driven mountings, some of the heaviest on special mountings on the railway lines, the calibres in this great mass of ordnance varying from that of the celebrated *soixante-quinze* (75-mm.) field gun to the 520-mm. (about 20-inch) of the biggest monster. We should probably not be far from the truth in guessing the total number at about 600 light guns and nearly 500 heavy guns and howitzers. The effect of such a force of artillery, held in reserve, can be imagined; so can the tremendous weight and cost of the necessary ammunition and the difficulty in open warfare of keeping up the supply. There remains the point that the guns with the field army itself, with cavalry in the light divisions and with infantry in the line divisions, are all still drawn by horses. A great difficulty confronts the General Staff of all armies when writing march orders for troops varying in their rate of marching

between the three miles an hour of infantry on their feet and the, say, fifteen miles an hour of fast tanks or 'dragon'-drawn guns. By keeping the mechanicalised artillery in army reserve the French plan seems to be for the bulk of the Army to move at its normal rate of speed, and the reserve artillery to join, wherever its services are required, by marching in bounds. For example, an army of men on their feet might cover, say, sixty miles in four days. Mechanicalised reserve artillery could start from the same point on the fourth day and join in one sixty-mile bound.

This brings us to the main question. Assuming that infantry are still the main arm, why should they tire themselves out by marching to the field of battle? Why should they not be conveyed there in lorries, and arrive upon the scene fresh? This question is not a new one. We all remember the celebrated 'taxi-cab' reinforcement of Maunoury's army north of Paris in the early days of September 1914, just before the Battle of the Marne. Numerous similar examples could be quoted from the history of later years of the war. The words 'embussing' and 'debussing,' which have been added to our military vocabulary, speak for themselves. Experiments have been carried out, both in this and in other countries, but the problem is more complicated than it appears at first sight, and a satisfactory solution has not yet been found. If, for example, a battalion of modern infantry was composed entirely of men on their feet, carrying their weapons, ammunition, tools, equipment, and everything that they required to fight a battle, the problem of 'embussing,' transporting, and 'debussing' such a force would be quite simple. A glance at the war establishment of a battalion of infantry in our own service soon cures this fallacy. If the men are all 'embussed,' what is to be done with the hundred or so horses and mules with their important loads? It is true that these are not all needed in action, but many of them are, and these are essential. Similar conditions apply to other arms in a greater degree. The expense of devising and providing mechanicalised cross-country transport to take the place of horses and pack mules, able to negotiate all country which men can traverse on their feet, would be so tremendous that even the French have not yet attempted it. It may be that in course of time we shall hear of mechanicalised line (infantry) divisions in the French Army, even as we now hear of mechanicalised light (cavalry) divisions, but that time has not yet arrived. Meanwhile there is nothing to prevent the gradual extension of the principle as new types of cross-country vehicle are evolved. I estimate that, using the motor vehicles of the present day, a mechanicalised French *division de ligne* would require nearer 2000 than 1000 vehicles, mostly lorries, and that, if the whole division were to be put on one road (this is unlikely), it would occupy about forty

miles. The point, however, about mechanicalised transport is that the vehicles can repeat their trips. The 'debussing' of a large force and its deployment for action presents a problem of staggering complication, especially if the need for concealment from air observers enforces the conduct of the operation by night. That mechanicalisation of an army entails the close co-operation of friendly aircraft, both on the march and in action, is a principle thoroughly accepted in France.

The summary of the whole matter is that, as a result of mechanicalisation, the time is approaching, if it has not already arrived, when great armies on the continent of Europe will be able to move at the rate of sixty instead of at fifteen miles a day. Such movements are more likely to be forward than backward. The loss of industrial areas was proved to be so harmful by the events of 1914 that the dangerous German theory of 'defensive war,' of hitting first when in fear of being hit, is likely to gain more advocates in foreign armies as mechanicalisation becomes more perfect. This adds force to the arguments of those who are pleading for delay for arbitration before plunging into wars. Fear is a potent cause of war. It is not so much the strength of armies that causes Continental nations to fear their neighbours; it is rather the state of readiness in which armaments are maintained. 'Mechanicalisation' (so called) by increasing that state of readiness, and so facilitating immediate and far-extending invasions, will increase fear and suspicion, and will add to the already urgent need for international sympathy and understanding.

GEORGE ASTON.

PROTECTION OF WARSHIPS AGAINST TORPEDOES

WHEN ironclads replaced wooden ships the weapons they had to meet were guns and the ram.

The protection given against guns was armour, while subdivision of the hull below the water-line into watertight compartments was hoped to keep the ship afloat after being rammed.

The ram as a weapon dropped out after the introduction of the locomotive torpedo, which had the same effect at a greater distance. This weapon attacked the most vulnerable part of a ship, that below the water-line, which had to be thin to give sufficient buoyancy to the hull to carry armament, machinery, fuel and other stores. Now subdivision could only afford protection to a limited extent, as certain large spaces below could not conveniently be subdivided, and if filled with water by a torpedo explosion the ship, if not sunk, would probably be disabled.

The great object, therefore, was to give further protection against such an attack, and it took the form of surrounding the ship about 25 feet from her side with stout wire nets, connected together and suspended from poles the inner ends of which were secured to the hull. These nets being 20 feet deep, would intercept a torpedo set to run from 10 to 20 feet below the surface, the most effective depth for this weapon.

The idea was ingenious, but its application from the outset had the fatal defect that the netting would only operate if the vessel was stationary or moving very slowly through the water. With an increase of speed the nets would sag to the surface, and a further increase would bring about a collapse, nets and poles coming alongside with great risk of fouling the propellers. Hence this protection was no use when most wanted at sea, and after the introduction of destroyers we gave ships a number of small guns, but they were of little avail to stop a craft approaching at a speed of 25 knots, especially at night.

No one seems to have thought of making the hull of a large vessel capable of sustaining the explosion without serious damage. Ideas ran in a different direction.

In a paper read at the Institution of Naval Architects on

ships of war in March 1876 by the late Sir Nathaniel Barnaby he said:

> I contend that the defence against the ram and the torpedo must be sought for, not in the construction of the ship alone or mainly, but also, and chiefly, in the proper grouping of the forces at the point of attack.
>
> Each costly ironclad ought to be a division defended against the torpedo and ram by smaller numerous, but less important, parts of the general forces.

In the discussion which followed the late Sir C. J. Reed made some remarks. He did not think the auxiliary vessels could keep in company with the ironclad when at sea. The point to make, however, was this: In a determined attack by a number of torpedo boats or destroyers at night would not one or two at least evade the auxiliaries, and get within torpedo range of the ironclad?

We continued to supply nets to big ships, but I found one man so impressed with their defects that he determined to improve upon them. This was Dr. Horatio Jones, a dentist in London. His idea was to suspend steel shields at the end of the poles, which would not, like the netting, sag to the surface with the ship going at any speed. Many and various were the modifications for getting the shields in position worked out from time to time at considerable cost to the inventor. He asked me periodically to inspect his progress, which certainly indicated improvement on the nets. I was too busy on different work at the Admiralty then to pay much attention to the subject, but being free early in 1909 I considered the matter, and on my next visit to Dr. Jones told him warships had now so increased in speed that nothing projecting outside would stand the vibration and pressure set up at over 10 knots. My view was that the principal defence against torpedoes should be in the hull itself, not by covering it with armour, but by putting an outer chamber in which the liberated gas of a torpedo explosion could expand and lose its power for mischief. To illustrate my meaning I took a piece of paper and drew a bulge on each side of the hull of a ship. Dr. Jones grasped the idea, and in October 1909 took out a provisional protection for bulge construction, providing ships with an external water-tight and air-tight caisson or blister. The date is important, as nothing of this sort had so far been proposed in this country. Dr. Jones continued working on this caisson idea, but did not succeed after the war in obtaining an award from the Royal Commission on Inventions, though he had spent years and much money in his praiseworthy endeavours to improve torpedo defence.

I took no further action at the time, but at the end of 1911 or early in 1912 wrote and published a brochure with the title *The*

Battle of the North Sea in 1914. In it, alluding to the inefficiency of net defence, I said:

> Can, then, science find no means to protect the vessel against this deadly attack—the effect of 250 pounds of most powerful explosive ignited against her side from 10 to 20 feet below the water-line? There appears but one remedy: to construct the vessel with a double side, the exterior steel wall to be of sufficient thickness for rigidity, and to explode the torpedo on impact: to preserve the internal hull from penetration this outer skin to be about 10 feet from the inner and the space between filled with pieces of cork or other substance to act as a cushion.

An air space only would also dissipate the blow.

Now, curiously enough, in 1912 the Admiralty began experiments with explosives against the sides of ships below the armour; but not until October 1914 did the Constructive Department submit designs for fitting bulges to some old cruisers. These were *Edgar*, *Grafton*, *Theseus* and *Endymion*. The Board approving, orders for the construction followed, and also to fit bulges to some of the early monitors. With what result? A torpedo struck one of these cruisers during the war and exploded against the bulge. This filled with water, giving the ship a considerable heel over on that side. To get her on an even keel water was admitted to the opposite bulge, which added to the draught of the vessel, but did not impair her efficiency. In fact, she then steamed faster than before—at least, so Lord Fisher told me. One of the monitors so protected sustained the explosions of two torpedoes, and though considerably damaged, reached port in safety.

Without the bulges both vessels would have been sunk, and shared the fate of the *Cressy*, *Hogue* and *Aboukir*.

Previously the Admiralty had done little or nothing to improve the protection of ships below the water-line. A distinguished admiral told me that when Controller of the Navy a good many years ago he tried in vain to get the Constructive Department to take the matter into serious consideration and get out a design on certain lines suggested by him.

Had the enemy also done nothing in this important matter? Reading of the gallant and persistent attacks by our destroyers on the German fleet at the Battle of Jutland, I could not understand why apparently so little result followed. It seems also to have puzzled many who took part in these attacks.

Admiral Sims, in his book *The Victory at Sea*, says: 'Destroyer officers have been heard to express the curious opinion that the enemy ships were more or less unsinkable.' The explanation came after the war in the Memoirs of Grand Admiral von Tirpitz, written in 1919. He says:

> Until 1906 our ships were but little protected below the water-line, whilst the English ships were badly protected even as late as this war.

As soon as the Navy Bill was settled I caused this question to be taken up with great thoroughness. We soon found that we had to experiment with actual explosions to gain sufficient experience. We built a section of a modern ship and carried out experimental explosions on it with torpedo heads. We tested the possibility of weakening the force of the explosion by letting the explosive gases burst in empty compartments without resistance. We found further the effect of the explosion was nullified if we compelled it to pulverise coal in any considerable quantity. This resulted in a special arrangement of a portion of the coal bunkers. We then met the force of the explosion so modified by a strong steel wall. This torpedo bulkhead was carried without interruption the whole length of the vital parts of the ship. The buoyancy which was attained by our system stood the test. In contrast to the British ships, ours were well-nigh indestructible.

Jutland proved the value of these measures. Only one German battleship was sunk by a torpedo: the old *Pommern*, which had not this special protection. One naturally asks: Did not our Admiralty know of these experiments, which von Tirpitz says 'were continued through many years'? Had not our naval attaché over there reported on them?

Not until 1915 did we fit a battleship with bulges, when the old *Revenge*, so provided, took part in the operations off the Belgian coast. On our side at Jutland one battleship—the *Marlborough*—was struck by a torpedo, causing a large hole in her side, but her watertight compartments confined the admitted water to the space between two bulkheads, so the ship continued in action, though she had to reduce speed.

The supply of nets continued. Even the German ships had them, for Admiral Scheer, who commanded the high seas fleet at Jutland, says in his book, alluding to an examination of damages after the battle:

We arrived immediately at one conclusion: a final decision on the much-debated question of protective torpedo nets for the fleet, to the effect that the nets must be done away with. On most of the ships they were so damaged as to make it impossible to remove them after the fighting: they hung for the most part in a dangerous fashion out of their cases, and it was a wonder they did not get entangled in the propellers, an occurrence which during the battle—or at any time, for that matter—might have greatly inconvenienced the fleet. The total impression produced by all the damage done was that by their splendid construction our ships had proved to be possessed of extraordinary powers of resistance. The nets rolled up, and in cases of some sort lay outside the ships, therefore much exposed to gunfire.

We continued to rely upon nets, and in the Dardanelles operations suffered severely from not having a better protection. The *Goliath* was sunk by a torpedo, with great loss of life. The *Triumph*, steaming slowly with nets out, succumbed to a submarine attack whose torpedo passed clean through the nets. The same fate befell the *Majestic* a few days later when at anchor

with nets out, the torpedo in this case also passing through them. When the chance of penetrating the Dardanelles with a naval force had practically passed we sent monitors and old cruisers with bulges to assist the Army on which hopes were now fixed of occupying the Peninsula and getting to Constantinople. These hopes eventually disappeared when the general who relieved Sir Ian Hamilton recommended evacuation. Lord Kitchener confirmed this after a visit out there.

I have read, or been told, a curious story that, inspecting the trenches, K. of K. exposed himself too much, being a tall man. They told him he would probably be shot. He replied: 'Not likely. I was told some time ago my end would be to be drowned at sea.' Curious that it should come true.

The type of bulge adopted by the Admiralty is naturally confidential. The official naval historian, writing of the later Dardanelles operations, says in a note:

> A bulge ship was a ship fitted with an outside hollow belt as a protection against torpedo attack. The belt was termed a 'bulge' or 'blister,' and these vessels were known later as 'blister ships.' From 1914 onwards bulges were included in the designs of all large ships.

Rather a crude description, and little applicable to later developments.

Several existing battleships have also received this addition. The question then arises, Who first originated the idea of applying bulges to the side of a ship as a protection against torpedo explosions? Dr. Jones put in a claim before the Royal Commission on Awards to Inventors, but did not succeed. Presumably, therefore, someone was before him. Who was it? Long after we had first discussed the matter I discovered something which might be accounted a prior claim. In 1901 a Russian naval constructor, named Goulaeff, took out a patent in England for 'improvements in ships' hulls.' Now Goulaeff had been associated many years previously with Admiral Popoff in the construction of those circular ironclads which aroused so much curiosity at the time. He probably also had to do with the *Livadia*, built as a yacht for the Emperor of Russia, the characteristic of which was great breadth, to obtain a steady platform. Now Goulaeff's 1901 design for an improved warship embodied great beam at the water-line, the object, as stated, being

> to prevent the vessel sinking or heeling should the hull be damaged below the water-line, as is nearly always the consequence, with the present shape of hull, of torpedo explosions, ramming or collision.

He effected this by having practically three sides below the water-line subdivided into watertight compartments and running the whole length of the ship. The completed design somewhat

resembled the *Livadia*, which had a breadth of 153 feet with a length of 235 feet. In both cases the upper hull rose up at some distance inboard from the water-line. Though ingenious, one can hardly regard this as a bulge ship, nor have I ever heard of any craft being built to this design.

During the war, when the Germans began sinking hospital ships, I urged the Admiralty to fit them with bulges. What loss of speed resulted would have been a benefit rather than otherwise to the wounded on board, but this was not done. Admiral Sims in his book says :

> Germany attacked these ships in order to make us escort them with destroyers and thereby compel us to divert these destroyers from the anti-submarine campaign.

They may have regretted the necessity, but did not apologise for their action !

Finally, I may be asked why I did not put in a claim as the originator of the bulge protection ; but having observed the procedure of the Commission in two cases, I came to the conclusion that I should probably be told that research had brought to light that the Ark was fitted with a bulge, for which Noah had taken out a patent, so I was out of court.

S. EARDLEY-WILMOT,
Rear Admiral (retired).

THE SUDAN

AMID all the vacillation that has characterised the attitude of the British Government towards the Egyptian question during the past six years, the one outstanding feature has certainly been the constancy of British policy in regard to what is known as the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. That policy, the broad lines of which were enunciated by Lord Cromer on the morrow of the reconquest,[1] was crystallised in the statement which Viscount Allenby made two years ago to a group of representative Sudanese at Khartum. He said:

I find that there has been some fear in the minds of people of the Sudan that there will be in future a less close association of Great Britain with the development of your country. The British Government has no such intention.

In confirmation of this I cannot do better than tell you what the Prime Minister of England said in the House of Commons on February 28 when discussing the question of the independence of Egypt. The Prime Minister spoke as follows:

> 'I now come to the Sudan, which is very important to the British Empire. The Sudan calls for more than a passing word. The combined efforts of Great Britain and Egypt were needed to rescue that vast country from devastation and ruin. Since the reconquest, more than twenty years ago, Great Britain and Egypt have alike contributed men and money towards the restoration of peace and prosperity to what should one day prove a country as fertile and populous as it was barren and empty. His Majesty's Government will never allow the progress which has already been made and the greater promise of future years to be jeopardised. Nor can His Majesty's Government agree to any change in the status of that country which would in the slightest degree diminish the security for the many millions of British capital which are already invested in its development, to the great advantage of the Sudan.
>
> 'Egypt, on the other hand, has undeniable right to the most ample guarantees that the development of the Sudan shall never threaten or interfere with her existing water supply, or with that which she may require in order to bring her own territory under full cultivation. Such guarantees His Majesty's Government will be ready to afford, and there is no reason why they should in any way hamper or retard the progress of the Sudan.'

I think this should be enough to reassure you, and I hope when you go

[1] At Omdurman, January 4, 1899.

to your homes you will tell your people not to be afraid that Great Britain will abandon the Sudan.

That statement of policy, which has since been confirmed on behalf of the British Government by Lord Parmoor and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, constitutes a covenant between the British nation and the people of the Sudan; and any deviation from the definite pledge so solemnly given two years ago, and now as solemnly reiterated, would be a serious breach of the trust which we have assumed.

The Anglo-Egyptian Sudan is the territory lying to the south of Egypt between the 22nd and 5th degrees north latitude and the 20th and 37th degrees longitude. It is bounded by Egypt on the north, Uganda on the south, the Red Sea, Erithrea and Abyssinia on the east, and the French Sahara and Belgian Congo on the west. Through it flow the three principal tributaries of the Nile: the Atbara and the Blue Nile, which rise in Abyssinia, and the White Nile, which has its source in Uganda. The White and Blue Niles unite at Khartum to form the main river, into which the Atbara falls some 200 miles further north. From the point where the White Nile enters the Sudan to the Egyptian frontier is over 2000 miles,[2] and some idea of the vastness of this territory can be gathered from the fact that five of its provinces each exceed Great Britain in size and that its whole area is equal to that of British India.

According to Dr. Reissner,[3] the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan embraces much the same part, with nearly the same races, as the 'Southern Lands' administered by the New Empire of Egypt.[4] It includes the area known in ancient Egyptian history as Kash—the Cush of the Bible and the Ethiopia of the classical writers. The fact that the trade route between Egypt and Central Africa ran through the 'Southern Lands' attracted to them the attention of various of the rulers of ancient Egypt. But their effective rule did not extend beyond what is now Sennar, about 200 miles south of modern Khartum; and after the Ethiopian dynasty that actually at one time reigned at Thebes was driven out of Egypt ancient Egyptian control never revived in the Sudan. In fact, close Egyptian connection with what is now known as the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan only started at the beginning of the last century.

It was in 1820 that, pressed for money to meet the insistent demands of his suzerain, Mohamed Ali Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt,

[2] It is another thousand miles to the sea, and thus—an interesting point in view of the controversy over the possession of the river—not only is the source of the Nile entirely outside Egyptian and Sudan territory, but it actually flows for less than one-third of its total length through Egyptian soil.

[3] *Sudan Notes and Records*, Part I.

[4] 1250–340 B.C.

despatched an expedition to the Sudan, where he had heard there existed vast quantities of gold, ivory and precious objects and any number of 'wretched folk,' as the Egyptians have from time immemorial called the black races of Africa. At the end of two years' campaign the whole area had been conquered, and there had been set up an administration which had for its direct object the accumulation of wealth for the benefit of Egypt.

The story of the Egyptian *régime* in the Sudan is one of oppression and of despotism scarcely equalled in any other land. No opportunity was neglected for maintaining the steady flow of gold, ivory and slaves which the Viceroy and his pashas demanded, and by the time that the Khedive Ismail had been compelled to abdicate, in 1879, the Sudan had been reduced to ruin.

It was this state of affairs that provoked the revolt led by Mohamed Ahmed, the son of a Dongolawi carpenter, who in 1881 proclaimed himself El Mahdi—'the guide'—and whom the population soon regarded not only as the promised celestial messenger, but as destined to bring them relief from the terrible oppression which they were suffering.

The vitality of the administration had by this time been completely sapped. It proved quite incapable of dealing with the revolt. The situation was aggravated by the inefficiency of the troops, and the disaster that befell Hicks Pasha's ill-equipped expedition to El Obeid in 1883 simply served to enhance Mohamed Ahmed's prestige, and placed the entire Sudan at his feet. The fall of Khartum and the tragic end of Gordon in 1885 completed the story, and Egypt had to withdraw from the Sudan and fix her southern boundary at Wadi Halfa, but not until Britain had lost many valuable lives in vain attempts to relieve beleaguered Egyptian garrisons. Thus ended in ignominious fashion the modern Egyptian administration of the Sudan.

For ten years the country south of Wadi Halfa was left in the hands of the Dervish hordes of the Khalifa Abdulla, who had succeeded Mohamed Ahmed. During this period Egypt applied herself, under her British controllers, to the reorganisation of her own affairs. By 1890 the race against bankruptcy had been won, and Egypt, with annual surpluses in her budget, was able to turn her attention to the development works which she so badly needed.

Foremost amongst these problems was the extension of the cultivated area. An agricultural country with no rainfall, Egypt had always depended on the Nile for the watering of her land. The expansion of cotton cultivation and the steady increase in population called for the provision of more water, and for the substitution of perennial irrigation for the basin system that had hitherto sufficed for the needs of the country. The only means whereby this could be attained was by regulation of the river to

the south, and experts agreed that a dam at Aswan with subsidiary works at Esneh and Assiut was the first indispensable step.

So long, however, as the upper reaches of the two Niles were in hostile hands, no works for the regulation of the waters of those rivers could be erected with any certainty that the object they had in view would be permanently assured. The Sudan had become, so to speak, a No Man's Land. It was attracting the attention of the European Powers whose African colonies were contiguous, and who at any moment, on pretext of the disturbing effect of these uncontrolled forces on their own frontiers, might invade and occupy commanding positions on the headwaters. It became daily more imperative, therefore, that control should be re-established on the Upper Nile.

Accordingly in 1896 it was decided to embark on the reconquest of the Sudan, and the first step was the reoccupation of Dongola. For this expedition the Egyptian Government had obtained permission to supplement its current resources by certain of its financial reserves. But international difficulties subsequently intervened, and the Mixed Courts ordered the refund of the 515,000*l.* already allocated and drawn. The prompt action of the British Government—due to Lord Cromer's foresight—in placing forthwith 800,000*l.* at the disposal of the Egyptian Government extricated the latter from its dilemma and enabled it, with the subsequent assistance of a strong contingent of British troops, to carry on the campaign to its successful conclusion.

The reoccupation of Khartum two years later found a French force under Major Marchand installed on the White Nile at Fashoda, about 1000 miles to the south of the capital. Its object was obviously to establish a claim to all the upper part of the Nile Valley abandoned since the Mahdist revolt. But, thanks to the energetic action of the British Government and its intimation that it regarded this as an unfriendly act on the part of France, Major Marchand was speedily withdrawn.

'It is absurd to suppose that without British assistance in the form of men, money and general guidance the Egyptian Government could have reconquered the Sudan,'[5] and it is still more inconceivable that, alone and unaided, Egypt could have compelled France to abandon her claim to the Upper Nile. Egypt owes entirely to Great Britain the liberation of the Upper Nile from foreign control, the protection of her frontier and the assurance of her water supply.

After the reconquest, the first preoccupation was the future political status of the country and the form of administration that should be set up. As Lord Cromer has put on record, 'it was essential that British influence should in practice be paramount'

[5] Cromer, *Modern Egypt*.

so as to avoid a repetition of the misgovernment of the past, and it was necessary to devise some method whereby the Sudan should be at one and the same time Egyptian to such an extent as to satisfy equitable and political exigencies and yet sufficiently British to avoid the baneful internationalism which prevailed in Egypt.

There was, therefore, invented what has come to be known as the Anglo-Egyptian Condominium, created by the agreements signed between Lord Cromer and Butros Ghali Pasha, Egyptian Foreign Minister, on January 19 and July 10, 1899.

The preamble recorded that the reconquest of the country had been effected by the joint military and financial efforts of both countries, and that Great Britain had a claim, by right of reconquest, to share in the settlement and future working and development of the administration. The agreements laid down that the British and Egyptian flags should be used together on land and water throughout the Sudan; they vested the supreme military and civil command in a Governor-General, who should be appointed by Khedivial decree on the recommendation of the British Government and be removed only by Khedivial decree with the British Government's consent; they provided that proclamations of the Governor-General should have the full force of law, and that no Egyptian law, decree or Ministerial *arrêté* should apply to any part of the Sudan except in virtue of a proclamation of the Governor-General. No special privileges were to be accorded to the subjects of any one Power in regard to trade with or residence in the Sudan; the jurisdiction of the Mixed Tribunals was not to extend to, or be recognised for any purpose in, any part of the Sudan; and no diplomatic or consular agents were to be accredited to the Sudan except with the previous consent of His Britannic Majesty's Government.

These agreements, by their provisions regarding legislation, the Mixed Tribunals and the consular jurisdiction, distinctly separated the administration of the Sudan from that of Egypt. At the same time they introduced into it the element of partnership, but a partnership which, by the very nature of all the circumstances amid which it was created as well as the phraseology of the deed itself, connoted that Great Britain should be 'the predominant member.'

At that time Egypt was fully occupied with her own internal affairs. She was finding it difficult enough to produce officials for her own administration, and it was therefore all the more impossible for her to supply men capable of filling prominent posts in the Sudan. The administration of the Sudan was consequently left almost entirely in the hands of British officials, who were assisted by Egyptian mamurs (district officers) and sub-mamurs, generally Egyptian officers. Some of the latter made good, and were

periodically promoted to inspectorate posts, but the general distaste for service in the Sudan which Egyptians have ever displayed not only stood greatly in the way of the promotion of the more capable of these mamurs, but also made it increasingly difficult to secure the nomination of good officers.

The quarter of a century that has elapsed since the pacification and reorganisation of the Sudan were first undertaken has witnessed an astounding transformation. When the reoccupation took place no semblance of a government existed anywhere. The country was completely disorganised and presented on all sides a sad picture of desolation and despair. At every turn one came upon evidence of the terrible sufferings of the people and the extent to which they had been terrorised and reduced by the tyranny of the Egyptian and the savagery of the Dervish *régime*. And amid all these unmistakable signs of the havoc caused by the just-ended era of anarchy, with its internecine strife, its famines, its epidemics and its slave raids, the most striking feature was the scarcity of able-bodied men and the almost complete absence of children.

Out of this chaotic, almost hopeless state of ruin there has now arisen a new Sudan, scarcely recognisable by the older inhabitants. An efficiently working administration has been organised throughout the million square miles that comprise the Sudan. There is a complete system of law-courts. Public security has been re-established, and has attained a very high standard. Railways run into the heart of the country. Steamers ply regularly between Khartum and Rejaf, 1000 miles up the White Nile. Motors connect most of the principal stations. A complete network of telegraphs covers the whole territory and links up the most inaccessible points. All the provinces have their hospitals, many of them their own schools, and education has now made it possible to admit the people to a share in the administration by appointing young Sudanese to posts of mamur and sub-mamur.

Furthermore, the country has for over a decade shown an annual surplus in its budget. Its revenue has attained the E.4,000,000*l.* mark, and its foreign trade now exceeds E.7,000,000*l.* per annum. (In 1898 neither revenue nor trade existed.) Its economic resources have, moreover, been investigated and found to be well-nigh boundless, and a programme of development and production has been inaugurated that promises to make the country one of the most productive portions of the African continent. Indeed, in respect of cotton cultivation it possesses possibilities which might eventually go a long way towards rendering Lancashire independent of extra-Imperial sources of supply of raw material. No longer can the Sudan be considered a 'useless possession.'[6] It has now acquired a prominent place on the economic map of the world.

[6] Gordon's Journals, October 25, 1884.

Every traveller who passes through the land bears witness to the striking success that has attended the policy followed by the Sudan Government in dealing with the very varied elements that compose the population. No matter where you go in this vast territory, on the plains as on the hills, on the rivers as in the jungle, even amid the swamps and primeval forests, you will meet the same tokens of peace and prosperity, the same evidence of the complete confidence which the people, be they Moslem or pagan, nomad or sedentary, Arab or Negroid, repose in those set in authority over them. Considering the area involved and the widely differing social condition of the various tribes, it seems almost incredible that this result should have been accomplished with such little display of force. No better example of 'government by consent of the people' could indeed be found than that afforded by the present administration of the Sudan; and the little band of Englishmen to whose capacity, devotion and personality this remarkable regeneration of the 'Land of the Blacks' is entirely due constitute undoubtedly one of the finest civil services the world has ever seen.

Although on the administrative side, Egypt, as already explained, has necessarily played a small part, she has at the same time made a considerable contribution towards the re-establishment of the country's finances. From the very outset the Egyptian Treasury was called upon to balance the Budget and provide money for capital expenditure. In 1913, however, the Sudan ceased to require any subsidy; and since that date all Egypt has been called upon to contribute has been the cost of the upkeep of the portion of the Egyptian Army employed in the Sudan.

In considering this financial contribution it must be remembered—(1) that the abandonment of the Sudan had been entirely due to the inefficient nature of the Egyptian administration; (2) that that administration had decimated the population by its seizure of slaves, and had impoverished the country by the drainage of gold, etc., a condition of things which the advent of the Dervish *régime* merely served to aggravate; and (3) that the reconquest of the Sudan was carried out solely for the protection of Egypt, whose development was in jeopardy so long as the upper reaches of the Nile remained in hostile hands.

Egypt's financial assistance, therefore, has been partly of the nature of restitution and partly in furtherance of her own interests. However that contribution is viewed, the fact remains that it has been returned to her a hundredfold. Egypt, in fact, owes the great prosperity that has accrued to her since 1898 entirely and solely to the tranquillity she has enjoyed on her frontier and to the storage works, the erection of which has been rendered possible by the control of the Upper Nile.

But while this financial assistance has been generally treated—and quite rightly so—as payment for the security obtained, any sum that could legitimately be attributed to any development work, such as, for example, the creation of Port Sudan, has been regarded as a loan and carried to a special account for eventual repayment. For some years now the Sudan has been paying interest to Egypt on part of these loans.

The foregoing explains the reason why Egypt was called upon to subsidise the reorganisation of the Sudan up to 1913, and since that date has continued to bear the cost of such Egyptian troops as are required in that country. It is clear that the circumstances of her financial contribution justify no claim on the part of Egypt to interfere in any way with the *régime* that under the Condominium, to which she was a party, has been in operation since 1899. And, as regards the military expenditure in particular, it may here be pointed out that but for the pacification of the Sudan Egypt would have had to bear an even greater military charge than she does at present, since, for her own security, she would have been compelled to keep on her frontier a much stronger force than the one now employed in the Sudan.[7]

The population of the Sudan, estimated at the end of the Dervish era at under two millions and to-day authoritatively[8] assessed at about six millions, comprises every grade of African race, ranging from the Arab to the Negroid, tribes in every stage of development, from savages dwelling in caves to semi-civilised village entities. Only north of a line drawn east and west of El Obeid, about 250 miles south of Khartum, does one, however, find any Arabic-speaking or Moslem majority. Beyond that point the people, who represent nigh on three-quarters of the entire population, are Negroid, savage and pagan, speaking dialects having no linguistic affinity to Arabic. In other words, there is neither ethnological, linguistic nor religious tie between the Egyptians and the bulk of the population of the Sudan, who in reality are entirely alien to their neighbours in the north.

Nor is there any sentimental bond between them. In fact, the one haunting fear of the Sudanese, Arab as well as Negroid, is that the present *régime* may be in any way altered, and that the Egyptian element, bitter memories of which still linger in the land, may be reintroduced into the administration.[9] It was, indeed, the restlessness created among them by the movement in Cairo for the inclusion of the Sudan in the Egyptian kingdom that made

[7] Only 18,700 Egyptians (including Sudanese officers) men employed.

[8] *Sudan Almanac*, 1924, p. 37.

[9] The recent pro-Egyptian 'demonstrations' that took place consisted of a few disgruntled Sudanese who, together with their leaders, had been discharged from the service for various reasons, and who were deliberately incited and assisted by agitators from Cairo.

it necessary for Lord Allenby to utter the reassurance reproduced at the opening of this article.

The speech of the British Prime Minister on February 28, 1922, which Lord Allenby quoted had been delivered on the occasion of the British declaration abolishing the protectorate over Egypt, and recognising her independence. The Sudan was, it is true, included among the subjects reserved at the time for future discussion; but, as the words of Mr. Lloyd George clearly indicate, this was done not with any idea of discussing the status of the Sudan, but merely because it was considered that the regulation of the question of Egypt's water rights might fittingly form part of the agreement that would be come to with regard to her own political status.

The claim put forward by the Egyptians that the Sudan is an integral part of the Egyptian kingdom, and that they should be given control of its administration, rests, indeed, on no solid foundation, and cannot be entertained for one moment. It is to a very great extent the result of the *surenchères* in the matter of national aspirations and demands indulged in by the various political factions in Egypt. Nevertheless, as the British Prime Minister has declared, ample satisfaction can, and must, be given to Egypt in regard to her water rights while there are various questions arising out of the changed political status of Egypt herself, such as the command of the Egyptian Army, which has hitherto been combined with the Governor-Generalship of the Sudan, and the stationing of troops in that country, that are susceptible of easy adjustment. It should not indeed be difficult for the two Governments to come to an agreement on these points; and the very full guarantees which Great Britain is prepared to give Egypt in regard to her legitimate share of the waters of the Blue and White Niles should entirely set at rest her fears as to the future.

Instructed Egyptian opinion realises that all Egypt really needs is satisfaction of her water requirements, and that her interests would be far better safeguarded with a continuation of the present *régime* south of her frontier than if she herself were in possession or control of that territory. It is only the Chauvinist element which, stifling all contrary opinion, refuses to recognise that 'were our flag to disappear that of Egypt would go with it,'[10] in other words, that Egypt could not stand alone in the Sudan. The maintenance of British control in the Sudan, while it is essential to the fulfilment of the trust which we have undertaken towards the people of the country, is, moreover, the finest guarantee that Egypt could possibly obtain for the security of her frontier and the permanent assurance of her water supply.

ARTHUR MERTON.

[10] Valentine Chirol, *The Egyptian Problem*, p. 52.

COAL AND POWER

THE subject of coal-mining and the utilisation of coal to the best economic advantage must always be of paramount interest to a country like this, which is dependent on its production and manufactures for the supply of food to the people. While the introduction of this subject to politics may be useful because the whole body of electors are thereby compelled to take an interest in it, as they may possibly have to record their votes in reference to it at an early date, it is certainly not advantageous to the trade of the country that electors who cannot possibly know the whole facts of the case should be forced to give decisions which may have momentous effects on the future prosperity of the country. However much one may regret that the exigencies of party politics have intervened to obscure the real issues at stake, it is all the more a duty to submit the facts to impartial examination and discussion.

In *Power and Coal* the impression is given that one of the principal drawbacks to the economic development of the coal-mines in this country is the private ownership of the minerals, and the acquisition of the minerals is put forward as the chief means of curing the ills of the industry. The argument that owners of minerals have not acted rightly in the use made of the revenue derived from mineral royalties, and that, therefore, as a body they should be penalised, is one which can be applied equally to all owners of property, of whatever kind, and should have no weight when discussing the problem from an economic point of view. It may, however, be interesting to note what contributions are really made by the owners of mineral royalties. In the first place, it may be observed that the coal in a property is a limited quantity which is being exhausted year by year, thus differing from agricultural produce, which may continue for all time so long as the land is cultivated. The working out of a coalfield is therefore in the nature of a realisation of capital. In all other investments it is a recognised principle that annual revenue should bear its fair proportion of taxation, but that income which represents the realisation of capital is not subject to taxation. Capital invested in minerals and capital spent on

shaft sinkings and similar work have, for some unknown reason, been excluded from this arrangement, with the result that the total revenue is subject to taxation as if it were all profit in the ordinary sense of the word.

The assessment of local taxation varies in different districts, but in one form or another the minerals have to bear a proportion of the local rates. In Scotland, for example, the gross revenue received from minerals is made the basis of assessment. In districts where coal is being worked the local rates for parish and county council purposes amount to 10*s.* to 12*s.* per pound of annual rent, this being payable approximately one-half by owners and one-half by tenants. Although, as already shown, the coal in a leasehold is a wasting asset, it has to bear its full share of all taxation. From returns made by the Mines Department the average royalty paid on coal during 1923 is shown to be 5·8 pence per ton, and amounted to 6,317,186*l.* If the Scottish rates may be taken as representative, the contribution to local rates in respect of this revenue would be more than 1,500,000*l.* by the royalty owners and 1,500,000*l.* by the colliery owners. In addition the royalty owners are assessed for Imperial taxation in respect of mineral rights duty to the extent of about 250,000*l.* Income tax is then chargeable on the balance. The amount of it is uncertain on account of the incidence of supertax, but a figure somewhere about 2,000,000*l.* may be taken as the contribution under this head, so that the amount paid in the form of taxation is not less than 3,500,000*l.* by the royalty owners and 1,500,000*l.* by the colliery owners. The remaining revenue is not all available to the royalty owner, nor would it be available to the State. The expenses of administration are considerable, and under State control these would be increased. For example, the royalty owner employs professional men to survey the underground workings as they proceed and exercise a general supervision so as to prevent loss in working. If the minerals were owned by the State it would be necessary to establish an elaborate system of State surveys and supervision. To carry on this part of the work under State control would require an army of Government officials of between 800 and 1000 men of various degrees of qualification.

It is claimed that one of the benefits of State control would be the reduction or abolition of royalties to suit the needs of the poorer districts, to be compensated for by imposing higher royalties on the richer districts. At first sight this appears very simple, but unfortunately it is not practicable to put down a circle on the map of the coalfields and mark it 'Poor' and another circle and mark it 'Rich.' Within each of the circles there would be collieries struggling against exceptional physical conditions and collieries which have exceptionally favourable physical conditions. In the

flux of time the unfavourable colliery may get over its difficulties, and in the other the favourable conditions may have disappeared. At present these varying conditions are constantly being met with, and are subject to adjustment in a spirit of give-and-take between landlord and tenant. Such adjustments would not be practicable under the machinery of State control when the personal contact as between landlord and tenant was entirely eliminated.

One of the chief arguments put forward for the State acquisition of minerals is the removal of arbitrary boundary lines and the substitution of natural boundary lines complying with geological conditions. In an old country such as this, where property is held under ancient titles, the natural features of the surface, such as winding streams, have been adopted as the boundary lines between one property and another. So far as these irregular lines form the division between one mineral leasehold and another, they are liable to hamper the systematic development of the underground workings. A great deal of political capital has been made of this point and of the alleged loss of coal in such artificial barriers. To what extent there is loss or inconvenience no real information has been put before the public, but the very vagueness of the subject makes it a useful political asset. It is true that several Coal Commissions have referred to the amount of coal left in as barriers, but no real attempt has been made to distinguish between coal barriers left in for safety or economic reasons and barriers which may have been left in for arbitrary reasons. Speaking from my own intimate practical knowledge of the Scottish coalfield, I can say that the loss or inconvenience due to unnecessary barriers is quite negligible. There are several general causes which have contributed to this result. When a coalowner proposes to sink a shaft to develop an area belonging to a number of small proprietors, his first object is to secure the rights over a sufficiently large area to make the venture a commercial success. The majority of Scottish collieries have been established under conditions of this kind, where a number of comparatively small properties have been combined into one large leasehold with suitable and convenient boundaries. In the case of large estates the coal may be, and as a rule is, let out in suitable blocks between natural boundaries, each block being of a convenient size for the establishment of a colliery. Difficulties do sometimes arise owing to short-sightedness or prejudice on the part of a proprietor, or to a defective title. To meet such difficulties the Mines (Working Facilities and Support) Act was passed in 1923. Part I., clauses 2 and 3 of this Act, are as follows :

(2) Where the persons working two adjoining mines have agreed on an adjustment of boundaries between the mines with a view to reducing the amount of minerals to be left unworked between the mines, or to enabling

the minerals to be worked more efficiently or more economically, and effect cannot be given to the agreement by reason of the failure or refusal of the lessors or the owners of the surface or any of them to concur, a right to work the minerals with such adjusted boundaries may be conferred in the manner and subject to the provisions hereinafter appearing on the persons working the mines respectively.

(3) Where any facility, right, or privilege is required in order that minerals may be properly and conveniently worked by the person entitled to work the same, and the proper and efficient working of the minerals is unduly hampered by the inability or failure of that person to obtain such right, facility, or privilege (hereinafter referred to as an ancillary right), such ancillary right may be conferred in the manner and subject to the provisions hereinafter appearing on the person having the right to work the minerals who is working or desirous of working them either by himself or through his lessees.

Although the powers conferred by this Act have not yet been invoked to any extent, the mere fact of its being on the Statute Book is probably sufficient to prevent any unreasonable obstruction.

It should be clearly understood that underground barriers are absolutely necessary for the protection of mines, chiefly in connection with ventilation and drainage. The largest mining disaster which the world has known—that at Courriers, in France, when over 1100 men lost their lives—owed its magnitude to the fact that barriers had been eliminated throughout a large area of underground workings. So far as drainage is concerned, barriers are necessary from the economic point of view to retain water at as shallow a depth as possible, and thus reduce the fuel required for pumping. Had sufficient barriers been left in by the 'old timers' who worked out the shallow coal along the outcrops, the fuel consumption at many of the present-day collieries would be only a fraction of what it is. The term 'barrier' is used very loosely by politicians. Pillars of coal left in for the support of surface buildings and under railways, reservoirs, etc., are all slumped in as barriers, with an implication that some political opponent is to blame for having been wasteful in causing such barriers to be left.

The mention of pillars for the support of the surface raises another interesting point. In the scheme put forward by Mr. Lloyd George the intention appears to be to acquire the minerals, but not the overlying surface. Most mining engineers have experienced the difficulties which arise when the ownership of the minerals is severed from that of the surface, and the records of the law-courts afford abundant evidence that these difficulties are not capable of easy adjustment. If the coal is worked the land must subside. In some cases the damage done by this subsidence is insignificant even though the surface has gone down many feet; in other cases the damage would far outweigh the value of the coal recovered. A Commission is at present investigating the whole of

the complex laws relating to this subject, and investigations are being carried out by scientific societies to elucidate the effects of coal-working on the surface. Doubtless as a result legislation will be proposed to simplify the arrangements between surface owners and mineral owners where there has been severance in the ownership, and any sound legislation to effect this purpose will be welcomed by all parties concerned. The severance of the whole of the ownership of the minerals from the ownership of the overlying surface would raise an enormous crop of difficulties, which apparently Mr. Lloyd George and his advisers have completely ignored. Does Mr. Lloyd George propose to acquire the right to lower the surface? If not, how does he propose to make adequate arrangements for the support of buildings, drains, etc., and for compensation to those private individuals or public bodies whose rights of support are affected?

In dealing with the question of wasteful methods of consuming coal there may be some obscure political reason for making a sweeping accusation against colliery owners that millions of tons of coal are being thrown away by inefficient steam-generating plants at coal-pits, but no substantial facts can be adduced in support of this contention. Presumably, if there is anything in the accusation, it is more likely to be found at the older collieries where plant is still in use which was erected thirty or forty years ago. Of course, the science of steam-raising has been making great advances in recent years, and no doubt will continue to make advances until we can say that the last possible ounce of thermal value has been taken from each ton of coal consumed. It is a process of natural evolution. Whenever the owner of a workshop or factory finds that it will pay him to scrap his obsolete plant and put down more efficient, up-to-date plant, he does so, provided he can finance the operation. So also does a coalowner, but a workshop or factory differs essentially from a colliery in that it is a more or less permanent establishment, whereas a colliery has only a limited life, and must be abandoned when the coal is worked out. Again, the works manager can buy his coal in the open market and select the most suitable material for his purpose, whereas the colliery manager must make shift to do the best he can with the poorest material at the colliery, for which there is often no market. I had charge of a colliery some time ago where the boilers were fired with small, dirty, non-coking coal which could only command 3*d*. to 6*d*. per ton in the open market. Relatively the fuel consumption at that colliery was large, and of course helped to swell the aggregate returns which are held up to us as a glaring example of inefficiency. The problem of utilising inferior classes of coal, such as that mentioned, is receiving great attention from engineers and chemists, with valuable assistance from the Fuel Research

Board, but this is a scientific problem, and cannot be solved by contending politicians.

For several years much stress has been laid on the advantages to be gained by the erection of great super-power stations. In this case, again, the cry is largely a political one, and it is not backed by any solid body of practical engineering experience. Most modern large collieries find that they can generate electricity at a cheaper rate than it would be possible to purchase it from any power company situated twenty or thirty miles from the colliery. An 'all in' cost of ¼*d.* per unit is quite a common figure at such collieries. The switchboard cost at a super-power station could hardly come under this figure in the most favourable circumstances. The household consumer paying 5*d.* per unit for his lighting will naturally inquire as to the reason why he must pay more than ten times the initial cost. The reason is that the great proportion of the expense of electricity is in the distribution, and not in the generation. The item for fuel cost at many of the generating stations throughout the country does not exceed one-tenth of 1*d.* per unit. In view of that figure, it is obviously impossible to effect any material saving by scrapping existing plants and substituting super-power plants. New plants which may be erected should certainly be of the most scientific design and of the most economic size for the purpose in view, but, again, surely this is a problem for engineers and administrators, and not for party politicians.

For more than forty years mining engineers and chemists have been co-operating in efforts to devise better methods of treating coal so as to secure all the valuable bye-products. Present indications are that by various processes of low temperature carbonisation a fuel can be produced from which the bye-products have been extracted, which will burn readily in domestic fires without the production of smoke. In the commercial application of these processes the chief difficulty is to find a profitable use for the gases recovered. In the manufacture of metallurgical coke the coke ovens are placed at collieries which produce coking coal, and the surplus gas is used to some extent in generating steam at the colliery boilers. Where such collieries are in the fortunate position of being near a town, as, for example, in the Sheffield district, the surplus gas may be purchased by the corporation gas department. In most of the plants designed for low temperature carbonisation the gas produced is of low thermal value per cubic foot, and can only be used to a limited extent in town gas, but is eminently suitable for the production of power either directly in gas engines or indirectly by the generation of steam in boilers. A very good example of power development by such gases is afforded by the Midland Coal, Coke and Iron Company's plant at Apedale

Colliery, Staffordshire. At that colliery a gas engine plant was put down a few years ago to utilise the coke oven gases for the generation of electricity for colliery purposes. The results in thermal efficiency and costs per unit were equal to the very best of any existing public power station. Similar electric generators could be put down in conjunction with low temperature carbonisation plants at collieries, but there is still one difficulty to be overcome, that is the marketing of the surplus electric power thus produced. The only effective way to accomplish this is by linking up such installations to the power supply of the district. In the utilisation of such waste gases Germany has for years been ahead of this country. In Westphalia alone there were in 1910 twelve private electric power stations, principally working with blast furnace and coke oven gases, linked up to the public electric mains. These stations had contracts with the electric power companies whereby all surplus power was turned into the mains, and when the works required additional power it was taken from the mains. The accounts were settled on the differences at the end of each quarter. Somewhat similar arrangements have been applied in the Newcastle and north-east coast district, with the result that electricity is being produced there at a rate below that of any other district in Great Britain. The application of this simple arrangement to collieries which can produce surplus electric power at a cheap rate would go an enormous way towards the solution of the problem of production of smokeless fuel and the utilisation of inferior coal resources which at present have no economic outlet. Unfortunately most of the power companies have not yet seen their way to encourage such give-and-take arrangements. A proper system of unification and linking up, together with the utilisation of all the sources of power at present running to waste, would meet the requirements in a far more economic manner than could be done by means of the proposed super-power stations, and at a fraction of the cost. The difficulty in carrying out any such idea is to get the first start. Who will take the initial risk of putting down a plant on such lines? It is proposed by the Government to devote a sum of 10,000,000*l.* to improving electric power plant. Half a million devoted to the financing of a smokeless fuel plant, utilising the gases for the production of electric power, would give a definite start to the project. There is little doubt that the success of the first experiment would lead to the speedy commercial development of similar schemes, and thus help to solve at least three most important national problems—the utilisation of resources at present going to waste, the elimination of the smoke pall over our cities, and the production of cheap electric power.

ROBERT W. DRON.

THE DIVERSITY OF BRITISH AGRICULTURE

BRITISH agriculture, as a factor in the life of the community, is absolutely important and relatively insignificant. Its importance needs no demonstration. This is continually emphasised, not only by those who are engaged in, or connected with, farming, but also by politicians, economists, sociologists and writers of all schools of thought, and is admitted by the public generally. Only when the sordid statistician intrudes his cold comparisons does the term 'insignificant' appear relevant.

A century ago agriculture was still, as from the earliest times it had been, the dominant industry in the country, whether measured by production or employment. In other words, agriculture was greater than industries, and England was, as most of the new countries and many of the old ones still are, predominantly agricultural. At the present time according to the latest available figures—those of the Census of Production of 1907 and the Population Census of 1911—agriculture represents less than 10 per cent. of the total output and the total employment of the country.

During the past century there has been some shrinkage of the agricultural area and a considerable reduction of the persons employed on farms—many of whom were very precariously engaged—but the change in the status of agriculture is, of course, mainly attributable to the expansion of industries and not to the decline in agriculture.

But the comparative insignificance of British agriculture is most apparent when the area which it occupies is contrasted with that of other countries. For this purpose we may take a few figures from the *Annuaire International de Statistique Agricole* published by the International Agricultural Institute in 1922, premising that 'productive area' comprises all land which is put to productive use, including woodland:

	Productive area, thousand hectares.	Population, thousands.
Great Britain	19,287	42,917
Italy	26,398	38,835
Canada	44,494	8,772
Germany	44,687	59,857
France	49,875	39,210
United States	365,640	105,711

These figures are not strictly comparable, as the years to which they relate vary. Those for the productive area are in most cases pre-war, while the population is in all cases post-war. But they sufficiently illustrate the fact that British agriculture, like the British Isles, is a small affair when compared with that of other great nations which, judged by commercial or industrial standards, would occupy very different relative positions.

The figure above given as the productive area of Great Britain (equal to approximately 47,000,000 acres) includes, as has been noted, land which is not agricultural in the ordinary sense of the term. Deducting woodlands, deer forests, and what are termed rough grazings, the area actually farmed is not more than about 31,000,000 acres, of which about 47 per cent. is under arable cultivation.

In attempting thus briefly to get the magnitude of British agriculture into due perspective the object is not to minimise its importance, but to emphasise its most remarkable characteristic. Within the narrow limits of these 31,000,000 acres is to be found almost every variety of agricultural enterprise that can exist in the temperate zone.

The basic cause of this variety is, of course, physical. Whereas in many countries vast tracts of land lie flatly on the same geological formation, in the British Isles the whole range of strata, from the earliest rock to the latest drift, lies, so to speak, on edge, and thus provides samples of almost every class of soil. With this unusual diversity of soil are naturally associated wide variations of situation—upland and lowland, sheltered and bleak, watered and arid—while the climatic conditions are such that some parts of the country have an average rainfall of 100 per cent. greater than others.

The historical development of British agriculture tended to diversity rather than to uniformity. The manorial system, with its open-field and communal farming, was not universal, though for centuries it was predominant. So far and so long as it prevailed, it, no doubt, enforced a widely extended stereotyped practice of husbandry. But even at the time of its greatest influence there were occupiers of holdings, among whom the religious corporations were prominent, who exercised the freedom and initiative of individualists. Had the manorial system been universal, and had it broken up all at once, it is probable that the effect would have been to impose upon the country the ideas of land development which were current at that particular period. But the process of enclosure was prolonged over several centuries, and consequently parishes were laid out, fields were arranged, and farms defined in accordance with widely varying theories of estate and farm management.

The causes of diversity are physical, climatic, historical and economic. The fact merits a little consideration.

The different forms of tenure under which agricultural land is held need not detain us, especially as in this respect recent legislation has expedited the disappearance of the last surviving forms of mediæval tenure. In this respect, indeed, uniformity largely prevails. Leases for a term of years are comparatively rare, except in Scotland, and the great majority of farms are held on yearly tenancies. In connection with the ownership of land many quaint instances of conditions of tenure may be discovered by the curious, and even in the tenancy of farms it is not impossible to find the ancient stock and land lease, or the exotic metayage agreement, in isolated cases within the boundaries of rural England to-day.

In the size of the holdings the range is from 1 acre (excluding what are technically defined as allotments) up to, say, 10,000 acres. Holdings exceeding 1,000 acres are very few, and are mostly to be found in districts where spacious downs or uplands provide large ranges for sheep. Confusion sometimes arises as to the definition of an 'agricultural holding.' In one sense the total area occupied by one man (or a firm or company) is his 'holding,' even although it may not all lie together, or be rented from the same landlord. It may, indeed, comprise several 'farms,' for a farm, properly speaking, is a parcel of agricultural land which at some period, commonly at the time of enclosure, has been laid out and equipped as an economic unit. In the course of time the two antagonistic processes of subdivision and of aggregation have gone on. In the former case the number of economic units is increased; in the latter case each farm may retain its identity, so to speak, and the only change is that two or more farms come under the same management, and are worked as one business concern. Subdivision in these days commonly means 'cutting up for small holdings,' and may be termed a social process. Aggregation, or, as it was commonly termed, often with vehement disapproval, 'laying farm to farm,' being the expression of the human instinct of acquisitiveness, is an individualist process.

The influence of these two deliberate processes has, after all, but very slight effect on the size distribution of farms. Neither the sociological enthusiasm of county councils nor the aggrandising zeal of individuals accounts for the fact that in the Isle of Ely and the Holland division of Lincolnshire nearly 82 per cent. of the farms are of not more than 50 acres, while in Cumberland and East Suffolk small holdings represent only about 51 per cent. of the total.

The adoption of more or less persuasive or mercenary measures to extend the arable area has been widely advocated of late.

Sanguine theorists are ready to promise an almost illimitable extension if adequate inducement is offered or stimulus applied. In doing so they overlook the facts which might set bounds to their fancies. It will be admitted that no inducement, however generous, can be more effective in securing the result than legal compulsion, applied with all the patriotic sanction of the nation's need.

In the food production campaign of 1917-18 the original aim of those responsible for the scheme was to add 3,500,000 acres to the existing area of arable land in England and Wales. This standard of hopefulness was subsequently reduced to 2,500,000. The actual achievement was 1,500,000 acres. There were, no doubt, certain peculiar difficulties which in normal times could be more readily overcome, such as shortage of mechanical, horse and manual labour. But even if compulsion were applied in time of peace, the general enforcement of a 'ploughing-up' policy would quickly encounter the inexorable facts. It is not by the design or effort of Governments that Cambridgeshire to-day has 80 per cent. of its farmed land under the plough, while Derbyshire has only 20 per cent. and Westmoreland less than 17 per cent. These variations are not accidental, nor do they arise from any defects or virtues in the race of farmers who have occupied the land in these counties. In a propagandist pronouncement, which has been circulated somewhat extensively, it is remarked: 'Somerset, for example, which has a soil and climate suitable for tillage, must be made to feel that, with about 80 per cent. of its cultivated area under permanent grass, it is not doing its duty as a producer of food.' The 179,000 acres of arable in that county represent, to be precise, 22·34 per cent. of its farmed land, and, as it happens, the area of arable was increased in 1923 by 11,000 acres. It is at least conceivable that the farmers of Somerset are 'doing their duty' as food producers as well as those of other counties, and it is at any rate certain that without a very intimate knowledge of the county and its local conditions it is dangerous to condemn them dogmatically.

It is when an attempt is made to catalogue the products of British land that its versatility—if the term is permissible—becomes apparent. Unfortunately the materials for the complete analysis of the output of agriculture at the present time do not exist. The first attempt at a comprehensive survey was made under the Census of Production Act, 1906, when the Board of Agriculture conducted an inquiry, the results of which were published in a 'Report on the Agricultural Output of Great Britain.' It may be noted that the Board was then the Agricultural Department for the whole of Great Britain; since then it has become a 'Ministry,' and its jurisdiction is confined to England

and Wales, Scotland having a department of its own. A Census of Production was again taken for 1912, but unfortunately the outlook of the war stopped the tabulation of the results, and it was never completed. Since the war efforts were made in 1920, and again in 1922, to obtain authority for another Census, but, as Mr. A. W. Flux said at a meeting of the Royal Statistical Society last March, 'the need for financial economy was judged to be so great as to override the need for information.' The present Government having, in this regard at least, a truer sense of perspective than their predecessors, have obtained the necessary parliamentary authority to undertake another Census of Production, the preparations for which are now actively in train. When this is completed, a measure of the present agricultural output, in gross and in detail, will be available. In the meantime it is possible to rely on the results ascertained for the year 1908 in so far as relates to the relative importance of the different products. In broad outline—for instance, the proportion of arable land, the area under the main crops, the number of live stock, etc.—the agricultural position now is much as in 1914, e xcept that about 1,250,000 acres have been withdrawn from farming and devoted to other, mainly urban, uses. A few comparative figures will show this at a glance. The figures in all cases represent thousands.

	1914, thousand acres.		1923, thousand acres.
Total farmed area	31,900	..	30,668
Arable land	14,294	..	14,479
Wheat	1,868	..	1,799
Other corn crops	5,077	..	5,010
Potatoes	614	..	604
	Thousands.		Thousands.
Cattle	7,093	..	7,017
Sheep	24,286	..	20,621
Pigs	2,634	..	2,798
Horses	1,296	..	1,253

It will be observed that if allowance be made for the shrinkage by about 4 per cent. of the farmed area, the position in 1923 is substantially the same as in 1914.

The importance of particular products in the general output is their value as sources of revenue to the producers. The valuation of all of them is different now from that of 1914. In 1923 the prices of the main farm products collectively were 57 per cent. above the pre-war level. Nevertheless the relative value *inter se* has not so much changed as to vitiate comparisons based on the results of the 1908 inquiry.

Of the total quantity of food consumed in this country about two-thirds is vegetable and one-third animal, but, from the British farmers' point of view, animals and animal products are the more important. Of the aggregate farm revenue of the country—that is,

the amount which the producers receive for the produce sold—crops of all kinds represent about 35 per cent. of the total and animals and animal products about 65 per cent In a sense, as all flesh is grass, crops represent the whole, but this calculation is based on the money value of the products as marketed for human consumption.

Farm animals sold for food are mainly cattle, sheep or pigs, which together represent 40 per cent. of the total farm revenue. The remaining 25 per cent. includes dairy produce—milk, butter, cheese, etc.—poultry and eggs. What may be termed the 'live stock interest' has thus a comparatively limited range, although an exhaustive list of animals kept for food would be fairly long, including as it would rabbits, turkeys, geese, fowls, pigeons, etc., while the humble goat is establishing a claim to be considered as a milk-producing, if not a meat-producing, animal.

When an attempt is made to schedule the crops which are of more or less commercial importance, the diversity of the agricultural output is evident. Saleable crops differ in one respect markedly from saleable animals. Live stock of all kinds are distributed almost universally. Cattle, sheep, pigs and poultry may be profitably kept in any district. Differences in breed and character render them adaptable to local conditions. Crops, on the other hand, are all, in a greater or less degree, localised, although the main farm crops will be found in nearly every county.

Wheat, by long tradition and by virtue of its position as the staple foodstuff, claims priority among British farm crops, but nevertheless it represents not more than 7 per cent. of the collective revenue of British farmers. Next to it, and closely rivalling it in economic importance, come potatoes. Barley, as a saleable product (a considerable portion being consumed on the farms), probably comes next, though its total marketable value is not greater than, and may very possibly now be less than, that of fruit. It is, indeed, not easy to estimate the present position of fruit in agricultural economy. It would appear from the agricultural returns that the area of small fruit has been somewhat reduced since 1908, but in the interval certain alterations in classification have been made which impair the comparability of the figures.

It is difficult to believe that fruit-growing is less important now than it was fifteen years ago, and there has undoubtedly been a marked improvement in the cultivation of fruit crops, with a resultant increase in the production from a given area. Orchards, in particular, are now better tended, while it is a matter of common observation that the consumption of cider has very greatly increased. In the inquiry of 1908 an attempt was made to obtain returns of the cultivation of crops grown under glass, of

which, it was stated, there had been 'a great extension in recent years,' but it was admitted that the data were insufficient for a calculation of the total output of these crops.

Fruit crops cultivated in the open for the market include apples, pears, plums, greengages, damsons, cherries, strawberries, currants, gooseberries and nuts, while under glass grapes, peaches and strawberries are grown on a large scale. Whether the tomato is to be classed as a fruit or a vegetable may be debatable—it is grown as a fruit and consumed as a vegetable—but in any case the quantity grown, mainly under glass, is very large, though there is at present no measure of its magnitude. Returns received in 1908 of 20 acres of tomatoes grown under glass showed an average of 30 tons per acre, valued, at the prices then current, at 830*l.* per acre.

Other crops grown under glass as a commercial proposition include cucumbers, rhubarb, lettuce, radishes, beans, chrysanthemums and narcissi.

Among field crops ordinarily grown in the course of farm rotations are the following, stated approximately in the order of the extent of land occupied in any year: clovers and rotation grasses, oats, wheat, barley, turnips and swedes, potatoes, mangold, beans, peas, mixed corn, cabbage, kohlrabi, rape, vetches, rye, lucerne. Some of these crops, such as cabbage, beans, and peas, are 'dual-purpose,' being grown partly for human and partly for animal consumption. This may also be said of all the cereal crops. Oats especially are grown mainly as food for animals, and only secondarily for the direct use of man. Dr. Johnson's familiar gibe that oats are food for men in Scotland and for horses in England, with the rejoinder that Scotland produced the best men and England the best horses, is losing its sting by lapse of time. There is now probably more oatmeal eaten south than north of the Tweed, in the aggregate if not *per capita*. Barley is primarily a 'drink crop' and secondarily food for pigs and poultry. As an ingredient of bread—except in war-time—it has fallen into desuetude, unless 'barley bannocks' are still eaten. Even wheat, which is typically the food crop, is increasingly used for poultry-feeding. These diverse uses of the crop have the effect of complicating the business even of the single-minded corn-grower. A different use means a different market, with all that this implies. This fact was lately emphasised in a discussion at the Farmers' Club on the varieties of wheat. Stress was laid on the fact that some of the new varieties are much harder and better adapted for bread-making than the old. It was consequently suggested that wheat-growers would be well advised to adopt them. The suggestion seemed obviously sound, until one farmer said that he grew a considerable quantity of wheat, most of which he sold for biscuit-making, and

for that purpose the old soft wheats were demanded. He sold the remainder of his crop for poultry-feeding. Thus wheat-growers have three markets, for each of which the requirements are different. In the case of barley there is a still more marked diversity. Malting barley and feeding barley, as marketable products, are as wide apart as if they were different crops. Indeed, they might be termed different crops if it were not that the dividing line is indefinite, wavering from season to season.

For all the field crops there is a special market if they are grown and ripened for seed. Outside the ordinary range of general cultivation there are many crops which are grown on limited areas where the local conditions are favourable. Among these are carrots, broccoli, celery, rhubarb, brussels sprouts, mustard, asparagus, parsnips, lettuce, sea-kale, beetroot and flax (both for seed and fibre). Sugar-beet has been for many years spasmodically and precariously cultivated in this country, and latterly, with the assistance of the Government and specially by the remission of the excise duty on sugar, it bids fair to occupy a permanent, and not unimportant, place in British agriculture. In June 1923 the returns showed that 16,919 acres were devoted to this crop, being almost precisely equal to the area under brussels sprouts.

Of smaller and still more specialised crops which come within the catholic scope of British agriculture the list is long and curious. In 1908 the following were returned as commercially grown: aconite, artichokes, belladonna, borecole, chicory, dill, henbane, horseradish, lavender, leeks, lupins, marrows, mint and peppermint, parsley, radishes, spinach, teazles, watercress and woad.

The wide range of products on which occupiers of agricultural land rely as sources of income makes it impossible to generalise as to the economic position of farmers at any given time. Neither a slump nor a boom affects them all equally. A secular change in the price level, that is, in the money value, of all commodities, seriously affects for the time being all producers, and involves a process of readjustment which is usually painful as well as difficult. The pain and the difficulty fall upon individuals, but the economic position of the industry, after the transitional period of readjustment, is not affected. If the business of any individual occupier of land embraced the production of all kinds of agricultural products in due proportion to the relative demand for them, a change in the price level of all commodities would affect him but slightly. In the nature of things there cannot be in agriculture such a 'universal provider.' Every farmer is compelled by the conditions under which he farms to specialise more or less. The old-fashioned farmer, in the good old days, was a specialist by tradition and habit. He relied, for example, on his wheat crop, and was indifferent to any other possible product of the

farm. He was a specialist by indolence. This generation has disappeared, or is fast disappearing. The modern farmer is a specialist by intelligence, but he qualifies his specialisation with an appreciation of the homely warning against putting all one's eggs in the same basket. By the variety of his products he is able to enter several markets, which are subject to various influences, so that at any given time supplies may be plentiful in one and scarce in another. The markets for the products of the land have a peculiarity which, broadly speaking, differentiates them from the markets for industrial products. The settlement of prices by the relation of supply to demand is, of course, common to both. But industrial producers have, in the long run, complete control of the supply, while the control by agricultural producers is always subject to the intervention of Nature as the dominant influence.

This variation in the market conditions affecting particular products is readily seen by reference to the wide range in the comparative prices realised during any particular period. Taking pre-war prices as a basis for comparison, the increased prices of 1923 ranged from 13 per cent. in the case of potatoes to 117 per cent. in the case of fruit. For other important products the percentages of increase were: wheat, 30; barley, 19; oats, 35; hay, 30; vegetables, 48; hops, 52. Thus prices for crops were relatively low, the general weighted average increase for all products being 57. On the other hand, prices of food animals and animal products were relatively high: cattle, 51; sheep, 87; pigs, 65; milk, 74; butter, 59; cheese, 69; poultry, 73; wool, 44.

There are other aspects of agricultural diversity which might be discussed. Perhaps the most variable factors in agricultural production are the producers. In other words, they are human. Whether the average standard of skill and intelligence is higher or lower among farmers than among other classes is debatable. What at least may be said is that the standard is gradually rising. Indeed, if this were not so the expenditure, which in the aggregate is considerable, during the past twenty years or more, of public money on agricultural education and research has been wasted—a conclusion which would be lamentable. But there is one point in this connection which has special importance in this small country and cannot be too insistently emphasised. Agricultural land is occupied largely by men who may have the skill and intelligence, but, for various reasons, have not the incentive, and therefore the will, to use it to its full productive capacity. This is peculiar to agriculture as an industry. Few men take a factory for recreation or a shop as a hobby. Many men occupy land merely, or mainly, for its amenities, which are pleasant, even if expensive.

Nor is the variability of the human factor confined to farmers. The agricultural labourer at his best is highly skilled, and by the nature of his employment must be more adaptable and resourceful than the average artisan or factory hand. But there is, no doubt, truth in the common assertion that farm workers in some parts of the country reach a higher average standard than in others. The causes are partly racial and largely historical. In view of the past treatment by the nation of the 'sons of the soil,' their present level of physical and mental efficiency is surprising. This, again, is a subject which cannot now be pursued, but on which much might be said.

The most cursory survey of the various factors and diverse conditions which make up the complex termed 'British agriculture' evokes impatience with the glib generalities which are common in popular discussion of the subject. The demand for a national agricultural policy is often construed as signifying the need for some heroic measure, or, in the phrase of the moment, some sweeping gesture. A sound policy need not be dramatic, but it must be discriminating. The rural problem is a conglomeration of problems. It can be solved only in detail.

The cure for agricultural ills must be sought not in Parliament, but in the parish; not in Whitehall, but in the village.

HENRY REW.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BEAUTY

A THING of beauty is something that affects the eye or ear in a particular and pleasing manner. This capacity for beauty, however, is not a law of the object's being in every place and at all times for all persons, in the same way that a circle is always a circle and not a straight line, but is a variable and intermittent creation of the intellect. It is not a quality immanent in things, nor even the mode in which everyone consistently regards them, but is merely the manner in which from time to time they are regarded by particular people. In other words, it is not an active quality, bringing its influence to bear on a more or less passive subject, but is itself the result of an active and imaginative intelligence. It is true that the senses of the percipient person are affected, but these affections are almost wholly shaped and controlled by the mind. For canons of beauty vary in different individuals, different nations, different climes, and different epochs. The same object may be beautiful to the eye or ear of one person and a matter of complete indifference or even distaste to another. A Greek statue, for instance, a painting by Correggio, or the city of Venice by moonlight, might arouse no feeling of beauty in an average labourer, not because his physical senses were less alive, but because his intellect had failed to appreciate many of the relationships between these objects and certain ideal conceptions which would have been seen at once by a more cultivated vision.

The same is true of music. An oratorio of Handel's might be nothing but a turmoil of cacophony to a simple peasant, who, nevertheless, might have so delicate an organ of hearing as to catch distant notes that would be quite inaudible to many admirers of the great master. On the other hand, harmonies considered beautiful by the aboriginals of Patagonia might not pass muster in Covent Garden. Or again, a symphony of Beethoven's that holds an educated audience entranced to-day may seem crude and barbarous to musical students 5000 years hence.

Beauty, then, does not belong as an inhering quality or unalterable law to the thing seen or heard, but is stamped upon the object by the active imagination of the person with eyes and ears to see or listen to it. It is the ideal quality which we fashion

for ourselves and to which we feel the object has some special near relationship. It is the communion, in short, which we believe we discover between it and the images of our own exploring thought, that makes it a thing of beauty for us, or in the absence of this communion an object of indifference or disgust. What is beautiful to us when we are boys often ceases to be so in later years. What seems commonplace when we are youths frequently becomes beautiful to us as we grow older. We transfer the crown of loveliness from one object to another; and just as we, as individuals, do this, so also do nations and schools and epochs.

There is, therefore, no fixed form of beauty, nor can there ever be. It can claim no definite and precise rules, for the intellect of man is restless. Relationships are always being discovered between objects of the material world and ideal conceptions that in turn are always being changed; and these relationships are being perpetually lost again, so that there is a continual shifting in the standards that are set up. Different races have their own favourite prototypes or ideal conceptions, and owing to climatic conditions, to environment, to tradition, to training, what is lovely to one set of people is often hideous to another.

Indeed, that it is a subjective and intellectual act, independent and variable, rather than any quality inhering in the object or any law of its being, that constitutes what is known as the beautiful, becomes apparent in whatever set of examples may be chosen. A snow-covered Alp, seen in the distance, is beautiful to the intelligent tourist, but probably conveys no æsthetic pleasure whatever to many of those who have lived in sight of it all their lives, no other sentiment, perhaps, than a feeling of confinement, or of anxiety lest an avalanche should overwhelm them unawares. It is beautiful to the traveller because he can associate it, maybe unconsciously, with certain idealistic conceptions of his own. He sees the lofty, snow-capped summit, lifting itself high above its neighbours, and immediately it becomes for him something unattainable, eternal, pure. He sees in its height and surroundings the first quality, in the material of which he knows it to be made the second, and in its starry robe the third; and in their combination he calls the possessor of them beautiful. But this loveliness is his own creation. It is not in the mountain, but in himself. He has conjured up these relationships to the ideal conceptions of his own mind, which in their union make the scene a beautiful one for him, a scene which without this imaginative activity would cease to be beautiful. To an untrained observer, on the other hand, or rather to a different kind of observer, the mountain might merely suggest fatigue, inconvenience, or peril.

Again, in the case of a beautiful sunset we have before us the stupendous result of occult agencies and the dramatic

change and contrast between the greatest chromatic display we can ever be witnesses of and black night, the completest want of light and colour that any mortal can experience. In addition to these, we are also aware of the irrecoverable nature of the spectacle, its fleeting and transient character. Here, then, are the facts ready to hand, and we find them attuned, more completely perhaps than in any other natural phenomenon, to the ideal conceptions we are always constructing of the power and mystery of the unseen forces of the universe side by side with the mutability, the transitoriness, the eternal changefulness, of all being. And this last, again, induces a feeling of sadness, which is rarely absent from and always enhances the effect of the beautiful—a stirring of compassion for the world in general, a feeling of association that we, too, are transitory. An unimaginative person might not see these relationships, and would therefore feel none of these things, and the sunset for him would not be beautiful. He would merely glance at it for omens of the weather on the morrow.

Or take a beautiful Englishwoman. Although lovely in her own latitude, she might excite no admiration among the natives of New Guinea or the Bushmen of South Africa. Similarly, a female Papuan or a Bushwoman, beautiful to her own people, might fail to be admired if she journeyed north or west. Yet they are all three beautiful, not because of any inhering quality of beauty, as such, in any of them, but because in the minds of their compatriots they seem respectively to approximate to certain prototypes or conceptions that are ideal. The Englishman, the Papuan, and the Bushman see in one or another of these women an object resembling their ideal conception of youth, a form as nearly in accordance with it as they can find. They see the embodied moment that will pass, the short span before decay sets in; and this aspect they bring into relation with their ideal conception of enduring achievement, of undying perfection, and so the object is idealised by them, and they call it beauty. Any person, therefore, whose form and features conjure up these relationships to the ideals of their own thought, in whom they seem to see these evidences of arrested time and defeated mutability, they idealise for the moment in their own manner and according to the flight of their own fancy, and call beautiful. Youth may bear traces of decay and age, just as age may preserve the symbols of ripeness and youth. But the more the contours and lineaments of a person wear the aspect of culminating youth, of that hour of bloom, of completion, that has not yet departed, so much the more will the observer's intellect fasten upon the object an ideal image, the conception of eternal perfection, of the absence of change and dissolution, which he here calls beauty—

a conception which is tinged with a measure of sadness, too, and so of tenderness, at the besieging and inevitable thought of the fleeting character, the doomed transience, of everything earthly.

Not only, therefore, are there no objective qualities of beauty, as such, inherent in things, but there is no such thing as beauty in the sense of some one invariable and universal attribute which must always be understood to be connected with an object before it can be regarded as beautiful. In other words, not only does the imaginative faculty in man actively create beauty for itself, arbitrarily constructing it out of relationships between worldly phenomena and conceptions of its own, but it can give birth to different kinds of beauty which need have no element or basis in common. It is, therefore, an idle search to seek for some common ground or formula in all beauty, such as a particular proportion in curves or angles. In every case either differing intellectual faculties in various individuals are creating their own standards of beauty, or the same individual is presenting pictures to himself of various objects, their several beauties being formed out of the relationship he finds in them to different idealistic conceptions that need have nothing in common.

The only starting point general to all intellectual activity that is creating loveliness for itself may be said to consist in this, that the imagination is continually striving to picture to itself the ideal, and from time to time discovers in objects a kinship, as it believes, with these elusive images of its own thought. The greater the number of these detected points of kinship, or the clearer they seem, the more beautiful to it will an object be, although it is found that even at the best an unbridgable gulf yawns between the ideal and the real—the infinite and the finite—and a feeling of sorrowfulness arises, a sentiment sometimes of compassion and even of tragedy, which all the more endears to us the things that we have crowned. Indeed, great beauty almost always stirs in us a half-submerged feeling of melancholy or pity which adds to our affection for it or increases its mystery. For in nearly every case the object of beauty, already related by us to an ideal and infinite conception, is nevertheless associated with the knowledge of the ceaseless passage of time, the transitoriness of all things. In the case of the sunset or the beautiful woman it is their own ephemeral character that stirs our compassion and is therefore a component part of their attraction for us. In that of the everlasting mountain it is its comparison with our own fleeting life that gives it a part of its sublimity. In all three a feeling of half-conscious sadness is induced—compassion for the objects in the first two cases, pity for ourselves in contrast with the object in the last, regret at the thought of parting from something we have attuned to our ideal conception of the eternal.

For all these reasons we can forgive nearly every fault that Beauty may commit. We condone error and are ready to expend time, treasure, and affection without return. So long as the object is to us beautiful, it can do no harm. Its end is itself. It has more value for us than the good, the wise, or the faithful, for we have created it out of our living thought, out of the mysterious activities of the soul, and we therefore love it as the highest embodiment of our emotional being.

GODFREY LOCKER LAMPSON.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY *cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.*